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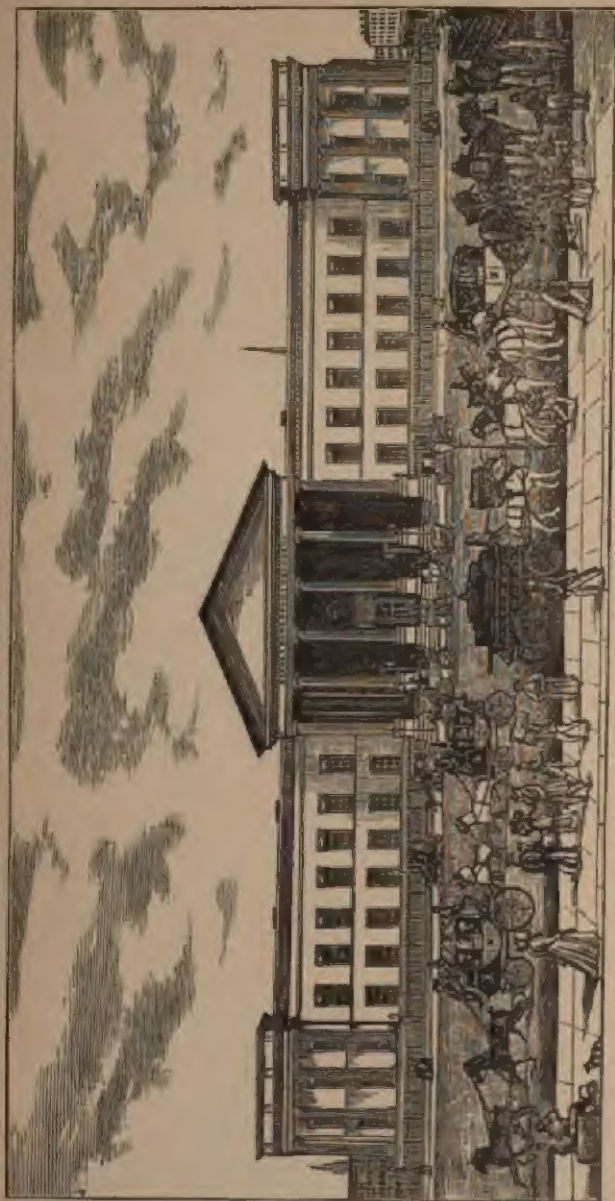
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By the author.

Dec. 1892

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES." (SEE PAGE 734.)



"ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND," GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON, IN THE OLD DAYS OF COACHES, 1820.

A PRESENT

TO THE
YOUTH & YOUNG MEN

OF THE
UNITED STATES

BY
JAMES H. HARRIS, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.S.



NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY
J. H. HARRIS, 10 NASSAU ST.

1870.

THE
UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

1870.

ERRATA. BOOK II.

- PAGE 593.—For "and that Future," read "and the Future of your."
- " 604.—(Note to bottom line) The "City of Boston S.S. disappeared in June, 1870. Never heard of again.
- " 689.—For "owes its Illustrations," read "many ideas for its Illustrations."
- " 735. For "at 9-45," read "10-0, a.m."
- " 742.—For "Handsome," read "Hansom."
- " 749.—For "Wall top," read "Well top" roofs.
- " 755.—For "£20,000 sold," read "20,000 sold."
- NOTE.—The Government cleared it is said, far more than is suggested. Some say £500,000 by a single Lottery.
- " 757.—For "heaven given faculty," read "heaven given faculty, Hope."
- " 836.—For "this," read "the." "Come, not from the Christian, —but from the Infidel."
- " 903.—For "Young Men of Nation," read "Young Men of our Nation."
- " 912.—(Bottom) For "without the Conflicts," read "without the Conflict."
- " 933.—(Middle) For "by the many Birds," read "by too many Birds."
- " 999.—(Middle) For "confidence for," read "confidence in anything else."
- " 1030.—(Bottom) For "for which nothing but," read "a knack for which Months of practice is needed."
- " 1035.—For "booking them from" read "run them from."
- " 1036.—(Top) For "35 to 36," read "25 to 36."
- " 1037.—For "let the Ball finally," read "let the Ball finally drop into"
- " 1038.—(Top line) For "Croupier," read "Croupiers."
- (Bottom line) For "Player," read "old Players."
- " 1051.—For "Marchantes," read "Merchants."
- " 1131.—For "Where it cometh," read "Whence it cometh."
- " 1146.—(Top line) For "opinion," read "opinions."
- " 1156.—For "Protestant Churches of England," read "Churchmen of England."
- " 1156.—For "the Control of their Church," read "to take the Control of their Church."
- " 1159.—For "Learning seem to make," read "seemed to make."
- " 1189.—For "Calvinistic difficulties," read "the difficulties of Calvinism, and its,"
- " { 1204 }
 { 1206 } (In four places) For "only 600," read "only 500 years."
 { 1211 }
- " 1209.—For "to the well-meaning" read "and the well-meaning."

EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR WEAK HAIR.—One pennyworth each, Olive oil, Castor oil, Oil of Rosemary, Glycerine, and 1½ drachms of Rum. Shake up, before using. Has brought hair again after its loss by sickness. (Page 570.)

PRESENTED TO

WITH THE BEST WISHES OF THE
AUTHOR.

It is suggested to place the Stamp of the Library or Institution on this Page.

NOTE.—Unlike the short Chapters in Book I., there are some very long ones in Book II. The Young Reader is advised to read only a little at a time. Glancing at the words at the top of each page will assist the Reader.

NOTE.—This Volume being often circulated as a separate Work, the Preface is repeated to Book II.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION, 1891.

TO SUPERINTENDENTS, LIBRARIANS, &c.

It is desired to present copies of this little Work,—gratuitously, —to the Libraries of Working Men's Clubs, Institutes, Public Libraries, "Y.M.C.A.'s," Sabbath Schools, Colleges, Large Works, &c., until a certain Sum, now nearly reached, has been expended.

An application from any responsible person connected with such Institutions,—throughout the World,—will be attended to, the applicant guaranteeing that the book is used for the above (Library) purpose *alone*, and giving some account of the Institution. Worn copies can also be replaced.

TO THE READER.

The English speaking Race, appears to the Writer,—after visiting most parts of the World,—to form ONE VAST FAMILY; —the term "English,"—therefore,—employed throughout this Work, must be taken in its widest sense, as applied to, and intended to include, every Reader whose Ancestors originally came from the United Kingdom.

TOLERATION.

Nor need the Religious Denomination, Sect, or Social Position of the Reader, cause any difficulty. What little Sectarian reserve the Writer might,—from early associations,—have once imbibed, has, long ago, disappeared. Having attended, with much respect, and interest, the various Churches, Chapels, and Meeting Houses, of, he thinks, almost every known Religious Denomination, he has found, in all, the same Essentials to true Religion,—Reverence, Faith, and Worship. He ventures, therefore, to claim that every true Believer,—whatever may be the name of the Church he unites with,—belongs, in addition, to one more VAST FAMILY, who, throughout the world, claim God as their Father,—Jesus Christ as their Saviour,—and God, the precious Holy Spirit, as their Sanctifier.

Once this is admitted, a common Brotherhood, amongst all true Believers, is established, which the varied lots they experience in the things of Sense and Time,—can never dissolve,—nor hinder

PREFACE.

from a great, and final, Meeting. It is claimed that our varied lots, as regards Sect, Nation, Wealth, Failure, or Success, are merely,—so to speak,—accidents of Birth, Circumstances, and Gifts of Nature. Possessors of the same Faith,—Followers of the same Lord,—Travellers alike to the same Home,—all true Believers,—quite irrespective of their present varied lots,—must—it is claimed,—one day meet.

To all Christian Believers, therefore,—or *would be* Believers,—especially to those in the early, receptive, period of life, this little work is once more re-issued for presentation, probably for the last time, quite irrespective of Religious Sect, or Denomination.

As in the previous Editions, the object being a purely Philanthropic,—not a Financial one,—no Copy of this Book can be sold. It must be accepted as literally “a Present” to the Young,

“Freely ye have received,—freely give.”—*Matt. x., 8.*

Only Intended for Libraries.

This little Work has been accepted for many Years,—by the various Sects, and Religious Denominations,—with a **very remarkable** unanimity,—only five copies declined in 27 years!

But,—should the slightest objection, or scruple, ever occur,—the Possessor of a Copy is asked simply, at once, to return it.

Every volume is now needed.

Not being intended for Private Persons, such are expected,—after using it for a Year or two, themselves,—to present it to some Library.

It is presented upon this condition, and upon this understanding alone.

It seems a selfish,—useless thing,—answering no purpose, or object,—to keep a Book of this description,—which cost the owner nothing,—sleeping,—slumbering,—uselessly, for Years upon his Bookshelf.

If freely lent to others,—**especially to the Poor**,—employed by a Sunday School,—or other Teacher,—the above remarks do not, of course, apply.

5, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England.

SUGGESTION TO THE YOUNG READER.

Unlike Book I., there are *Long Chapters* in Book II. Read,—quietly,—*a little at a time*, and glance at the heading of each Page. It assists the Reading.

BOOK II.

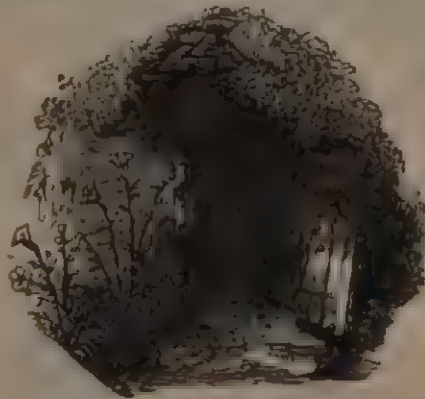
SUCCESS IN LIFE.

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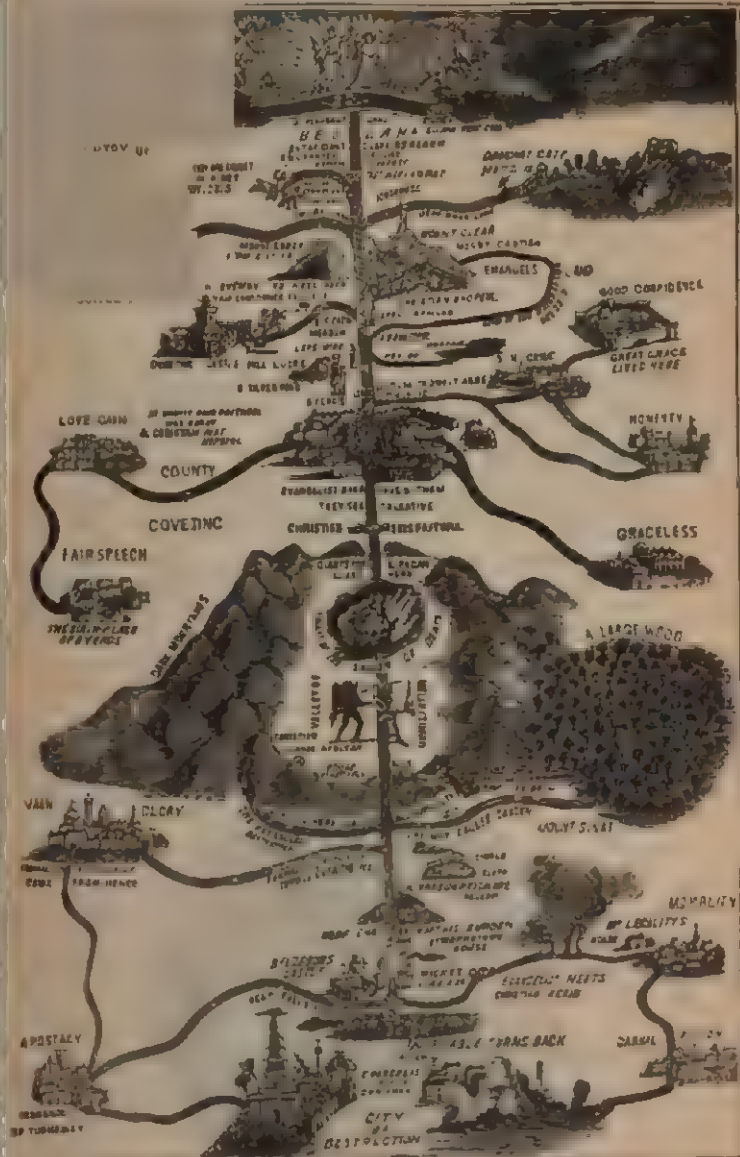
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"The open Door."

CURIOUS OLD MAP.—OR CHART,—OF THE
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



(See Page 785.)

BOOK II.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

HINTS TO YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN HOW TO ATTAIN
TO A HEALTHY, HAPPY, AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE;
BEING HINTS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, FOR SELF-
IMPROVEMENT.

AS this little Book may find its way into the hands of Youths and Young Men in very different positions, —in the Army and Navy, in places of Business, at School, and in the Workshop, &c.,—I am aware of the difficulty of giving them hints for daily habits and rules of conduct to suit their various occupations.

There must be difficulty in addressing those in different stations and positions in life. Your Companions, your Pursuits, your Intelligence, and your Temptations, differ widely; but I am not aware that there is any one acquirement recommended for your adoption which is not in the power of each of you to attain, let his position be what it may. Will you, then, read over carefully the remainder of this Book.

As there are two very large classes, viz., Youths occupying positions as Clerks, &c., and, secondly, Young Men employed in the factories, Workshops, and warehouses of our large towns, to whom a few hints may be useful, I have added a few suggestions which apply to them especially. Most of the following hints apply to all youths alike; and as upon following these rules depend your health and happiness, both mental and physical, do not pass them by as entirely without interest to you. Will you, then, read carefully the remainder of this Book, and ask yourself if you cannot make some of the attainments it suggests your own?

CHAPTER I.

HEALTH.

DAILY HABITS; CLEANLINESS; THE SPONGE OVER;
THE HAIR, TEETH, AND EYESIGHT; ON CATCHING
COLD; EXERCISE, FOOD, AMUSEMENTS; COMPANIONS;
FRIENDSHIPS, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, &c.

UNDoubtedly, vigour and health of body have very much to do with a powerful, healthy, and cheerful mind; and as "success in life," and happiness, as undoubtedly depend upon these conditions, the first duty of every Youth is to acquire those *daily habits*, without which it is unreasonable to look for continued health. Instead, therefore, of Piety or Religion inducing you to think slightly of the means of preserving a healthy mind and body, you should make the study of the latter a subject of the *highest importance* and a *matter of duty*! All bad and injurious habits are like so much poison, more or less powerful, administered by your hand. The wise restraints God puts upon a Youth,—the restraints of Piety and Religion,—prove that "Virtue is its own reward," by preserving his health, purity, and happiness, and thus laying the foundation of a long and successful life; for life, without health and happiness, is no boon.

To retain vigour through life, or to regain it, (no easy matter, for "prevention is better than cure,")—when it has become impaired, certain good daily habits are indispensable. Attention must be constantly paid to four chief points:—

1. Proper Nourishment.
2. Fresh Air (Ventilation).
3. Cleanliness.
4. Exercise.

1. PROPER, GENUINE, AMPLE, NOURISHMENT.
ADULTERATION.—DRINK.

In order to make the Fortunes of a Few,—the Working Classes are now being slowly poisoned by Adulterated Food, and Drink.

PUBLICAN, PROVISION DEALER.—"We deny it,—indignantly!

Do you? Let it be tried!

By elaborate, previous, arrangements, let the Government of every Country in the World, cause every Dram Shop, and Drinking Saloon,—especially those in the lower quarters of our Towns, to be visited ;—bottles of the Wine, Spirits, and Beer, being sold, in those places, obtained,—securely sealed up,—and labelled with the name of the Landlord, or Proprietor. Then subject every Bottle to authentic Government Analysis! *What a lesson* would be taught the *Working Classes*,—the World over!

Irrespective of his Wealth, Position, or Excuses, let every proprietor convicted of selling Drink to the Working Classes adulterated with chemicals,—salt,—(to create thirst) —“Blackjack,”—and other poisons,—lose his License, *once*, and forever, and,—if you like,—be awarded “Twelve Months,” with hard labour ;—Rich or Poor, alike, in addition ; and how many Drinking Shops,—think you,—would be closed ?

THE REMEDY.

Give the Drink up, altogether ! Let them poison *others* ; —preserve *your own* Health. Give it up, *entirely*, and then employ the Money you will at once save, in giving legitimate Prices for the *very best, genuine*, Food, which Money *can procure* ! You would have a good Balance left, and would feel yourself a *different person* in Six Months ! For mark you, Nature is kind ! Give her *only the chance*, by your own wise conduct, and she will soon make a change ! Health, Vigour, and cheerfulness, will soon return.

Note, of course, this Book is speaking to Readers in comparatively early Life.

ADULTERATION.—FOOD.

We are now,—forsooth !—in order to make the Fortunes of a few, to eat Grease,—(call it “Butterine, Margarine,”—or what you like,—in lieu of sweet, wholesome, genuine, Butter. Our splendid, noble, English cheese,—the finest in the world,—“Double Gloster,”—“Cheshire,”—“Wilts,”—“Derby,” &c.,—“are not now sold.” *Why* ? Because it pays better to sell us Rubbish ! We are now condemned to American stuff, with about as much taste, goodness, and cream in it as Sawdust ! Our Milk tastes now like water ; the cream has gone ! Our “new laid” Eggs are imported by Millions, in Lime, have been a Voyage, and we are told, “we should not know them from newly laid English !” *Shouldn't* we ? Our Meat,—to make the Fortunes of

Squatters, Importers, and Butchers, comes "Refrigerated" 12,000 Miles,—and we are to eat it,—forsooth,—in preference to our Splendid English meat,—the best,—most wholesome,—most juicy,—in the entire World! And all this, mark you, in the finest Pasturage Country on the Earth! Coming back to Great Britain, from abroad, is like coming back,—in comparison,—to a cultivated Garden!

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

It simply means *Money!* The Public,—especially the Working Class,—with amazing folly, will buy any rubbish, stale fish,—sausages,—tinned meats,—grease for "Butter," beeswax for "Cheese,"—so long as it is "cheap,"—and therefore adapted to the means of the Working Classes.

Dear Reader! It is *not cheap*. Why do the dealers sell grease at 7d. per lb.? Because they *make more* out of the so-called "cheap" adulterations, than they would by selling the genuine article at the market price! If *they* make more, *you*, the buyer, are the *loser!* "Cheap,"—adulterated,—Food and Drink are "dear,"—dear at *any* price! Talk of "Science for the Working Classes," let us apply "Science" to our stomachs, and our wonderful digestive organs! Not one man in fifty, has the least idea what miracles are going on, every day he lives, in his food receptacle, with its elaborate arrangements.

Your Health, Vigour, Energy of Mind, and Body, depend entirely upon your digestion! What can Nature do when you persistently thwart her efforts, by eating rubbish, in lieu of wholesome, nutritious Food? Sausages,—what are they? *Tinned Meats*, and *tinned Vegetables*? Never *touch* them, *while you live!* Why *should* you?

Give up that "dearest" of all things,—Drink, and "cheap," rubbishy tobacco,—and give Nature a chance! A *working* Youth or Man deserves, and requires *the best*,—most wholesome, genuine, food procurable,—and, with the money thus saved, you can get it. Fresh Dairy Butter, New Eggs, Best Meat, &c.

2. FRESH AIR. VENTILATION.

When do many of our operatives *get* "Fresh Air?" Close, often unwholesome, workshops all day long, a short hour for an unwholesome,—badly cooked,—Dinner;—then, after work, bad drink, bad tobacco, then two or three hours in a steaming hot Concert Hall, or gallery of a Theatre, where all the "Fresh Air" has been consumed long ago.

What can you expect? For goodness sake remember that these things are *utterly contrary* to Nature! Mankind were never intended for, nor created to live such lives! Lengthened life is simply an impossibility without fresh, pure, air. You awake, of a morning unrefreshed, with a nasty taste in the mouth! No wonder! The only wonder is that those who disobey every Law of Nature, live as long as they do! Many of the Working Class are old, worn-out men at Forty, instead of being in the prime and vigour of life!

There are many trades very liable to produce diseases and to shorten life, but very much might be done to lessen these evils if the working men would but adopt them. They might, for instance, insist upon having proper ventilation to their workshops, and might attend carefully to personal cleanliness.

Accustomed to work in close shops, the young workman does not know how poisonous and close is the atmosphere he is breathing for long hours together. It is only by going into the workshops from the fresh air outside that the difference is felt. French microscopical researches have proved beyond doubt that skin dirt, perspiration, dust, &c., contain myriads of vegetable, and animal existences, which poison the air inhaled. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the ill-health which attends those who disregard every rule of cleanliness and ventilation. Thousands upon thousands of valuable lives would be saved if Workmen in trades injurious to health would wear respirators.

CLEANLINESS. THE SPONGE OVER.

I do not exaggerate when I say that many Youths never attempt any care in this respect—nor do they—except perhaps on the occasion of a visit to a swimming bath, &c.,—ever wash themselves all over. The very first thing to secure health and vigour is the daily habit of a sponge over every morning. There is not, in the whole course of medicines, such a powerful bracer as the cold sponge or bath; there are, however, some misconceptions easily formed on this subject, which, of all others, seem the most difficult to eradicate, when once firmly entertained. Those who have never formed habits of cleanliness, and therefore do not know anything of the hardy and invigorating effect they produce on the constitution,—seem to fear taking cold by the use of the cold bath, or sponge, especially if any degree of warmth is felt on awaking. Such are not

aware that it is only while heated by bodily, and violent, exertion, that the cold bath or sponge is injurious; nor can they have any idea of the freedom from liability to take cold enjoyed by those who have been in the habit of constantly employing it.

It is not too much to say that in the case of such, a cold, even for years together,—is frequently a thing unknown!

Extremes, however, in this, as in all else, are often gone to, and tend to throw discredit upon the system. To immerse the body, even for a moment, every day in cold water, in cases where the re-action is naturally slow and sluggish, is not to be recommended.

The glow, however, which follows must be your guide which is the more suited to your constitution. Where the re-action is rapid, and no chilliness is felt after a cold plunge, the bath may be taken without fear,—it evidently agrees with you.

But when a chilliness is felt for some time after, and a whiteness shows a benumbing of any portion of the body, it is a sign that total immersion should be given up, and the equally useful "sponge over" employed.

The following plan will then answer every purpose, and will be continued throughout the year, for choice, when once adopted; its chief strength, be it remembered, is in its constant and invariable application.

MINUTE DIRECTIONS.

Keep *precisely* to the following details, and *order of* proceeding.

One thing we *must* have,—namely a *large* Washhand Basin. If your's is a small size one, *away* with it; exchange, or dispose of it, and buy the largest size you can get. The ridiculously small specimens, giving endless trouble, and comparatively useless, formerly seen,—especially on the Continent,—about the size of Sugar Basins,—are, happily, giving way before the washing propensities, and requirements of English, and American, visitors, who, when they wash, "mean business!"

Pour out some water into the Basin, over night, and place it on the floor, by the Stand, together with the Sponge, Soap, and two Towels, for drying.

On rising,—as the whole object is to avoid getting chilled before the Bath,—turn up the left sleeve of your nightdress, spring up quickly, and stoop over the Basin, using the soap, then the sponge, and sit in the water for a

minute, or two. (The "Sitz Bath" of the Germans.) Dry, quickly, with the sponge alone,—(the knack of squeezing out, and drying *quickly* with the sponge, is soon learnt, and is "half the battle"),—replace the Basin, with the Sponge in it, upon the Washing Stand,—step back to the Bed,—throw off the nightshirt, and step quickly up to the Stand again. Sponge the face,—apply the sponge to the back of the neck, and ears,—but *avoid* wetting your hair. Alternately straightening each arm, sponge down them, then,—squeezing the Sponge *partially* out,—pass it quickly down the spine, and back,—lastly,—over the breast, body, and legs. Dry quickly, with the sponge. The "Sponge over" is then completed, and a good rub down with two towels,—one in each hand,—will give the re-action, and glow, which it is the object of the "Cold Sponge," or Bath to obtain.

With the quickness which days, weeks, and years, of practice will give, in squeezing out the sponge just enough, before employing it, you need not even wet the carpet or floor; and will go through the above somewhat intricate,—but deeply strategic,—movements, in two minutes !

Once accustomed to it, you will *never* give it up ! It is the cheapest of all luxuries !

It must not be supposed, however, *for a moment*, that the "Sponge over" completes the morning Wash, or, in any way, renders the usual wash with Soap, needless. It is merely a *preliminary* to it. Soap we *must* have !

Slip on, quickly, stockings, trousers, and slippers, and conclude with the usual, indispensable, morning's wash down to the chest,—neck, arms, ears, and face, with good Windsor, or other Soap,—and a final use of the Sponge.

It is astonishing the vigour and strength, such a habit as the above, if constantly adhered to, produces ! The plan is so mild that, with the exception of a few of the coldest days, perhaps, in the Winter, this bath can be taken the whole year round ; and the great advantage of it is that it demands no trouble on the part of anyone, needs no bathroom accommodation, and if *properly done* need not *even wet the floor*.

It simply amounts to *this* :—Every morning you live,—in all places,—climates,—or Seasons,—*damp* the Body *quickly* all over with a Sponge,—and rub yourself as quickly dry again with a towel in each hand. "I cannot see the great good in it !" You are not *asked* to see it.

You are asked simply to *do it*. Who *does* fully understand what a healthy skin, its pores always healthy and working properly, means?

Be wise,—do not argue, or *talk*,—but do as you are advised. We, who have adopted it for the last 40 years, never have colds, or coughs! *Once* accustomed to it, you will *never* give it up! What does “catching cold” mean? Merely that the *perspiration* is stopped; the *pores* of the skin do not work, they must be kept free if health is desired.

The invigorating influences of the plan suggested, have been strikingly shown, even when health had been greatly impaired, without having recourse to the doubtful remedy of medicines. A Youth naturally delicate, and constantly subject to colds, and inflammation of the lungs, so strengthened his constitution by this habit,—beginning from ten or twelve years of age,—that he became hardy enough to need no under covering but his shirt, winter or summer; and is now a strong young man.

In case of *weakness* of the *spine*, giving the stooping gait sometimes noticed in growing youths, great good may be obtained by employing the same bath again before retiring to rest at night, at least during summer months. The spine is the main support to the human frame,—hence the terrible and lasting effect of any injury sustained by this vital part; weakness of the spine, as indicated by the stooping gait alluded to, shows that the vigour of the whole body has by some means been impaired.

The mistake many make on the point of cold bathing is in not letting the bath be the *very first* operation on awaking; they allow the body to become cool, and then still further reduce the vital warmth by cold bathing.

Remember,—there is not, in the whole course of Medicines,—a greater *Bracer* than the Cold Bath!

My object is to show how simply this admirable habit may be adopted by the poorest youth, without a bath room, or any convenience.

That indispensable bath known in the hydropathic establishments, as the “Sitz bath,” is thus improvised readily, every morning by sitting for a minute in the large wash-hand basin, and the use of Soap. One of our best physicians of this day asserts that *piles* and *other diseases*, are mainly caused by neglect of these daily habits of cleanliness.

In Hot climates, and sultry weather, the above “Sponge over” may be *repeated* at *Night* with advantage.

THE TEETH.

While upon the subject of cleanliness, a few hints may be given on the proper care of the teeth. How rarely do we see a youth with good and perfect teeth!

Long before early manhood is reached the teeth have begun to decay; and as they are designedly the hardest substance in the human frame, and as their preservation is really of great importance in after life, it is evident that the cause must be owing to some error or neglect on our part.

Hot liquids, sweets, and in some cases the medicines taken in fevers, &c., will destroy the teeth; but in most cases their decay is attributable to the neglect of properly cleaning them. You cannot wash the mouth out too constantly.

The Hindoo never fails to cleanse the teeth after eating, the result being splendid white teeth. The secret is to begin well in boyhood—to begin early. Any chemist will provide a proper powder (in a wide top glass bottle) for a mere trifle.

Tooth powder is absolutely *necessary* to obtain,—and retain,—fine, white, teeth. The teeth must be brushed also at night, as well as morning.

The best brush is that with the bristles slightly on a concave curve to the centre. This shape unquestionably catches the teeth better than the straight brush.

In our day of *adulteration*, and *rubbishy goods*, the difficulty is to get good Brushes, it is doubtful if real Bristles are used; too many tooth brushes are worn out in a Month or two!

After tooth powder, use the brush once more with water alone; it prevents the powder from lodging between the teeth, and,—as some seem to fear,—loosening them. Every excuse that can be urged by lazy Mankind seems invented to avoid this short two minutes struggle, night and morning,—with the tooth brush. Thus a person whose teeth are yellow with neglect, will coolly tell you that, "It is constitutional." So it is!—Constitutional *laziness*!

It will now take Months,—perhaps Years, to render those teeth perfectly white! Still, though now discouraging work, it can be done! "My parents lost their teeth." Probably;—they were as lazy as yourself. Admitting that *some* are born with teeth with which nothing can be done,—how many have perfectly healthy sets, but allow

them to become discoloured, and ruined by sheer neglect! *Why* should healthy teeth,—kept perfectly white,—decay? How *can* they? As a matter of fact they do *not*! Some of us can say our Parents also lost theirs, it is true, but by bestowing on them the trifling attention urged,—our teeth at this hour, are as perfect, and even whiter than they were *forty years ago*! It was *not* constitutional!

Clean the *inside* of the teeth, especially, by turning the brush about; it is no use only cleaning the *outside*. Short but *frequent* application is the secret, as it is in most things. After a good brush,—inside and out,—take a towel,—dip it with your forefinger in water,—pass it over soap, and rub and work it over, and between, your teeth, then a final wash out.

As some boys suffer very much from decayed teeth, one word as to the best mode of remedy.

The cause is evident when, as some will confess, they have never used a tooth brush for years. However decayed and painful a tooth may be, make it a fixed resolve on your part never to have one taken out, unless, indeed it has grown out of place.

The form of the mouth requires that this rule be attended to, not to speak of the comparative uselessness of artificial teeth. When we remember that our food, to afford the nourishment which supports life, must depend upon being *properly masticated*, the preservation of the teeth is a point of infinite importance to health.

The pain felt from a decayed tooth will often be found, upon trial, to arise from a kind of swelling of the gum around the tooth; and this swelling, without giving any appreciable pain, may be lanced here and there with a needle or sharp-pointed knife. The top part of the gum, where it meets the tooth, will be found to be little susceptible of pain, and may be made to bleed freely; this in most cases will relieve at once a violent toothache, and cure it for a long time.

Where the disease is more deeply seated, instead of having a decayed tooth extracted, have it gently bored through by a skilful dentist, when the nerve may be destroyed for good by a drop or two of acid, and the tooth, when stopped, will be useful to you for years. If you choose to avoid the expense of the usual stopping, or are not able to apply to a dentist at the time, a small piece of gutta percha, melted and rolled into a ball, may be pressed into the hollow tooth, holding cold water against

it to set it firmly; such a stopping, simple as it is, will last sometimes for years. A well-known dentist recommends the continental plan of the constant use of the quill tooth-pick after meals. In Meat eating Countries, a hollow tooth is soon ruined unless kept, by this means, free. Quills, properly cut, are sold everywhere at 2d. a dozen. Without teeth you cannot enjoy health; for how are you to masticate your food? Read Professor Huxley, Buckmaster, &c., on the wonderful and exquisite digestive organs, and then say if I am wrong in urging the proper care of the teeth!

THE HAIR.

The hair deserves a share of attention, as many become bald, even in early manhood, who might, by a little care, have postponed the loss for years.

If the growth is naturally weak, the three great points to attend to are, firstly, to have it well and regularly cut at least once every month,—(choosing the first of each month will assist the memory in observing this rule); secondly, to keep it clean; and lastly, to supply it occasionally, when dry, with nourishment. If the swimming bath is seldom visited, an occasional wash with warm water and soap is needful, drying it with a sponge and warm towel. But if your hair keeps clean, avoid wetting it, as much as possible; water is a "starving" thing for the hair! The simplest kind of oil, or pomade, will answer, if the object is merely to supply nourishment in cases where there is naturally a deficiency in the oil, which constitutes the colouring and nourishing principle of the hair. A small quantity alone is needed, but it should be applied to the roots of the hair.

There is a powerful connection between the various organs of the body, and the preservation of the hair is greatly dependent upon keeping the body in perfect health.

If the stomach be habitually overloaded with food, over-excited with stimulants, or intemperance of any kind, and weakened, together with the spine and skin, into a relaxed and unhealthy condition, there is always a tendency in the hair to drop off. There is one exception to this, namely, in the case of those who, scarcely past the spring of manhood, begin to lose the hair merely from great mental efforts, and excitement of the mind, or illness. If the *loss of hair*, is rapidly increasing, and the cause is not mental exertion, it is clear that the daily habits are not good, and the body is in an unhealthy condition. In *some* cases the



noted "Rowland's Macassar" seems, in some instances, to be of use. This celebrated oil is olive oil, beautifully drawn, coloured with alkanet root probably, and delicately perfumed. Pour a very little into the hand, dip the finger into it, and apply it to the roots of the hair whenever dry, especially to the parts which appear weakest, parting the hair with a comb. It is the roots we require to reach. "Too expensive!" do you say? Well, the 3s. 6d. bottle of Rowland's, with care, will last three months, and secure, perhaps, the hair permanently where it has begun to fall off. The working classes call everything dear except that dearest of all things—Drink.

But no doubt,—*if taken in time* the expedient of having the top of the head shaved, twice a week, for a month or two,—when getting weak,—is in many cases the most effectual.

For naturally strong hair, ordinary oil is apt, when discontinued, to leave the hair very dry. There is nothing at once so inexpensive, and yet effectual, for ordinary use, as marrow pomade, well perfumed, followed by a good brush. Let the youth who suffers from falling hair attend strictly to the rules given for his daily use, and the baldness apprehended will be postponed for many a year.

The best comb,—because not so liable to split the hair,—is the one made of gutta percha. Not the old useless style with half fine and half coarse teeth, but *wide* teeth *throughout*. Beware of wearing the absurd nightcap; the hair would be all the better if we never wore any hats, &c., at all.

Wearing the hair as long as possible is a mistake; for when there is much mental labour during the day, having the hair cut short will be found essential to ease and comfort, as thick hair is opposed to a cool and clear brain. Instead of only using one, it is well worth the trifling expense to purchase two good *soft* brushes; if well made, they will last for years, and the use of both at once, morning and night, will do much to free the hair from that scurf which has so much to do with the weakness in the hair many complain of.

THE TWOPENNY NAIL BRUSH.

Before leaving the subject of cleanliness, one word as regards the nails and hands. It is really a matter of surprise, knowing that the chief distinction between *gentlemanly* exterior and the reverse depends upon this

point, that the consideration does not induce the trifling extra trouble required !

Many youths who are employed through the day on work requiring actual manual labour, will say that these rules are well enough for clerks and others whose employment admits of such attention to personal appearance, but that their case is different ; still there can exist no reason why, after work is done, some attention might not be given to this point by every working youth, especially as the neglect of this and other matters relating to a gentlemanly appearance, most certainly induces habits extremely difficult to overcome, and, by *lessening self-respect*, very much tends to interfere with that *advancement in life* upon which all youths should keep their eyes steadily fixed. I have frequently known boys, possessing natural advantages of person which could not but please, who were quite content to let them be almost hidden, from the habitual neglect of matters relating to cleanliness.

Perfect and scrupulous habits of cleanliness very often give a pleasure and gratification to others when there are no natural advantages of person to attract.

A penknife, followed by a hard nail-brush (and the habit of constantly pressing back the roots of the nails with the towel), is all that is needed, and in time what is called the "half-moon" will be shown clearly on the nails.

EARLY RISING.

I will not dwell long upon the point so much urged in most works treating upon health, namely, Early Rising.

The constitution and temperament will sometimes render eight hours' sleep,—especially if the mind and body have been fully occupied during the day,—proper and needful ; in other cases six hours are sufficient. There is, however, a growing idea that long and fatiguing walks on an empty stomach before breakfast are a *mistake*.

It is, however, well to bear in mind that all experience establishes beyond doubt that, as a rule, *long-lived* people have usually been in the habit of rising early.

When, therefore, no bad results are felt, the plan may be adopted, choosing the Spring in which to commence the habit.

DAILY PRAYER.

Make it a fixed rule of your Life,—let others do as they will,—never under any circumstances.—wherever you may

be,—to leave your room, or retire to it, at night, without the Habit of Prayer.

"I have tried, but doubted the effect; it seemed to produce little good result!" What right had you to doubt it? It means in plain English,—that, in doubting the efficacy of Prayer, you doubted the Eternal God! Resume the struggle with Unbelief at once, recommence the Habit of Prayer, ask God's blessing on your present, and future circumstances. Nothing is too small, or unimportant to Pray for! Especially ask for *Saving, Changing, Grace*;—*that is what you want!*

"Worked as I am,—such long hours,—I really have no time for Prayer, I am only too glad to turn in at night!" Nonsense! Working Youths find time for the Concert Hall, Theatre, Amusements, Silly talk, Smoking, and Company which does you little good, surely you may give ten minutes to your God! "Well, but,"—a Youth may say,—"How is it possible that I can appear before God, in Prayer, as suggested, living the life I do? Look at my life,—my sins!—Mine is, I fear, naturally a very indifferent character, how can I come, thus, every day and night to God! *Something* must go! Either Prayer, or my Sins! I love the latter too well! Would you have me come to God from a Theatre, from a Drinking Saloon, from deliberate Sins?"

Certainly! Emphatically! You are the *very one* to come! "I came not to call the Righteous,"—(of course He did not),—"but Sinners to repentance!" "They that are whole,"—continues our Blessed Lord,—"*need not a Physician,*"—(of course they do not),—"but they that are Sick!"

Granted that you are indeed amongst "the Sick,"—that yours is a naturally very indifferent character,—that you love your sins greatly,—that your temptations are great,—your sins many,—so much the more claim have you upon the indulgence, and aid, of your Creator! "What, am I to pray, directly after committing a known Sin?" Most certainly! The very time! Do you suppose that the Almighty does not know you perfectly well! To attempt disguise is absurd! Come you to the good Physician of Souls, as *you are!*

You cannot honour, and please, God, and Christ, better, than by thus grasping His blessed promises, and invitations! Put God to the test! What do *you* know of the Saving Power of Christ,—the wondrous Resources of the Eternal God? How He can change,—*in time*,—all who "wait

upon "Him?" "I fear He can never make me into much of an Angel!" Who asks you to "fear?" You are asked to *try* it! What has served for Millions of once perverse Sinners, will serve for you! "I can't come to God, and practise Prayer, while I am living the life I do!"

Fancy, dear Reader, a Patient in very bad health, saying, "I cannot seek the aid of a good, and able Physician while I am so ill! I must wait till I become better! Then I will ask the good Physician!" You must see the *absurdity*! Do you suppose that you will become better by stopping away for years, from that Stupendous Power "from Whom all blessings flow?" You cannot think so! Do as you are told! Do not "fear," "think," "argue," or "discuss,"—*try it*!

Never pass a day without Prayer! Not only at stated hours,—but at *all* times, at *all* hours! In doubt, before temptation, during it, before sin, during sin, and after sin! Again, in success, happiness, or gratification, constantly "look up" to God!

Keep to this blessed habit of Prayer, and you shall see a wondrous change before you die! "*Slow*!"—Well, admitted,—it *is* slow work, with many an ebb and flow,—but *Sure*, and it is preparing you for Eternity as life goes on! You know what *you* are, now, you shall know,—one day,—something of what *God* is! "But,"—I hear a Youth saying,—"You quite mistake *my* position. Your remarks seem to be well adapted to Working Youths,—or to those living a hopeless, vicious, life. But, as for me, I merely feel interested in your hints relating to "Success in Life," in a Worldly point of view *alone*! I am no hopeless, vicious, Youth, and I rather resent all these persuasions upon the Subject of Prayer,—piety towards God,—&c. I do not require them!"

Indeed! Perish this book, and every similar one, if it only aims at suggesting that most hollow, empty, delusion,—so called "Success in Life," in this passing phantom, dying, World, and fails to urge upon the "moral," amiable, self-satisfied, "respectable," Young Man, that "Success" in this delusive World *is a sham*, apart from God, Christ, Piety, Repentance, and Redemption!

Away with that fatal Delusion of the Devil,—that living a pleasant, cheerful, busy, amiable, "successful," but totally unregenerate,—unchanged,—prayerless,—unholy,—life, is all that you are created for! Not one word of this Book would ever have been penned, had it not been with

the hope of shaking the Reader's confidence in that most fatal of all lives,—a so-called "Moral," amiable, kind, cheerful, contented, but Carnal, Godless, Christless, life, without communion with God, or Christ! A Morality without a Saviour! A kind, liberal, self-satisfying, Philanthropy, without a God!

Can you delude yourself, dear Reader, placed, it may be, by God's Providence, far above want,—surrounded by Worldly Comforts, Culture, Pleasures, Luxuries of Life, and opportunities of Worldly Success,—that God gave you these *immense* privileges, these speechless advantages, for *nothing*? Can you imagine that the Eternal God intends to support you daily for 40, or 60 years, by His Creatures,—gave you rich Parents, a happy childhood, a well trained, cultured, Youth,—merely that you might enjoy yourself? The idea is *monstrous*! Look around you! Millions of God's creatures have to toil, and sweat, from a sunless, hapless, childhood, to a, too often, poverty stricken old age! And with your Education, and immense Privileges, are you born into God's World merely to eat and drink His things, Marry, get Money, and enjoy yourself? It is a delusion of Satan! Depend upon it, the Eternal God will call upon you, to strict account for those priceless "Talents" He entrusted to your care!

"Around you was a Sinful and a Dying World, and thousands, whom you,—by a Christian, and Godly Life,—might have influenced,—were going out into Eternity unsaved!" I came to you, in early life, saying, "Will you be Mine!"

"What did *you* do for Christ's cause? How did you employ those priceless talents? What Example of Piety did you set?"

Moral, Self-contented, Self-satisfied, Cheerful, but totally *Unregenerate*, — *Unchanged*, — *Prayerless*, — *Christless*, — Young Reader, I wish God, in His mercy, would *shake* your fatal delusion in a life of mere outward Morality!

Depend upon it, God stands *no sham*! No *sham*, *false*, (so-called) "Christian,"—quite content to live without God, Christ, or Prayer, will ever "see the King in His Glory," or "reach the land that is very far off!"

There is no way to that Heavenly Home but by the Shadow of the Cross! I came to you, in early life, saying, "Will you be Mine!" A Religion which *costs* you *nothing*, is just no Religion *at all*! To every "Moral," as to every Vicious Youth, Christ says, "Take up the Cross, and come,—follow Me!"

The Saviour's own Path led Him to Calvary's Mount !
 We must follow in the Shadow of that Cross ! "No *Cross*.
 No Crown !" I tell you, dear "Moral" Reader, that
 there may be a "delightful" disposition, a "naturally"
 amiable character, the Passions wisely restrained, good
 habits resolutely maintained, nay, there may be active,
 self-satisfying, self-pleasing Benevolence, and willing co-
 operation in Schemes for the Welfare of others, and of the
 World at large,—and yet with it all,—there may be no
 true solicitude after your own Salvation, no coming to
 Christ,—no *self-denying*, Prayerful, life,—no Regeneration,—
 no "Taking up the Cross !"

"Christian's" burden of Sin falling before the Cross !



No Way but by the Cross !

"What hast thou that thou did'st not receive ?" Let
 then the well endowed,—greatly privileged,—Youth, *clearly*
 understand his Position in the sight of God !

You need his Grace,—sought by daily Prayer,—*quite*
 as much as the Vicious, the Poor, the Unfortunate, the
 Neglected,—that is if your "Talents" are to ever be
 employed for God,—and if Salvation is *ever* to be *yours* !

"Except ye repent, ye shall all, likewise, Perish !" —Luke
 xiii., 3.

A CHRISTIAN YOUTH.

In one of those Memoirs which, though rarely, do, some-
 times, transpire,—giving us a momentary insight into the
 daily habits in youth of those who were afterwards amongst
 the best and greatest of their day,—we have the following
 rules laid down at the age of twenty-one, by the excellent,
 and pious, Edward Bickersteth :—

"Rise at 5 o'clock from the 5th April to 5th October ;
 one hour at devotion and the Bible ; 6 o'clock to 8 o'clock,

study law, asking God's blessing on my studies ; 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock, breakfast and exercise," &c.

The thoughts which naturally follow the desire to form habits of early rising and industry are so excellently expressed by this good Christian youth that I cannot refrain from adding them :—" I have now lived twenty-one years, nearly 200,000 hours, and what have I done ? If my duty was to love God with all my heart and strength, what a condition it discovers to me ; for have I done so one minute ? If my affections are not fixed on Him, they are fixed on something else. When I came to London I was proud, and thought I was coming to be independent and happy ; but I had a good and pious Brother, and by this dear boy's persuasions I did not altogether neglect private Prayer. I paid no attention, however, to the Sermons which I heard, and seldom, or never, read the Bible." He had, some time before, made some excellent rules for conduct ; but He says, " Having broken every one of these rules, I feel it is *death* to remain as I am ; I firmly believe a little more exertion,—a little more attention,—would extricate me from many of my difficulties, and make me respected and loved."

From this time, however, he became better pleased with his conduct, and became more earnest in good ; he followed Doddridge's recommendation,—(see that wonderful book, " The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," by Dr. Doddridge,—*a book you ought to read*),—by solemnly devoting himself and his life to God. " I wish to consecrate to Thee all that I have and am,—my mind and thoughts, and possessions, my time, and influence, and actions, to be used for Thy glory. May I always behold Thee as my Father, live under Thy influence, and love Thee more and more as myself, as I grow in Thy favour, and in the favour of others. And may the blood of Thy dear Son wash me from my wickedness, the sins I was once, as a Youth, lying in ; may His merits plead for me, and His death atone for them. And when the hour of Death comes, when nothing worldly can afford assistance, when my time is at an end, and I must shortly appear naked before Thee, do Thou remember me, O my God ; be Thou, I pray Thee, then especially present brightly shining around me, and may I be received amongst those for whom are prepared the ' many mansions,' to dwell with Thee, my God, for ever !"

There was nothing in the experience of this Youth which gave him advantages,—a solitary room in a dull London

court ; long hours of monotonous work in a Solicitor's office. Yet in the life of that amiable and pious Youth there was that upon which Angels could look with sympathy and interest, and in that close room was enjoyed a happiness not to be exceeded on earth,—a foretaste of Heaven !

I give the above extract because if, after forming rules of reformation, you entirely fail in carrying them out,—if the years of early youth slip by unimproved, and you look sadly upon the happier experience of such a one,—(for after a successful, excellent, and most useful life, the presence of Him to whom Edward thus early devoted his life did, indeed, shine brightly round his death bed),—may not this extract explain to you the reason, and the remedy, viz :—a complete surrender of your heart to God ?

Those fully employed through the day, and in a position requiring much exercise, should avoid exertion before commencing the duties of the day ; in their case the bright, early mornings of Spring and Summer may be spent, when early rising is adopted, in any favourite or quiet study.

DIET.

In regard to diet and meals, it is of very great importance to vigour and health in life that the habit of hurried and hasty meals should not be acquired. At school, ample time is allowed, and few, it is to be hoped, are to be found who wish to interfere with the time devoted, by those employed by them to their meals. A willing or restless lad is, however, very apt to get into the habit of disposing of his meals in as short a time as possible, and to hurry off on some errand or favourite pursuit. For a time the effect will not be noticed, for the strength and vivacity of youth seem inexhaustible ; but, though slow, the effect will, be felt, and irritability and languor will point clearly to a weakening of the digestive powers. Until you have studied works on the subject of human physiology or anatomy, and seen something of the wonders of the microscope, you can form no conception of the wonderful body you have given into your care by the Creator. What takes place after food has been taken is an amazing illustration of the wisdom, forethought, and arrangements of God, to secure our health and vigour, unless we thwart it all by our own carelessness and bad habits.

INDIGESTION.

Nature has certain laws which *must* be complied with ; if they are broken you must suffer. Fifteen minutes at

least after a meal should be spent in quiet repose, cheerful conversation, &c., and all reading and exertion avoided during that time. The meal should be partaken of with as much deliberation as you can command, and well masticated before it is swallowed. It is not the amount of food taken that avails for nourishment so much as proper attention to this point. Those in vigorous robust health need not be so particular, but where there are the *least symptoms of indigestion*, it is of the last importance by taking proper care, to prevent the *long, slow, train*, of misery, attendant upon a derangement of the digestive powers.

Every Physician confesses that the most complex and difficult diseases they have to grapple with are those produced by *Indigestion*, especially if *neglected* at the *beginning*.

A judicious use of a Liver, or Bilious Pill,—and other remedies taken in time,—might have saved many a Life.

In diet, if youths must occasionally have what they term good things, at least let these be of a good and wholesome kind. A sweet cake or bun is surely as agreeable, and infinitely to be preferred, to the *poisonous pastry* made in our towns; it is rare, indeed, to meet with pastry, good and well-made, and it should, therefore,—together with the sweets composed of sugar, brightly coloured by the aid of poisonous chemicals,—be avoided.

If coffee be taken for breakfast, see that it is really good, by purchasing the berry ready roasted, and grinding, if needful, yourself, the quantity you will need for a few days' consumption. There is no other way of obtaining it fresh, or of avoiding the constant adulteration with chicory, &c. Coffee or tea should be taken half-full of milk or cream. There is nothing in the world like milk for diet. It contains everything we want!

If it be said that milk,—confessedly the most nourishing article of diet,—is too expensive for ordinary consumption, let me ask you to compare the expense with the cost of the tobacco and strong drink so universally obtained by the very poorest, and can you doubt which, in the long run, goes most to form a vigorous, healthy, and manly constitution?

Strong drink of any kind, taken by a young and healthy person, when abundance of wholesome, nourishing food is obtainable, cannot but do more harm than good. When old age comes on, and the vital powers become weakened

and chilled, the moderate use of stimulants may possibly be beneficial, but only employed as medicine and under medical advice.

SMOKING.

As to Smoking, I am aware that we are approaching delicate ground. I have little hopes of saying anything likely to have much effect in this day, when every boy has his "cutty pipe" or cigar. That there is something manly in the constant use of the pipe or cigar, together with the ever-attendant glass, is, I suppose, considered undeniable. "What! don't you smoke?" is the astonished exclamation when a youth declines. Few young men can endure to be thought unable to appreciate *the pleasures* to be derived from this practice.

One cannot now mount a Drag or Omnibus,—however lovely the day,—with every prospect of enjoying the sweet Country air, without some selfish wretch always getting in front,—lighting his Pipe, or Cigar, and puffing his filthy tobacco smoke into the faces of the unoffending British Public behind him!

Such conduct is a brutal outrage to Society! It amounts to a National Nuisance! *Is it tobacco* that the Wretch is smoking? Goodness knows! The following appeared in the Papers, September, 1891.

"Tobacco-smoking appears to be making among us enormous strides. During the last fifty years the consumption per head of the population has nearly doubled. But a more remarkable fact is that last year the quantity that paid duty was larger than that of the year before by the enormous amount of 3,188,336lb. This is stated to be more than double the increase recorded in any previous year."

No excuse is generally attempted, except the one made by the irrepressible American, who, on being asked, "Why do you take Tobacco?" replied, "Because I choose."—(*I chew.*)

In the humble, but firm, opinion of the Writer,—Smoking,—in all its forms,—did always appear to be *about as senseless*, and *nasty*, a habit as can well be conceived. But those who have acquired the habit can seldom summon the resolution to break it off. I have heard of a young man, extremely fond of his pipe, taking a vow not to use it for a certain period; and suffering so much from the deprivation that a friend, to console him, sat occasionally and smoked by his side, to impart as much of the tobacco

smoke to his friend as he could, short of his actually smoking himself. When the period of abstinence was at length over, the youth sat up all night smoking, to make up for the pain the deprivation had caused him! How any can submit to be thus *Bond Slaves* to the objectionable habits of smoking, and chewing Tobacco, all their lives seems inexplicable! Never till you have given some time and study, to the anatomy and functions of the exquisite, and wonderful, being we, in common, possess, can you know the effects which such habits, when long continued, produce!

The least objectionable plan of smoking tobacco is by drawing the smoke through water by the "hookah;" the impurity being left in the water. But *why smoke at all?*

Health both of mind and body is a priceless boon; and with senses undulled as yet by habits of positive vice, or thoughtless imitation of others in injurious practices, there are surely pleasures enough open to your choice without being compelled to seek the temporary excitement the foregoing may give.

Show to others that it is possible to enjoy the gymnasium, the bicycle, billiards, cricket, boating, football, golf, chess, rackets, &c., without being dependent either upon smoking, drinking, or bad language, for success! Surely there is no more connection between the latter practices, and these delightful, and beneficial, amusements than there is between innocent recreation and vice! A professional Billiard Player asserted that he gave up smoking "to see the Balls better," and certainly his splendid Breaks seem to confirm his remark. It is believed that incessant smoking injures the *delicate nerves* at the *back* of the eyes.

DRINK!

If it is the custom, pay the same as others, but *let others take your share* of those mixtures sold in the Drink shops of our large towns. Many a load of muriatic acid, and zinc chippings, have gone to the brewers' to "give a tone;" and what is done in the way of mixing with baysalt, "Black Jack" &c., by the smaller Retailers, must be left to them to say!

Certain it is, if good, wholesome, home-brewed ale, be placed side by side with the liquid called from courtesy by the same name, and sold as such in the large Towns, the contrast is very striking.

Look at the bottom of a tankard and notice a *sediment*.

132 MILLIONS A YEAR!

The Results.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."



First look upon that Picture.

And then upon THIS!



132 MILLIONS A YEAR!

The Results.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

"And Sin,—when it is finished,—bringeth forth DEATH!"



First look upon that Picture,

And then upon THIS!



What does it mean? Why do Brewers now require a Head Chemist?

That dreadful rubbish,—bad whisky,—“doctored” spirits &c., simply *madden* those who take them! The “Stand-up” Drinking Bars of the past 90 years—very different to the Old Taverns,—have made countless Drunkards! The practice of taking “Nips,” or “Drinks,” between meals, introduces more spirits, &c., into the stomach than it *can possibly absorb*; *this point* reached, appetite for, or power to digest food, *ceases*! Hence what is termed the Drunkard’s stomach.

NEVER DRINK BETWEEN MEALS.

Unless, you are a teetotaler,—make it a rule of life *never* to drink *between Meals*.

What! Not a friendly glass,—or to “clench a bargain?”

Thank Heaven! We can now do business, and enjoy friendship without “a glass.” Employers formerly would actually *pay their men’s wages* at a *Public House*! Probably with an *interest in*, or an *understanding* with,—the latter!

“Well! those dreadful drinking days are over!” *Are they?* The “Drink” Bill for 1889,—has *increased* to £132,213,276,—(a “*Record*!” Our Money Bags,—(page 224, Book I.)—were drunk, last year, *Twenty-two times over*! Twenty-two times Six Millions! Giving £17 9s. 7d. *per family* of the population of the United Kingdom, or £3 10s. 0d. *per head*! Then, *deduct* the Millions of children, and Teetotalers, who drink *nothing*, what *must the rest drink?*

Numbers of Working Men must be spending 10s. a week, or £25 a year in drink, to keep the average up!

That is, nearly half their Income! Fancy one of the “Middle Class,” with an Income of say £500 a year, putting £250 of it into his stomach, every year, in Drink!

His friends would place him *in an Asylum*!

WATER.

The Water in many Towns in England and in many parts of the World,—Paris, Italy, India, Australia, &c.,—is, too often,—it must be confessed, *abominable*! It drives some to the Drink. But, surely you can take it *boiled*, in tea, &c.,—or have it filtered? What is the expense of a Filter,—lasting for years, compared with the Health of your Family!

As a *last word* on Food, avoid *Pork*, avoid *Veal*, avoid *new Cheese*. They load the Stomach. Having been fifty

times across the Channel, we claim to some knowledge. The imitation "Gorgonzola" is *manufactured* "for the English Market." *Poor* England! Any "cheap" swindle does for us! The *genuine* Gorgonzola cheese, on the Continent, melts in the mouth, is full of cream, and tastes like a splendid *old* Stilton! The English imitation is a fraud, the "green" is *artificially* produced;—it tastes sour; is *not* old; and is unwholesome. If we cannot get genuine *really* aged *English made* cheese, let us *give cheese up* altogether, and see how they will then sell their rubbish?

4. DAILY EXERCISE.

If these remarks upon Drinking, Smoking, &c., are borne in mind, there is not a manly amusement which you may not enjoy; and, in addition to those already mentioned, fencing, single-stick, boxing, &c., may be practised; for few towns are now without a Gymnasium where these acquirements may be learnt.

Cricket, fives, football, hockey or bandy, golf, boating, the bicycle, tennis, quoits, skating, &c., may be also mentioned. In all these athletic sports, books will be of little use to you; nothing but steady and constant practice will give confidence and proficiency. "Once get your muscles up," as the saying is, and you will enjoy the use of them.

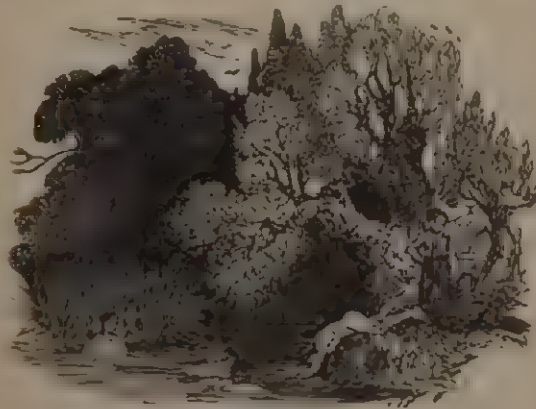
Let *some* effort be made *every day*, however short the time allotted to it. This is far more useful than occasional efforts made for a length of time, and inducing fatigue. The "Cricket Field," and The "Boy's Own Book," (*David Bogue*, London), Lillywhite's "Guide," &c., are good books on these subjects; also the 6d. books on sports by Routledge. Constantly watching others; a calm, resolute, and unexcitable temperament; all the muscular powers engendered by the habits suggested for your daily use, added to a good temper which *nothing can ruffle*, will secure your success in almost any of the amusements mentioned. But, when a proficient, determine not to show the slightest symptom of that conceit, which, you well know, tarnishes so much the success of one who would otherwise obtain admiration. It is a weakness which ruins everything. A quiet modesty gains universal sympathy when united with excellence.

Keep in your bedroom a pair of dumb bells,—do not let them be at all heavy,—even 1lb. to begin with, or, if a strong lad, you can have them about 3 or 4lbs. weight *each*, and use them for a few moments after your morning *wash*. In a month you will feel,—if constantly used for

however short a time,—their good effects in increasing muscular power. The best movements with them are: 1, Thrusting alternately upwards and outwards; 2, Swinging them like pendulums at full stretch of the arms; 3, Making them meet above the head and behind the back; 4, Making a circle, your shoulder being its centre, swing the dumb bell round and round, with the right arm straight, then do the same with the left. In all competitions for Prizes,—before the Public,—have confidence in the Judges. Especially in the recent revival of "the gloves,"—remember that "points,"—(stops, or gentle hits,) and style,—tell with the Judges alone. Therefore, to knock your opponent down by "ruffianly" fighting is quite needless,—and excites the disgust and displeasure of the audience. They come to see a good-humoured,—scientific, display, not a "Bargee's" thumping match.

SWIMMING.

I have purposely omitted to mention till the last, the healthy and useful acquirement of swimming, because the use of the Swimming Bath necessitates a few remarks. Never enter the water until at least two hours after a meal, and *do not stay* in too long. Very bad results are produced by inattention to these points. This amusement is now rendered available to all by the baths erected during the last few years in all our large towns, and their construction,—shallow at one end and gradually deepening,—renders them very useful for the beginner.



Swimming

Those who have mastered the acquirement, and are proficient in the art of swimming, smile to think of the

day they first timidly attempted. The best plan in learning is to enter the bath to a moderate depth, and then strike out for the shallow end. A plank pushed before, when it can be obtained, is of use, but artificial supports are of little benefit. A companion, patient enough for the post, would be of service, by supporting you with his hand under your chest until you gain the needful confidence. When possible, always avail yourself of a swim in a River, or Pool, in preference to the covered bath. There is no habit more conducive to health and cheerfulness. A Summer's evening is, perhaps more agreeable than early morning, the water having been warmed by the sun during the day.

JOURNEYS.

Whenever possible, try to get a run from home. Nothing more expands the mind, or acts more beneficially in every way, than an occasional Journey some distance from home. It is of great advantage, if your means allow of it, to take an occasional trip to the sea-side: when proficient in swimming you need not confine yourself to the bathing machine, but choose your own spot. Some entertain a positive dread of the sea owing to the inhuman, senseless, and injurious practice (now happily dying out) of forcing them, when very young, to dip repeatedly into the water, often backwards;—a more monstrous practice can scarcely be conceived, when applied to a delicate and timid child.

THE BED ROOM.

The usual exhortation to retire early to rest must not be omitted; the excitement obtained from the late amusement may be great, but it is not to be compared with the constant pleasure, a healthy frame, induced by good habits, affords, of itself, to the happy possessor, to say nothing of the prospect of a long life.

Be especially careful that the atmosphere of your bedroom, especially if shared by others, be attended to, particularly if it be in town. During the greater portion of the summer it is best to leave the window a few inches open during the night. The lighter the supper, in all cases, whether you retire early or late, the better; the digestive organs are not nearly so powerful towards evening, as they are in the forepart of the day. Say, a tumbler of milk and biscuits.

Fancy, dear Reader,—the so-called "good old times,"—sitting down at 8.0 or 9.0 p.m., to Roast Pork, Pudding,

Cheese, London Stout and Spirits! Our Ancestors must have had *decidedly* powerful digestions. They would *kill* some of us in a fortnight!

In former times a hot supper was usual; now, amongst all but the higher classes, the principal meal is taken within two hours of mid-day. A hearty breakfast; and dinner, at this time, with as much nourishing food at both as you desire, make a very light tea and supper needful. A plate of Scotch oatmeal porridge, *well*, and *skilfully* made; with milk and sugar, is a famous addition to breakfast; it is best cold. What *splendid* men have been raised upon it! Look at the Highlanders!

Although, perhaps, a little more expensive, take brown bread in preference to white. It makes the adulteration practised upon white bread difficult, and it contains more nourishing properties. Above all, it very much assists those *regular habits*—at least once every day—upon which *so greatly* depend continued health.

Those subject to defect in this point should be in the habit of taking a glass of water each morning on awaking,—poured out over night. If ineffectual, the sweet “essence of senna,” and “tincture of rhubarb,” in small quantities, taken alternately, are the mildest, and least injurious remedies the whole course of medicine contains; or the “Liver or Bilious Pills,”—sold by the leading chemists,—are excellent. Try one, and only *occasionally*. They will not fail, in time, to secure that habit of regularity which is *absolutely essential* to long-continued health and vigour. A leading London physician says—“As you value your health, get rid of *that poison* every day!”

Let any Reader who feels a sense of heaviness after dinner take *less Meat*,—and try to give up Tobacco and Drink, and in *one short Month*,—a change will be felt. The quantity of *solid meat* some people take in one day condemns their stomachs to “hard labour for Life,”—in endeavouring to digest it all!

CATCHING COLD.

Before quitting the subject of health,—and leaving fevers, and infectious diseases out of question,—“taking cold” may be considered the most common, and often (when neglected) the most serious complaint to which the young are subject. A few hints on this point may, therefore, be in place.

The whole secret of success depends on applying

remedies on the first intimation of an approaching cold or sore throat; and if remedies are thus early applied, and persevered in, it will be impossible for any cold to stand against them.

Many will, however, persist in despising a "mere cold," and will allow it to gain ground before they begin to do what should have been done at first. Ten drops of spirits of camphor, in a little water, will stop a cold if taken in time.

A cold, *neglected*, till you can scarcely hold up your head, far from being a slight complaint, becomes a *most dangerous* one! There are several, often fatal, diseases, which may be engendered by a severe cold and inflammation.

When, therefore, a cold, or sore throat has been caught, keep the feet some twenty minutes that night in warm water;—it should not be too hot, or indeed much hotter than the blood, otherwise it is weakening, and will do harm, —retiring to rest immediately after it, and remaining longer than usual in bed. In case of sore throat, use port wine and vinegar, (a wine-glass of the wine, half-an-ounce of vinegar to a tumbler of cold water) to gargle it with, and place flannel round the throat at night. These appliances, and drinking some quantity of warm tea, to promote perspiration, will prevent the possibility of any cold remaining for more than two days. How often do we hear of consumption, and other incurable diseases beginning by "taking cold." Beware of wet feet and sitting in wet boots. Excellent cork soles are sold everywhere at 2d. a pair to slip into boots. No damp can then reach the feet, go where you will.

Those who, during the winter, are much troubled with chilblains (generally a sign of a weakly constitution, which needs bracing by a nourishing diet and good habits), may cure them in a day or two, when they first appear, by the use of a kind of spirit, sold by Hannay and Dietrichsen, of Oxford Street, London, called the "Polar Liniment," well rubbing it into the parts affected;—but any Chemist will provide a similar remedy.

In dress, beware of tight belts round the stomach, or wearing tight collars *round the neck*, gaiters, &c.; they are *most hurtful*. Let your dress be as loose as you can all your Life. Summer, and Winter, wear flannel next the skin.

RECOMMENDED FOR INFLUENZA.

Tr. aconiti	1 drachm.
Spt. ætheris nitrosi	1 oz.
Liq. ammon. acet	2 oz.
Glycerini	1 oz.
Aquæ ad	8 oz.

Dose.—For an adult a teaspoonful every quarter of an hour for the first four doses, then every half-hour for another four doses, thereafter every hour until free perspiration sets in. Doses of half a teaspoonful to young persons down to fourteen years, and for those from four to fourteen put a dessert-spoonful in a wine-glass of water, and give this in teaspoonful doses.

The following is also recommended—boil in a pint of water:—

A small teaspoonful	Linseed.	
Ditto	ditto	Liquorice.
Ditto	ditto	Lemon Peel.
Ditto	ditto	Poppy Seed.

(Might be used in all cases of colds.) Take a small teacupful three times a day, then wait three or four days, and resume if again attacked.

But the Reader, must know that the recent "Influenza" (1889-91) is certainly a different, and more serious complaint, from what was formerly known under that name.

"Influenza" occurred, and is described as attacking all Classes of Society,—in the Middle Ages, but, though painful, and lasting for weeks, the attack rarely, *if ever*, ended fatally.

As Ages pass these Diseases,—like everything else, in Nature,—*change!* They return,—but under new Conditions—and different Symptoms.

Far better, therefore, in Modern attacks of this disease, call in, at once, an able Medical Man. It is the *relapse* after a *begun recovery*,—the Patient impatient, and madly resolved to "chance" going out too soon,—which has cost, the past two years, so many valuable lives!

RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC FEVER, &c.

What the Yellow Fever is in America,—and the Cholera is in India,—(the terror of those Countries,)—that the Rheumatic Fever is in Great Britain! In whatever form it may come, — Rheumatism, — Neuralgia, — Sciatica, — whether the Rheumatism attacks the Nerves, the Limbs,—or the Blood,—it is alike a terrible scourge. Tell us a cure,

a remedy! A Turkish Bath once a week,—beginning the temperature very moderately, —has cured confirmed Rheumatic pains in even elderly persons; others,—at the first symptoms,—take a handful of Washing Soda (crystals) to the "Corporation Baths" of their Town, and lie for twenty-five minutes in a "Private Warm" Bath. They find the soda beneficial. Try all remedies,—never despair,—some may suit your case which are ineffectual in others. But *prevention* is indeed better than cure. To the Working Youth or Man his health and vigour are, to him, *everything!* His prospects,—hopes of future success in Life, his future Home,—all depend upon the preservation of his health. *That* lost, everything, as far as *this* World goes, —is lost! Yet, thousands will stand for two hours in bitter wind and rain, in our severe English Winters, to watch a Football Match;—get wet through, and perhaps sit in this state for a long Railway ride home! They will leave a close, warm, Workshop,—the pores of the skin open,—and ride, in a cold wind, on the top of an omnibus! Remember, *once* get a deadly chill,—a severe attack of Rheumatic Fever, or Bronchitis, or Pleurisy,—and you can *never hope* to be the *same man* you were before!

A fine youth was crippled for life by drying himself over a hot stove. Another by *getting warm* by exercise at a Gymnasium, and then madly putting on his clothes again (wet through with rain) and riding home in them! Never had had a day's illness; a splendid constitution, but this as nearly as possible killed him! He never was the same man again! Those who have never known illness, often only take advice when it is *too late!*

HEALTH AND VIGOUR LOST.

It is really heartbreaking,—amongst the poorer,—more ignorant,—of the Working Class, to see their folly; the Life they lead! Almost every good habit recommended in this book neglected! Young men who ought to be in the prime of life,—with pale faces,—worn,—feeble,—unhealthy,—almost decrepit! The results of the many occupations injurious to health,—the wretched places they dwell in,—and their incessant toil do you say?

EXHAUSTING THEIR MANHOOD IN YOUTH.

Well! perhaps, in *some* cases; but may we not boldly assert,—in the *immense* majority of instances,—it is rather *the results of the dreadful* lives they lead? Neglect of all

cleanliness,—incessant use of inferior Tobacco,—if it is tobacco at all,—and Drink of very doubtful quality ; “cheap and nasty,” rubbishy food,—grease *called* “Butter,”—poorly cooked dinners ; hours spent in the dreadful atmosphere of crowded Concert Halls, and Theatres ;—all the pure air consumed, and foul air only breathed ! Then add, too often, in early life,—*impurity* not only in language, but in *long* continued *habits, exhausting* their Manhood before they have hardly started in Life ! A dismal Picture ! Well ! Reader ! Look around you ! *Is it not true ?*

Let such, however, remember that Nature is kind,—far kinder than people think,—do not despair of cure, and change,—too soon ! Avoid this life for only three or four Months,—and adopt and continue steadily the good habits bodily, and spiritual, suggested in this Book,—and see,—in a few Months, what Nature, *now* allowed a *chance*,—will do for you ! You will be astonished at yourself !

To avoid Rheumatism,—all your life,—in all climates,—from England to China,—make it a constant rule always to wear Flannel next to the skin :—*never* Linen !

Always have a change at night,—when a linen shirt will be proper, and surely warm enough to sleep in. In fifty actual cases of persons one hundred years old, they varied in their other habits considerably, but in *one thing* they every one agreed ; they had all their lives been *good sleepers* ! It is now believed that Rheumatic disease is caused by overwork of the Brain as well as the actual exposure to cold and wet. To live a long and healthy life,—*sleep well you must* ! The fewer bedclothes you can do with, the quieter the sleep, and the slighter the supper the better. Again, for healthy refreshing sleep, if the room be small and close, open the Window the least bit,—even an inch,—to let in *some* pure air. No one can “take cold” in bed.

VARICOSE VEINS.

Many of the Working Class,—and more persons in all Classes than is generally supposed,—suffer from this complaint. It is considered incurable,—except by the delicate operation of stopping the swollen veins,—and forcing the Blood to flow through others.

Few, indeed, would risk such a doubtful experiment.

Take the disease *in time*. Avoid, at once, *long* walks. Moderate exercise every day is, of course, essential. Horse-back exercise,—the Bicycle, &c.,—is, of course,—out of the question,—and *must*, at any cost, be given up.

Army Surgeons recommend resting whenever a chance occurs,—short, and slow walks, and lying in bed as long as you can. Above all, begin at once to afford support, at the first symptoms,—by wearing elastic stockings.

White's Company, 228, Piccadilly, London, 9/- a pair. *Not* tight; merely enough to give proper support. Night and morning draw the hands gently up the legs,—from the ankles, *towards* the body, but never rubbing them *from* you. "It can do no good!" Yes! it does! It "shows the Blood the way round." What you are suffering from being that the valves by which the Blood is passed round in the Circulation, do not act properly, in the swollen places.

The cause of the disease is not known. It does not "run in a family," it occurs in persons of excellent constitutions, but generally of sluggish temperament. When the other habits are good, and the above hints are followed, the complaint, in 30 years, will not greatly increase.

Very rare instances do occur, in advanced life, when the vein has burst, with fatal results. "Fore-warned is therefore fore-armed!"

PILES.

A disease frequently associated with the last.

The very serious internal cases,—which can only be treated surgically,—are not here spoken of, the ordinary complaint being alone alluded to.

Attend carefully, night and morning to the "sitz bath," alluded to on page 565; and, on the first symptoms, apply the following. It is a white ointment; its secret being that it contains a little mercury,—the proportion of which may, of course, be slightly increased, if not quite effectual.

Hydrargyri Subchloridi drachmam unam Adipis præparati ad unciam unam.

Misce fiat unguentum.

In *plain English* is:—"Take of Subchloride of Mercury (i.e., Calomel) one drachm. Prepared Lard sufficient to make up to one ounce. Mix; let an ointment be made." Try, alternately, with this, a Lotion of Hazeline (mixed 5 to 2 of Rosewater,) damp a small sponge, and keep in contact. It is perfectly innocent, and may suit some cases best. Finally, there is the ordinary "Gall Ointment," of any chemist.

The white ointment has cured many at the first application,—and, curiously enough the piles do not, in some instances,—after one or two trials,—come any more.

What years of pain,—might thousands deliver themselves from by very simple means !

Another secret is in the diet. The less solid meat taken, while the piles continue, the better, substituting for the time, lighter,—more easily digested food.

"I do not believe anything will cure me." Well ! do *not* believe. *Try* it !

CORNS.

Here again it does seem inexplicable how people can suffer for years, when they might be free in about a week. Doubtless equally successful solvents are to be had in other quarters ; their constituents, doubtless, are much alike, but if the "Corn Solvent," sold by Messrs. Reeves, New Street, Birmingham, is simply applied night and morning for a week, with a camel hair brush, and perhaps using the usual corn plaster at the same time, you will have entire freedom from the most stubborn corns, avoiding the slightest pain or feeling of any kind, as in the case of cutting, &c.

"It will never cure mine ! *Indeed ?* Well ! *try* it !

INDIGESTION.

Sick Headache,—No appetite,—Bilious, &c., &c.

Call it what you like, the simple remedy is to give the digestive organs a *rest*. Spare them heavy, solid meat meals for a month. Instead of solid meat, try light,—easily digested food ; soup,—Fish, light Puddings, dried Fruits, Milk, Eggs. Give up Beer, and Wine. Have an hour or two for exercise *daily*.

Try any respectable Chemist's mild, digestive, "Bilious Pills," one only, occasionally.

"Persuasion, not force," is true with Nature as with all else.

Change of Diet, and good, daily, habits are the best Medicines. Nature only wants you to give her a chance, and a little time.

Neglected, these complaints connected with Indigestion are the most difficult and complicated,—the Physician has to contend with. Neglected too long, they render Life a *misery*.

SMALLPOX. VACCINATION.

There are those who can still remember the ravages that frightful scourge,—Smallpox,—committed in the old Times, before the noble, splendid discovery,—(doubtless Heaven directed),—of Vaccination, stamped the dread Disease almost out !

Nothing shows the speechless folly, carelessness, and ingratitude, of Mankind, than the ease with which they forget,—when comparatively safe, and the disease is “scotched,”—the Horrors of the Past! Our predecessors could tell a shocking tale of the ravages of the Disease, in the old days,—the frightful mortality,—thousands of persons rendered objects for life, their faces disfigured and scarred with the Pox marks,—many blinded,—ruined for Life! There were cases when, before death, the flesh rotted, and actually came off!

No sooner was that grand discovery of Dr. Jenner in 1796,—Vaccination,—generally acted upon, and vaccination *properly* performed, than the disease was, at once, arrested! Well! dear Reader! Look around you! Use your own eyes,—your common sense! When do we *now* see the disfigured,—repulsive faces of the Victims of Smallpox, fortunate enough to escape death, with scars, so common 70 years ago?

THE IRRESISTIBLE LOGIC OF FACTS.

In twenty Kingdoms and Provinces of Europe (Seaton's Reports), before the introduction of Vaccination, in the last half of the 18th century, the Smallpox mortality *per million* was 2,995; since its introduction, during the first fifty years of the present century, *the death rate has fallen to 308*. In England for the thirty years previous to vaccination (estimated by Lettsom and Blaine), the mortality was 3,000 *per million*; for the years 1841-53, when vaccination was public, but not compulsory, the mortality was 304 *per million*; from 1854-65 (*compulsory*), 202. People forget that the unvaccinated portion of the community contributes the largest proportion of deaths in recent epidemics of smallpox; and that lately, owing to the comparative rarity of the disease, vaccination has become lax. In 15,000 cases treated at the London Fever Hospital, Marson found that 35·5 *per cent* of the *unvaccinated* died, but only 6·36 *per cent*. of the *vaccinated* (many of these bore no trace of scars, proving that vaccination had not been properly accomplished.) In the Sheffield epidemic of 1887-8, which formed the subject of the most exhaustive investigation ever undertaken by a Local Government Board, it was found that out of 268,397 vaccinated persons in the borough, 4,151, or 1·55 *per cent.*, caught smallpox; of 5,715 unvaccinated persons 552, or 9·7 *per cent.*, were attacked—that is, proportionately *for each vaccinated person* suffering from smallpox 6·2 *unvaccinated* persons were attacked. Of 18,020 vaccinated persons living in invaded houses, 4,151, or 23 *per cent.* were attacked; of 736 *unvaccinated* in invaded houses, 552, or 75 *per cent.* were attacked—that is relatively 3·3 unvaccinated to one vaccinated. Finally, of the 4,151 vaccinated cases, 200, or 4·8 *per cent.* died, while of the 552 unvaccinated, 274, or 49·6 *per cent.* died. *That is, for every fatal case occurring in a vaccinated person, 10·3 non-vaccinated persons died.* In the smallpox hospitals, of the 161 persons attending on the patients 81 were re-vaccinated, and not a single one of these contracted the disease.

Surely this survey sustains the case for vaccination. We cannot have our Common Sense abused !

In looking over the reports of the Army Medical Department since the year 1859 I find that only since 1883 is the percentage mortality of smallpox given separately from the other eruptive fevers, and that from 1883-88 the average mortality has been *under '05 per thousand* in men quartered all over the world. A triumph of *Compulsory Vaccination* !

And yet,—dear Reader,—in this day (1891) of so-called “Doctors,” mysterious “M.D’s.,” and “Philanthropists,”—airing their absurd “hobbies,” and “fads,” this grand, splendid, Discovery,—which has proved an incalculable boon to Mankind, is,—like many things else that are good,—now, it seems, to be resisted, and maligned ! To get our name into the Papers it is, of course, “business,” and highly judicious, in the case of a Medical Practitioner, hitherto (happily) unknown to the Public, or to Fame, to advertise himself, and his address, by an anti-vaccination letter. What is more likely to make a sensation than a letter challenging what all sensible Men advocate ?

But it is *quite as judicious*, dear Reader, on *our part*, not to take any notice of such nonsense ! There is nothing,—however precious, and speechlessly important to Mankind,—which has not its opposers ! Thus we have Anti-Teetotal Societies,—having a decided tendency to become *Anti-Temperance* ones ! Anti-Vaccination Societies, and Anti-Christian Societies !

Let us, dear Reader, use our own judgment, and common sense, and,—listening with a smile, to all this nonsense,—say, “*Very clever ; very ingenious,—but not quite “good enough” for me !* As you value your own Life, Health, and that Future of your Children, never,—for a moment,—hesitate, in having them,—and yourself,—properly vaccinated, using thus the means which,—in God’s Providence,—has, for 90 years, proved such an incalculable blessing to Mankind !

It is absurd to suppose that those who are mad, and wicked enough, to neglect precautions, are to be allowed, by their pig-headed folly, to spread this frightful Disease, once more, amongst the crowded Population of our modern Cities !

THE “HAY FEVER.”

One more strange complaint which seems to be increasing both in England, and America, may be mentioned, viz., the “Hay Fever.” Just at the delightful time of the year, the beginning of Summer,—the victims of this strange complaint, are prostrated by what outwardly appears to be a severe cold, or influenza attack.

German Scientists claim to have proved a connection between this disease, and the pollen coming from the hay. A tablespoonful of Dr. Lamplough’s Pyretic, placed in a deep tumbler,—a teaspoonful of Sweet Spirits of Nitre,

added,—the glass then gradually filled up with water, and drunk while effervescing,—will give relief. The dose repeated, from time to time, through the day. But the simplest, and in many cases the most certain remedy, is the use, for a day or two, of strong Scotch snuff. "It will never cure me!" Well! *try it!*

THE EYES.

Weakness of sight,—very prevalent amongst youths whose employment as jewellers, &c., necessitates a very severe strain upon the eyes,—the use of the blowpipe, &c.,—*can only be remedied by giving up the occupation and strengthening the eyes by frequent bathing in cold water with a large sponge, especially at night, taking care that as little writing is done by gaslight as possible, and that the light is fairly behind or above you, when obliged thus to work by gaslight.*

When more powerful remedies are needed, the use of a dash of brandy in the water will be beneficial. Some of the simple eye waters will be of use.

But,—as constitutions, and conditions vary so greatly,—it is well to try various remedies, until you hit upon one that will suit your case.

AMUSEMENTS.

Avoid the Theatre, and similar places of amusement.

The Public have gone mad after the "Comic," (so-called) —vulgar "Burlesques," "Comic Operas,"—and Tomfoolery! We are either condemned to senseless, childish, Rubbish, or to Villains, Murders, Convicts, Crime, and Immorality!

You will say, "Once every now and then,—once a week, or once a fortnight,—can do me no harm." How do you know that?

If you go to a first-class Theatre,—a Circus, &c.,—with a resolve merely to obtain innocent pleasure, and a little excitement, and to listen to such actors as Mr. Henry Irving, &c., it cannot, you may say, do any harm.

But your daily habits suffer in consequence; your desire for such excitements becomes greater, and simple and useful studies and pursuits seem tame after it. You will get accustomed to going, and as you cannot always secure first-rate actors and good moral plays, your purity and innocence of mind will be lessened by what you see and hear. The conversation and habits of those whom you meet there, will tend to check your best desires and inclinations. Be wise in time! Avoid the Theatre! You

need not lack for amusements. The Gymnasium, the Lecture-room, the Panorama, the respectable Evening Concerts, the Readings of Dramatic, and other authors, the Debating club, the Cricket ground, the Boating and Swimming match, &c., &c., may, with many others, well fill the place of the exciting, hot, unwholesome, Theatre or Music Hall.

A moral blight seems to come over the constant attenders of the Theatre. The necessity for exhibitions of extravagant, unreal, and often most unworthy passions, in order to afford sufficient excitement—the extraordinary “*penchant*” entertained for the dark and evil side of character, rather than the reverse—all have their bad effect. There is also your *example* as a Christian youth to be remembered when inclined to attend such places. What may do you no harm may ruin another. Where there are several theatres in a town, one will at times see them all running “sensational” pieces,—Murders, deep, subtle, Villains, Revolvers, Ticket-of-leave Men, Soldiers, Detectives, Monstrous Plots,—grossly improbable,—follow each other with such rapidity, that what is evidently intended for the Sublime, becomes the Ridiculous. Half-a-dozen violent deaths seem now a popular average for the evening’s “entertainment.” (?)

Then, again, the moral character of the supporters of these places, to say nothing of the loose characters usually present—let that of the actors themselves be what it may,—is not of the highest type. This is to be observed even in the highest class of theatre, while those suited for the less wealthy classes are often simply shocking from the morals taught, and the scenes chosen,—vile plays, and dances, now brought over from France.

One’s heart sinks at the sight of a youth, in the first flush of youthful health, and beauty, gradually acquiring a taste for such places! Pleasure you must and will have; either it will be pleasure of an ennobling and worthy kind,—or, the taste for these being lost,—you will inevitably seek gratification in lower and coarser amusements.

As one sees such a youth enter the dancing or drinking saloon, the theatre, or low music hall, one cannot but picture the change which in three or four years alone of frequent intimacy with such places will have brought upon him! The Atmosphere in these Places, breathed by hundreds, for two or three mortal hours,—is often most injurious to health, and the *Moral* atmosphere is even *worse*!

Alas! is that youth, full of bright promise and future

worth, to be led on by the attention he cannot fail to command, to sink his bright prospects of successful and noble life for ever, in the dismal, hollow one of so-called "pleasure?" How many in their own experience can feel the truth of the exclamation of one who had seen the end of such a life, "If *this* was a life of Pleasure, what is a life of Pain?"

In the list of innocent and delightful amusements, the study of Music must ever stand among the first, as affording most pleasure to others; it, indeed forms a delightful relaxation for leisure hours. Although a musical ear—an exquisite appreciation of correct melody and time—is undoubtedly a natural gift, yet by practice and patient attention, you will soon be able, at least, to take part in a Song very agreeably.

Instrumental music requires, no doubt, elaborate study; but I have frequently been astonished with the wonderful precision and taste with which quite a young boy will render a difficult air upon the Concertina, although his position has deprived him of all advantages of proper study—playing as he says, "by ear and imitation alone." For the beginner there is no instrument so cheap or easy as the glass harmonicon; it should, however, be a good one, containing at least three octaves, and the glasses employed should be of thick plate glass, to admit of vigorous play. The best were those manufactured by the late R. Hack, of London, being folding ones, possessing, in addition to the usual notes, the semi-tones.

Very many well-known tunes—some of course will be found better adapted to the instrument than others—may be produced with very pleasing effect upon these instruments; and they may then be transferred to the piano.

To one who possesses naturally the gift of musical talent, the Violin is recommended, as perhaps the instrument, superior to all others, for delicacy and execution.

The art of Speaking is another accomplishment well worthy of your attention. The Debating Club brings into play the reasoning powers, self-reliance, and self-control; and the constant change in the subject of debate necessitates the acquisition of a vast amount of new information—especially if the plan of noting down the chief arguments on both sides is adopted. Although to support a flagging discussion a little allowance must be conceded, it is hoped that there will ever be sufficient real diversity of opinion amongst the members of the society to render your espousal, for the night, of a view in which you do not

conscientiously agree, unnecessary to support the debate. To urge, what you do not believe yourself, is a dangerous practice.

"But I say unto you that every idle,—(untrue, irreverent, objectionable)—word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment."

"For by thy words thou shalt be justified,—and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—*Matthew xii.*, 36-37.

Sometimes a youth very early possesses a power of reasoning; felicity in collecting evidence in support of a certain view, suppressing some facts and bringing forward prominently others; combined with a certain power of controlling attention and consent, which, however gratifying, is apt to tempt him to argue for the display of skill, rather than a real, honest, wish to lead to the truth.

Dancing—which seems inseparable from late hours and the sacrifice of a larger portion of time than many can, in justice to themselves, fairly allow to an amusement having but little adequate result, or definite object,—cannot be considered as a very rational or particular manly pursuit. If the object is merely exercise, surely you may find sufficient scope in various amusements, such as croquet, boating, archery, &c., in which the gentler sex may join; and if the object *be other than this*, your own right feeling will convince you that, in mixed company, the object, is at best, a doubtful one. Look back for ages, and say what people most noted for a worthless, degenerated, and vicious character, did not make dancing a prominent feature in the enervating, unmanly, character of their amusements?

Especially would I ask those of my young readers whose position does not allow of those family gatherings, and select parties, where this amusement may of course be enjoyed by those who have a taste for it, without harm, to beware of the public dancing rooms, &c. When we recall in our own experience, the warm, and real, but most indiscreet feelings indulged by youthful fancy, it is needless to say more. And as we descend to the places of similar entertainment offered for the young of both sexes, in the lower class of society, no words can possibly be too strong to express their danger, and inevitably vicious results.

COMPANIONS.

Dear Reader, have as few Companions as you can!

"Most extraordinary advice!"

Is it? The Writer appeals to any well meaning Young Man,—Clerk,—Shopman,—"Commercial,"—or Working

Youth,—who feels a desire to lead a Christian life. What has been your experience? Take a hundred of the Young Men in our large Cities in 1891, notice their Lives,—their Conversation,—their Principles,—their Habits! Amongst that hundred how many could any Christian Youth, in his senses, make a Friend, a "Companion" of! You could not be ten minutes in the company of scores, in that hundred, without feeling,—and suffering from,—their evil influence! No one could possibly retain a Christian tone, and walk, in such Company! The moral is,—*do without them!* Bad Company,—Evil Companions ever ready to ridicule all that is *Holy* and *Good*;—ever ready to laugh at, and encourage all that is *mean*, *foolish*, *vulgar*, *evil*, and *bad*, are Satan's choice allies in dissuading the young, would be, Christian, from Religion, and preventing him from seeking the bright Home above!

It is pitiable how Youths follow the beck, and call, of such! They follow them in their low tone habits, and example, like a parcel of sheep!

For goodness sake have a will of you own! If you don't *want* to Drink, or Smoke, or Swear, *don't* do it! Is every *sickening* *Cad* you have the misfortune to know, to laugh you out of your Piety, Religious Sentiments, and good Habits, as if you were a silly child? The idea is absurd! Get you out of such Company as soon as you can! You go *your* way,—the Up Grade,—let them go *theirs*! If *in*, with such Company,—*get out*,—if *out*,—*keep out*!

They will never do you any good! Innocent Sports,—the Gymnasium,—the Cricket Field,—&c.,—are being attached to our YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, and well meaning Youths can enjoy themselves, without the Drink,—Oaths,—filthy talk, and Bad Company of former times. Thank God for *that*! Why not join a "Y. M. C. A.?"

WHY MANY DO NOT JOIN THE "Y. M. C. A'S."

This Book is widely circulated amongst these *excellent* Institutions,—in fact, it is believed that every Y. M. C. A. in Great Britain has a Copy,—and the Writer ventures to deprecate the practice of examining too severely the Religious Experiences, or expecting too much, of a well meaning Youth who expresses a desire to become a Member.

Thus one New-comer was at once asked to engage in

Prayer; and fled in dismay; his strength lay more in Cricket than in Piety. But becoming a Member might have led him, gradually to higher, and better things!

Do not expect too much of a New-comer;—give him time;—let him feel the influence of good Companions.

Do not apply the “forcing” System, too promptly; seeking at once for Evidences of Piety,—change of heart, &c., without allowing time.

If all Youths who applied were already advanced Christians, why should they apply for admission at all? Surely such excellent Societies desire rather to be a *means to an end!*

“AMUSEMENTS” TOO OFTEN DEGENERATE.

At the same time, the Young Reader will admit that these Institutions *must*,—come what will,—exclude undesirable (would be) Members,—those who come *merely* for the Athletic Department alone. These Associations have a far higher Mission; and see to it they must!

It is most unfortunate,—especially amongst the Working Class,—how all Amusements,—Games,—Athletics,—Concerts, &c., seem to have a tendency,—unless most carefully watched,—to degenerate into low Tone, Vulgarity, and into the so-called “Comic” Element in the Songs, &c.,—into Self-conceit,—loss of Temper,—and, not unfrequently, objectionable language, playing for money, &c. The Young Reader, will admit that this is so, and that unless a *high tone* is kept up in our “Y. M. C. A’s,” all their good influence is lost. Thus some Committees look with some anxiety at the introduction of the Gymnasium, the Bagatelle, Billiard Table, &c., at all,—not considering these things in their line of duty to provide, and doubtful, in the long run, and in the majority of cases, as to their tendency. The Writer speaks from years of experience.

These attractions, so naturally pleasant, and healthful, in themselves, to the Young, no doubt will induce many to join, and these may prove useful, active, Members, if the more important objects of the Y. M. C. A., engage, in time, their chief attention. If this does not take place, then these attractions will be provided in vain. Let it be the aim of the Young Reader,—when objectionable language, talk, &c., is attempted during Cricket, Football, Bagatelle, &c., instead of joining in the laugh, to show *always his opinion*, by a *marked silence*, and thus ever use his influence on the side of the Right!

HOW TO BE AN AGREEABLE COMPANION.

I have referred elsewhere to the means of attaining the power of Conversation: that it is a faculty of the greatest importance you will not need to be told, having felt for yourself the power it gives in the Society of others. Unquestionably, a retentive memory, a certain genial manner, and a cheerful good humour, which nothing can daunt, are natural qualities which all do not equally possess; but the faculty may be very much aided by care, and let me add,—self-denial.

Attain by degrees the habit of listening cheerfully, even to the dullest; you will gain nothing by showing him neglect and contempt; whereas, though you may hear nothing worthy of attention, you may accept such occasions as useful lessons in politeness, and by their aid gain the habit of considering the feelings of others, which will prove of the greatest consequence in life. Dulness, combined with few advantages of mind or station, generally consigns a Youth to neglect by his Companions, and it will be so through life. Instead of cold indifference to all but those from whom you hope to *gain something*, or whose station makes you anxious to claim an acquaintance with them, be generous enough to make no distinction in your uniform willingness to oblige. A little attention on your part will secure the good offices of one little cared for by others.

Such remember longer a kindness bestowed, and beneath that plain and homely exterior there may be a real warmth and goodness of heart which you may look for in vain elsewhere. Avoid, then, that sensitive pride which often prevents you from forming a new acquaintance; it is to a certain degree becoming and proper, but by indulging in it to the extent the English, as a rule, do, it forms a great defect in our character. It is astonishing how a polite action, however slight, or a courteous word, opens the way to a pleasant acquaintance, useful to both alike. Instead of trying how nearly you can assume total indifference to the presence or being of a new comer or stranger, you may, with one word, lead the way to information of the greatest interest, or even actual value, to yourself.

The quickness with which we adopt prejudices in favour of, or against, another, is remarkable, and is often unreasonable. A few words have only to pass before we conclude whether there is anything in common between ourselves and another; but do not be too hasty in your conclusions.

You cannot see all in a single interview, and an acquaintance whom you thought at first objectionable, may, in the end, prove a most kind and valuable friend.

There is good in more than we think,—of this we may be assured; and, apart from religious duty, you must see the advantage of a courteous and genial disposition in the feeling it immediately begets in others towards yourself.

None are so poor but that they may some day have it in their power to do you a service, and the very habit of receiving and returning a kindly and cheerful greeting is a pleasure in itself.

The habit of politeness, in the usual salutations on meeting an acquaintance, should therefore be attended to, though it does not compel, in any way, further advances, if you have no desire to pursue the acquaintance; for in all that has been said it must be understood that there are limits beyond which neither politeness nor the dictates of religion require you to go. However pleasing a Companion may be in other respects—however real may be his attachment to yourself—yet if you observe in him a total want of Moral feeling, an absence of that which makes a True and Noble Character, an entire want of all Piety and Religious principle, and the doubtful morality in his conversation and practice which generally attends such want, you should resolve to go no further than an acquaintance. He can *never* form a true and *real* friendship with you; he has not in his Character the elements of a firm and lasting friendship; there will ever be at the bottom a want of *heart* and feeling—the want which nothing but God's grace can supply!

A REAL FRIEND MUST BE A CHRISTIAN.

Do you ask, "Whom, then, shall I choose as a friend? I cannot but feel kindly sympathy towards one who cares for me, although he may not be everything I could wish; neither can I compel the liking of one who, though a better and nobler character, appears to care nothing about me." In reply, are you sure that having many friends is, after all, so very needful? I would not have you hastily repulse the affection of any; but I would still say that if you want a *real* friend, you must choose the Youth who appears actuated by pious, and reverent, and loving feelings towards his God. Let what will be his defects, he possesses, after all, the one thing needful for a true friendship. By constant intercourse with such a one, aided by a little attention and

pains on your part, he will, as he becomes intimate with you, repay richly the trouble you have taken. He will impart to you what probably he would confide to no one else,—for there is naturally a truthfulness between the young, which is seldom, if ever, broken or violated,—the youthful, warm, and beautiful thoughts and ideas of a pious mind. He will confirm in you all that is good and right, and be infinitely helpful to you; and he, in turn, if you are inferior in some acquirements, will gain something from you. But, having once given your heart to such a youth as this, listen to nothing,—allow nothing,—to create a coldness or separation between you, or to throw anything but a passing cloud over your friendly feeling; go to him at once, and ask kindly for an explanation of any conduct or speech, which may have hurt you, expressing your sorrow if the first fault proves to be on your side. Instead of attempting to vindicate your unimpeachable correctness, &c., in conduct, let him clearly see that the thought of losing his friendship is, at the bottom, your deepest concern.

A kindly glance, an affectionate word, or regret expressed for any thoughtless word, will be sufficient; and you will both smile, an hour after, at the thought of allowing a moment's coldness to destroy the kindly feeling you have entertained for each other so long.

Never allow pride or apathy to weaken your attachment. Without neglecting your other acquaintances let him be ever able to depend upon you, and feel that his society has the first place in your liking.

Share your best things with your friend, and he, in turn, will be unable to enjoy thoroughly a pleasure unless you are with him; and in sorrow or punishment, if possible, lighten it to him by your thoughtful kindness.

It is a delightful picture such a friendship as this; but it is not an ideal one, it rests very much with yourself; only do your part.

With friends of tried and worthy characters, you are never dependent upon doubtful, and chance acquaintances, with whom to share your favourite amusements.

I have spoken of your influence over those of your own age, in supporting what is good and right, as opposed to what is bad and wrong; speak as you feel on such points, naturally and boldly,—what have you to be afraid of? Those who are worthy of your friendship will honour you only the more, and those who are not will feel a kind of respect for you. A bold, free speech from *you* will have

more effect than *Volumes of Sermons* from older men! If you can but avoid Self-conceit,—that bane of otherwise dear and noble characters,—and retain a friendly feeling at the same time as you reprove evil in another, you are indeed doing God's work early, for the influence boys and young men have over each other is very great. Very beautifully this is exhibited in the Memoir of that lovely character, Whitmore Winslow, whose life was cut short by a bathing fatality, never very clearly explained.

"How sad one feels,"—writes this pious Youth, in his journal,—“and how unhappy when in the society of the wicked. How low and humbled do we feel when obliged to listen to unholy conversation, or to witness some act of sin. We may show by our conduct and example how painful it is to our spirits, and I have often found how powerful is the effect of a marked silence.”

While a boy of fourteen, or fifteen, at Leamington College, he experienced much opposition, and probably much unkindness from the others, and how sweetly he alludes to them. “Wednesday, the 8th. How gracious has the Lord been to me to-day! His promises never fail! They have indeed been my chief support. Jesus has been better than all my fears, and has carried me through that which I most dreaded. Oh! to have simple trust in our Saviour! He will not betray your trust! He is a faithful and just God, merciful and gracious! Open all your hearts to Jesus, and He will open the fountain of His mercy and love to you!” “Sweet and precious counsel,” adds the Writer of his Memoir, “flowing from the lips of youth! It may be a word in season to more advanced believers. Dear boy! He, too, had his trials; and who can doubt,—knowing how hard it is to oppose evil at a large School,—what his gentle and loving spirit may have suffered in doing so!”

Whitmore's young heart, warm, unsuspecting, and confident, had been beguiled into friendships only to be chilled by their fickleness, and wounded by their treachery, but it only drove him the closer to the Fountain of all Love.

“Has not this some end,” he writes, “I think I see it! May it serve to wean me more from being dependent upon worldly friendships and pleasures, finding the centre of my happiness in leaning in repose upon His bosom who never changes nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him.”

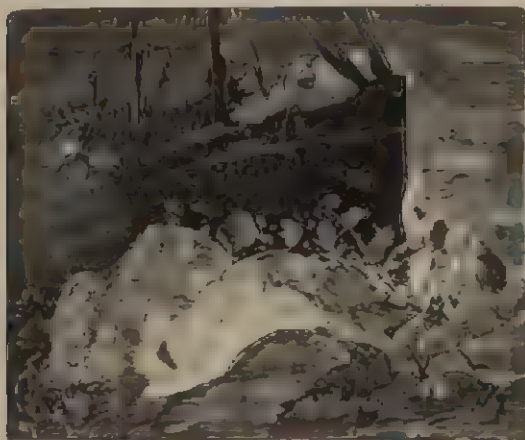
And as it will ever happen, if you are true and faithful, there came a time when Whitmore had won the kindly feeling of all. English boys may thoughtlessly give much

pain to such a one, but in their hearts they honour him,—it is in our National character,—in our education. Winslow alluded to this, in his Diary :—" God makes us to taste the bitter only to prepare us for the sweet. I have experienced this sweetly, lately. At School He has remarkably stood by me. The prejudice against my Religion has worn away, and those who seemed my bitter enemies are now my best friends." *How* he was drowned was never very clearly explained. A Bathing fatality,—when alone,—spasm, perhaps, of the heart, or cramp.

Be sure that the experience of this Christian Youth will no less be your own.

" They that honour Me,—I will honour : but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

Dangers of the Deep.



Perhaps one of the most remarkable Escapes of an Atlantic Steamer upon record was that of the "*Arizona*." She struck, by Night, at full speed, —an Iceberg with a terrific crash! Most providentially it was the weakest, and extreme end of the Berg, and the huge Steamer cut right through it! Fancy, —dear Reader,—the momentum of an immense Steamer,—many thousands of tons hurled,—driven by Engines of Thousands of horse power,—dashing against an Iceberg, on a dark night!—The latter, frequently as high as Cliffs! They might have been shattered to pieces!

Many years ago a Monster Iceberg, or, rather *Continent* of Ice,—took a Week to pass Newfoundland,—a splendid Spectacle, with Towers and Pinnacles! One of the "*Cunards*" of that day, always noted for their admirable "*Lookout*,"—*very nearly* struck this Berg! There was little doubt, at the time, that the American Company's ill-fated "*Arctic*,"—(never again heard of,)—struck this same Berg, which was believed to be from 50 to 100 miles long! The "*City of Boston*," which disappeared in the Atlantic, in 1866 (?)—probably struck a Berg, and foundered!



Good-natured Harry,—trying to "make friends" with Sulky Tom.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARACTER OF YOUTHS.

NOBLENESS. FORGIVENESS. IMMORALITY. THE OLD SYSTEM OF FLOGGING, &c.

HAVING, in Chapter VII., given a few hints on the acquisition of *mental* power by reading and easy study, we have now to meet the difficulty you may encounter from the want of those *genial* qualities which never fail to make the possessor welcome in the Society of his Companions.

Whilst there may be no want—as far as *intelligence* and quickness of mind are concerned—to make you the welcome acquaintance of others, there may be defects in your *disposition* which lie very much in your own power to improve, and finally remedy. Have you not yourself noticed the qualities which secure the goodwill and kindly feeling of all? Who amongst your young companions is the favourite with most? Is it not he who is least selfish, who finds a pleasure in doing a pleasant and kind action for another, apparently as real, as if he were seeking to secure his own gratification alone? He who is too noble to retain revengeful and vindictive feelings long, and is ever willing to forgive an offence? Is it not he, who is true and loving in friendship, who, having once entertained a fondness for

another, never forgets it, in spite of a momentary estrangement; and who, in spite of all, you naturally *trust*, and rely upon still—feeling confident that he may be *dependent* upon, and is too generous to say a word to your disadvantage, or to let the separation be for long? Is it not he whose good-humoured cheerfulness is irresistible, overcoming even the ill-temper of others, and affording such pleasure to you, his friend? And, lastly, is it not he who is as ready to feel gratified at your success as at his own, ever ready to express his warm approval of excellence in another, and not always thirsty after applause for himself alone?

Is it not such an one whom we desire for a companion and friend, and are not you willing to attempt the attainment of those traits in which you feel yourself to be wanting?

I know that the difference in natural gifts, and character, is very great; the advantages of mind possessed by some youths, differ as much from others, as do the personal appearance and fortunes in life. But unlike the latter, which are beyond our control, we have the power, by encouraging a healthy, genial, and kind habit of mind, to do much towards the attainment of those traits we admire in others. Your faults, undoubtedly, will be of a character natural to your disposition. I can but touch upon two or three.

(1.) SELF-CONCEIT.

Some youths are naturally prone to *self-conceit*. The desire for the approval of others is good and right; desire for distinction, and a fair share of ambition is essential to a noble mind; but how different is this to the feeling of competition, of pleasure in the failures of others, of willingly employing any means to attract the attention of others, and being willing that they should give you credit for qualities and acquirements which you do not possess. Nothing but your own earnest efforts can aid you in overcoming this habit of thought, which often ruins an otherwise noble Character.

This Vice of Self-conceit is *about the last* to quit the Christian! Even the Regenerate have the utmost difficulty in struggling with this Infirmity! It really would appear to be the last effort of Satan! He ever whispers, "*How good you are!*" "*How safe,*" &c., &c.

You can decrease this habit by compelling yourself to pay attention to those whom you cannot but acknowledge

to be superior in many things to yourself; be as much as possible in their company, and compare your acquirements candidly, and honestly, with theirs, and mark, for yourself, the charm a modest reserve possesses when associated with real worth. Be assured that such will ever possess a power over others, unknown to those who are ever seeking to obtain the acknowledgment from others they think is their due, but of which, however, they are prone to take an exaggerated and unreal view.

Remember that, however great may be your advantages in personal appearance, intellect, or social position, and the power it confessedly gives you over others, these advantages were not given you for nothing. Do you not very early feel these advantages yourself? Do you not often draw a comparison between yourself and others less endowed in body and mind or circumstances? And do you not see that more must naturally be expected from you than from those who are confessedly your inferiors? Before His eye who gave you all things, who supports you in life and health, that which is highly esteemed among men is as nothing. He looks far deeper than this. It is upon the Motives you allow to influence you through Life, the Use you make of the Talents, allowed by all, to be yours, that His approval must depend. And if there is in Self-conceit, in the ever-restless desire for satisfying it, something mean and contemptible in the eyes of Man, what must it be in the sight of God?

(2.) IRRITABLE TEMPER.

THE TIGER.

Other youths, again, are naturally subject to *quick Temper*, are irritable and *passionate*. Sometimes there is something noble and generous in such a disposition, even in moments of great provocation; but more generally—and it is of this disposition I would speak—such a Character is as *Vindictive* as irritable. I know it is a hard thing, a very hard thing, for such a disposition to learn really to forgive a designed offence. It is even hard to allow the possession of such a trait—a spirit which induces you to take pains, and a kind of pleasure, in repaying a slight or offence, it may be, some time after its occurrence;—but is it not wiser to face it boldly? God knows it is hard for you to forgive: it is your point of trial. All have some fault, some especial Sin, some besetting temptation to struggle against and to overcome. Believe me, yours is not the most difficult to conquer.

for it is, after all, only occasional in its effects, and, once overcome, a happier future is open to you. Nothing, however, will ever soften such a disposition when once confirmed and indulged; nothing will enable you to deny yourself the gratification of revenge for wounded self-esteem, and enable you to forgive a wrong or offence from the heart, but Divine assistance alone. Necessary as the latter undoubtedly is, and ever must be, in *all* attempts at a better life, it is *especially* so in this, because no human means seem capable of creating the needful change, nor can any rules be found to meet the case. The "Tiger" spirit,—once confirmed,—will have blood! God knows that the case is a hard one, and if you turn to Him, He will not be slow to afford this assistance to you. Do not think that one victory, however slight, over that unfeeling, savage, "animal" desire for revenge is of small moment. If you can forgive *once*, if you have conquered *once*, it is your own fault if happier days are not soon your own reward, rendered happy from the increased confidence and goodwill you will gain from others, to say nothing of the joy of a besetting fault being met and overcome. Remember, no person on Earth can make you lose your temper, unless you allow yourself to give way.

(3.) IMMORALITY.

YOUNG READER. "Spare yourself trouble upon this point. You are not going to say anything of the slightest practical use to me. They never do!" A speaker is announced to declaim upon the Subject, and *what* does he say? *Nothing!*

He talks for half-an-hour,—every one says, "Excellent Address!" What single practical hint does he give Young Men? What information of the slightest use to them? *None whatever!*

Well, dear Reader, what *are* we to tell you? You are not a child! You know as much as we do! We can but suggest two Remedies, one a Mental, the other a Religious deterrent. The Mental one consists in allowing your mind,—your leisure time,—your ambition in Life to be fixed upon something a *little* higher,—a little nobler,—and more lasting, than the life and ambition of a mere animal! How many Youths are there *quiet* and *retiring*,—rarely put out of Temper,—fond of reading, and apt to give way to *reverie*, and day-dreams of *imagination*. Over how many a *character* such as this,—in which there is really much that

is good,—there comes a *Blight of Sin!* The very gentleness, and docility of disposition you possess, renders that a severe trial, which offers little temptation to a colder, more calculating, more resolute, and coarser, mind.

Undoubtedly this will probably form your especial temptation through life, all men have certain Sins to which they are, by natural disposition, especially inclined. In your case, all experience seems to point to the importance of *early* eluding this sin by bringing other pursuits, thoughts, and ambitions, *into competition* with it. Read the remarks page 125, and page 371, Book 1.

SET UP A COMPETITION TO IT.

Get a liking for some special pursuit, occupation, study, or amusement, of a legitimate, healthy, character.

Get up an ENTHUSIASM. Set your heart upon something useful, wholesome, improving either to your Mind or Body.

Surely every English Youth from 13 to 25, amongst the vast numbers of Modern occupations, and amusements, may choose one at least, to his fancy. Music, the Violin, Piano, Singing, Drawing, Science in all its forms, Natural History, Botany, French, German, Shorthand, (which mean money now in Business).

Then, cannot you get up a "hobby,"—growing Flowers, —keeping Pigeons, Dogs, &c.? Cannot you become a "Collector,"—"Collect" something, Postage Stamps, &c.? No? Don't care for these things? Well! Cannot you "take up," or "go in for," Athletics? The Bicycle, Cricket, Football, Tennis, Fishing, Swimming, Boating, or Chess?



"A good Move" "Mate in Three."

Arthur has given Tom a puzzler: Papa thinks so too.

Many a man at seventy enjoys his Chess as much as he did at twenty. Join a Club.

Pay constant attention to your daily habits.

You see, dear Reader, what we are driving at,—to keep you from being *much alone*,—to keep you *always occupied* and to *satisfy* and *content* your mind without vice. Thus keeping out the evil. Face the sins of Immorality and Drunkenness boldly. Ask the Monster Vice, "What have you really *got* to bestow? What good will you ever do to me? Habitual Vice, if I follow you for years, what is your reward? What do you at last bestow on your followers?" Many young men soon find the humbug, and delusion, there is in a vicious life, that the pleasures of Sin,—"*for a season*,"—are grossly exaggerated. Unfortunately, they come to that conclusion too often a trifle late. Self-respect is impossible while leading an immoral life, you cannot retain it, you may try to bluster it out, but you will never do it; you have already begun to *despise* yourself. Not much pleasure left then! See page 231; also page 263, Book I.

Why do you not advise Marriage? Because it seems an absurdity to advise a Youth to do precisely the very thing thousands of them cannot, in their present circumstances, think of doing, perhaps for years to come. Besides, *is* Marriage so wonderful a specific? *Are* married men so very moral? We cannot take up a newspaper, and reply "yes," without having our common sense abused!

We want something *deeper*!

Would Christ have given us an impossible standard of Morality, merely suited for angels, but utterly beyond the natural powers and instincts of average Mankind to attain to? We cannot think so! It would have amounted to an absurdity! Our common sense must decide that our Lord would never have enjoined a degree of Morality, which, at the same time, He knew perfectly well was impossible for us to reach.

Dear Reader! The secret is, that "With man,"—in his natural state,—"*it is impossible*,"—but "with God," and with God's aid,—"*all things are possible*!"

Why do we, when temptation comes, grasp the sinful pleasure, the transient, miserable gratification,—and *let Christ go*? Simply want of FAITH!

We hope that the Monsters Vice, and Sin of all kinds, are not,—or will not, in *our* case prove *so fatal*,—"just one more sin!" "We shall not go far out." (See Page 231.)

"Pious Folks make too much of it." "We have now the Larger Hope, you know!"—Who doubts that this UNBELIEF in God's warnings, and Christ's teachings in regard to purity, and Morality, is the Sin of our Day?

There is now very little dread of Sin or its consequences!

VICIOUS BOOKS,—PLAYS,—TALK AND COMPANY.

Every Youth can, *if he likes*, turn away from impure imaginations, or books, rubbishy and vicious Novels, and Plays. The Vulgar Cad shrieks with laughter at "Smutty" songs, and allusions; blinded by his own Vices, the wretched Creature does not see the exulting, mocking, Demon *that is behind!*

Representations, Pictures, Conversation, or Companions, which you well know are so hateful in the sight of a *pure*, and Holy God, are utterly opposed to your best interests.

Face the Monster boldly,—despise Vice and Satan's delusions,—and next time Temptation comes,—and Conscience,—(God's voice)—cries "Resist! Flee! Turn your attention, with equal interest, and pleasure, to other things,"—*don't whine* out,—"I can't," (Page 310) and resign yourself,—like a miserable Slave,—to the wretched, degrading bondage of Satan!

CHOICE FOR A YOUTH OF 13 TO 25 YEARS OF AGE.

AN IMMORAL LIFE.

RESULTS.

A feeble mind incapable of exertion, self-denial, energy, memory, or success in life. Self-contempt; despising oneself. Hoping (vain hope) that Religion and Christ, are not, after all, true, and that we may be vicious, and yet at last, be saved.

A lowering of all the Noble, Pure, and Moral Sentiments, and Ambitions, to the level of the Animal Creation. Immorality is a Whirlpool which gradually swallows up all that is Heaven-born, and Noble in Man. He sinks below the Brute Creation!

A feeble body, not much good at anything, with little hope, vigour, or honourable ambition.

What vile imaginations will be for ever forming themselves, where Christ would dwell!

The life of a selfish Animal.

A PURE LIFE.

RESULTS.

Bright hopes for the future. The approval of God, and his manifest blessing in life. Openings for an honourable, respected, useful life. Vigour, power of work, energy, and success in life.

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you abstain from fleshly lusts, which *War against the Soul!*"—1 Peter, ii., 11.

"I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 John, ii., 13.

"Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot?" God forbid!"—1 Cor. vi., 15. Flee fornication.

"Know ye not that your Body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost?"—1 Cor. vi., 19.

The life of a Christian.

PURITY.

"But fornication, and all uncleanness, or Covetousness,—(The apostle well knew that these two kindred Vices are *usually*, though not always,—found in the same persons)—let them not be once named among you, as becometh Saints."—*Ephesians* v., 3.

"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—*1 Cor.* ix., 27.

"Flee fornication. Every sin that a man doeth is *without* the body; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body."

"Know ye not, that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and that ye are not your own?"

"For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and spirit, which are God's."—*1 Cor.* vi., 18-20.

"Dearly beloved I beseech you, abstain from fleshly lusts *which war against the Soul*."—*1 Peter* ii., 11.

"If any man defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—*1 Cor.* iii., 17.

"For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, because the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—*Romans* viii., 13-23.

"For what I would that I do not; but, *what I hate* that do I." "The evil which I would not, that I do." "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." "I see another law in my members, warring against the law in my mind."—*Romans* vii., 15-23.

"Let no man say, when he is tempted,"—"I am tempted of God." "Neither tempteth He any man, but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed, then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin; and Sin,—when it is finished,—bringeth forth Death."—*James* i., 13-15.

The Young Reader will clearly see that the Apostles, and Early Christians,—from these, and many other Texts,—*fully* felt the *difficulty* of living a life of purity; but they none of them suggest that it is *impossible* to do so.

On the contrary, they,—one and all,—urge the effort, as a sign of the "Christian"; as the mark of the "Child of God."

We cannot conceive that the Inspired Writers, and our Blessed Lord Himself, *would go through the absurdity* of urging, or requiring, of us, what they knew to be impossible to Human Nature to perform! Our Common Sense tells us that they would not *go through such a farce*. It is possible,—with God's aid,—to follow their Example, and to lead a Virtuous, Happy, Useful, Christian, Life!

EVERYTHING THAT IS,—IS RIGHT.

All things that God has created, or ordained, are good in *themselves*; it is in the improper use, men choose to make of them, that the evil and curse lies.

"All things are lawful unto me," the great Apostle says, "but all things are not expedient." "I know, and am persuaded, by the Lord Jesus Christ, that there is *nothing* unclean of itself, all things, indeed, are pure, but to him that esteem anything to be unclean to Him it is unclean."—*Romans* xiv., 14.

Surely we see this in everything in God's ordering, and in the Constitution of everything around us. What is Vice,—Immorality,—Covetousness,—Drunkenness, but the result of an *improper use* made of things Perfect,—Pure,—and Excellent, *in themselves*, against which Conscience,—which is the voice of God,—expostulates from our Childhood to our Grave?

Young Reader, "Admitting that it is possible, why make it *so difficult* to live a Pure, and Godly Life? Why so many Temptations,—so many Christless Companions,—so *much* within me, *inclined* to the *Evil*;—so little in me inclined to Piety, naturally?"

THE PRESENCE OF EVIL NECESSARY.

Surely the Young Reader must see the *absolute necessity* of Trial! "I am a Virtuous, Excellent, Young Man!" "*Indeed!*"—we may, from 40 years' experience of Mankind,—be allowed to reply, "We are glad to *hear* you, and your friends, *say so*,—but,—would like to have it *proved!*" "Were you ever *tried!*" How can we be tried without a trial? For what is "Virtue?" What is "Purity?" How can their very *existence* be *discovered*,—much less proved,—*except by Trial?*

Young Reader, "Well! That is so. I admit that there must be trial. Trial, no doubt, is a necessity to the existence of Virtue."

Then, dear Reader, how can there *possibly* be "trial," without the presence of Evil? If the "Tares" were not allowed, *for a time*, to grow with "the Good,"—temptation, trial, and, consequently, Virtue, and (the only *real* "Goodness")—*tried* "Goodness,"—would have no existence, or opportunity of showing itself!

"Just, and true, are all Thy Ways!" You may rely upon it, dear Reader, that "**Everything that is,—is right,**"—not that Evil is right, but that its *presence* in a World of Trial, and Probation,—"**is right!**"

Everything which God permits to exist,—"*the Tares,*"—"the Wicked," "the Devils," themselves,—all have their use! Mark you! The Good will always *prevail*, in the *end!* But, whatever God permits to exist, *has an object*, and is *over ruled* for good!

WOULD YOU DESIRE A WORLD OF "PUPPETS?"

Young Reader, "But God need not have permitted the Trial, or Temptation,—or 'the Fall,' of our First Parents at all! God might have made us all *incapable* of sin,—*compelled* to be Pure, Holy, and *obliged* by our *Nature* to love, and obey, Him, in all things,—like a perfect machine, and thus have *avoided* the Introduction of Sin into this World *at all!*"

Undoubtedly!—*emphatically* He might! He need not have permitted "**Free-will**" to any of His creatures! All might have

been mere "Puppets,"—having no "Will" of *their own*,—*no choice*;—all singing His praises with the monotony of Millions of perfect Machines, *all going round together*! Dear Reader, your Free-will,—power of choice,—is,—if you *use it aright*, the most blessed thing,—*in itself*,—God could bestow. *Abused*,—it becomes a Curse! What God desires is the free choice of Him, and His Service, by Intelligent,—Responsible,—Intellectual Beings,—not a World entirely full of Unintelligent Puppets!

By all means,—all your life long,—avoid Evil, avoid Temptation, shun Bad Companions, and Bad Habits,—it is your duty,—it is God's will,—that you should do so.

But do not presume to say that the presence of Evil permitted by God, in a World *intended* by Him to be a place of Trial, or Probation, is wrong, and an unmixed evil, *because it is not*!

The Christian's life would be utterly impossible,—*unintelligible*,—without the presence of Sin,—and the necessity of a Struggle with Evil! No two words about it, dear Reader, a Conflict there must be! "Resist the Devil,"—*in some way*,—you certainly will have to, that is if you are to be a Christian at all!



Christian and Apollyon.

"Then said Apollyon,—'I am sure of thee now!' But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow,—thereby to make a full end of this good man,—Christian, with his sword—'all prayer,'—gave the Fiend, nimbly, a deadly thrust,—which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian,—perceiving this,—*made at him again*,—saying,—'Nay, in all these things we are more than Conquerors, through Him that loved us!' And, with that, the foul Fiend spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more!"—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things,—and I will be His God, and he shall be My son."—*Rev. xxi., 7.*

There never lived a Christian Youth,—and never will,—who had not *some* besetting Sin, against which he is called, by God, to “fight the good Fight of Faith!”

You *smile* at the Woodcut,—representing a “Fiend” in “human,” or bodily shape,—treated “Conventionally;”—but, believe me, the presence of Satan, and his vile angels in this fallen World, in their *unseen, spiritual*, but, nevertheless *actual* form, is no laughing matter!

You have felt it yourself! Mysterious, it is true,—as is the Presence, if humbly sought, of God the Holy Spirit,—but every enlightened Christian is aware of the existence of an Evil Agency, ever suggesting to both Old and Young, “Just *one more* sin!” “*Time enough yet!*” Then,—when Youth has passed,—“*Too Late now!* You are too old for Religion!”—Ever *deepening* every *spiritual slumber*,—ever tempting to Self-conceit, Self-sufficiency, Pride, Sloth, and too often, to Unbelief, Scepticism, Prayerlessness, Neglect of God, Covetousness, Dishonesty, Angry Temper, Revenge, Selfishness, Gluttony, a Worldly, Thoughtless Life, without Christ,—and, perhaps, strongly tempting to the Sins of Immorality, and Drunkenness! What a Catalogue! Believe me, the Power of Satan is no *smiling* matter! You may not know it, but God knows that, amongst these, *you* also, have your besetting Sin, and depend upon it Satan knows it too!

Remember that “Immorality” is, after all, but one Sin amongst many, and how little does the Tempter care *which* Path the Sinner chooses to Perdition, when he knows that they all alike end in the self-same Ruin at the close!

THE “CHRISTIAN” HATES SIN.

But the Great Apostle, at once makes *the distinction* between the “Christian,”—and those who *love* their sins. Paul, in common with all God’s children, “hated” it.

“For what I *would*,—that I do not; but *what I hate*, that I do!”—Romans vii., 15.

Here, dear Reader, is the invariable sign of a Christian Youth! He “hates” his Sins, as the Apostle did, and enters upon the life-long conflict of every Christian, persistently striving with Sin! The Godless, and Christless,—on the contrary,—do not feel this hatred: true, they do not like the idea of *losing health*, or *reputation*, through sin, but, so long as they can do so, as they think, safely, they follow Sin with *pleasure*; they “love” their sins, and, instead of trying to avoid them, seek rather to excite themselves, and others, toward Evil!

Young Reader, “I really desire to live a Christian life, but I seem constantly to fail!”

No doubt,—*all fail*, at first,—*for a time!* The Apostle clearly says that *he did*. “Oh! wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!”

But the time came,—as it will come to every persistent, faithful, Believer,—when he could say, “I thank God through Jesus Christ, our Lord! For the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of Sin, and Death.”—*Rom. vii., 25, and viii., 2.*

Note. The following has occurred already. (Page 408, Book I.) but to encourage the Young to apply to the only Source of Purity, and Goodness, seems so important, that it is here repeated.

JESUS, THE ANTIDOTE.

“Verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.”

“And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeketh the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.”

“I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

“And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”

“Thou shalt call his name *Jesus*: for he shall save his people from their sins.”—*Matt. i., 21.*

“Who His own self bare our Sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to Sin, should live unto righteousness; by Whose stripes ye were healed.”—*1 Peter ii., 24.*

“When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure.”—*1 John, iii. 2-3.*

“Whosoever is born of God doth not commit Sin. He cannot sin, because he is born of God.” (Note.—That is,—he cannot *let*, or *continue*, in Sin: no true Christian can! It is impossible!)

“We know that we have passed from Death unto Life.”—*1 John iii., 9-14.*

HOW DO WE KNOW THAT?

A thoughtful Youth will sometimes ask the question, “How am I to know that I am a Christian? What test is there by which I may decide whether I have an interest in Christ, and the good things of God, and have some hopes of a happy Eternity?” There is *one* infallible sign by which a Christian youth may always be distinguished; namely, what he does when he *sins*! All youths sin; Satan and temptation prove too much, at times, for them all, but it is what he does after he has sinned, which distinguishes the Christian youth from others! No sooner has a Christian youth committed a sin, than he wishes to *go aside* to ask God’s forgiveness, in the Saviour’s name. He feels instinctively that he has been bitten by that monster Sin, which has caused every curse and evil which has come upon our Race, from the Creation downwards! The Christian Youth knows an antidote for the poison he has inhaled; he knows also that there is *but one*;—application, in Jesus’ name, for renewed reconciliation with God. He therefore *goes aside* as soon as possible—avails himself of the antidote; obtains forgiveness, and fresh resolution and strength, and then returns;—to sin afresh? God forbid! No! to re-commence,

with fresh vigour and watchfulness, that great fight against Satan and Sin, which every Christian youth makes it the chief business of his early life to wage!

Conquer our sins, with Christ's aid,—and the assisting, changing, power, of God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—in this great, life-long, fight, *we must*, or they conquer us for ever!

The Antidote will never fail us, no matter how frequently we apply, so that we choose to avail ourselves of it! It is therefore, what he does after he has sinned, that proves whether a Youth is a Christian or not! If he is one, he applies at once to the Antidote; whereas the Godless, Worldly, man, and the Christless Youth, never do *anything of the kind!*

No doubt a Young Christian feels these falls into sin,—after all his prayers, and resolutions,—very keenly! Some sins especially seem to shock and dismay the Soul! But, depend upon it, dear Reader, these trials of our faith in God are needed. How gratifying it would be if we were able to be, as it were, our own Saviour! But it *cannot be!* "Thou shalt call His name Jesus"—(Saviour, in the Hebrew)—"for He shall save His people from their sins." *Matt. i., 21.*

These falls are permitted—who can doubt it?—in many cases,—to drive us to the only true Saviour! "Blessed God"—a Christian Youth prays,—"*I have fallen again! But I shall return at once to Thee! Nothing shall ever prevent me from doing so!*"

I distrust myself entirely, but I will never distrust Thee! I turn once more to the all-availing Antidote, and I shall do so to my last breath! Forgive,—therefore,—Blessed God,—once more, for Christ's sake,—not only this sin, but all my sins up to this very hour! I know that thou canst do this,—if approached in Thy own appointed way,—in Jesus' name."

Thus I *start anew*,—craving, for Christ's sake,—more of the precious influence of God the Holy Spirit,—in my future Christian course, that these falls may occur less and less frequently, until that happy day, when the very desire after, and love for, any sin may die away,—fade completely away from my thoughts and life! Hasten that day, Blessed God, when I may love only what Thou lovest, and may hate what Thou hatest!

This, dear Reader, appears to be the true Christian Life,—returning again, and again, to God,—through Christ the Antidote,—all our lives long,—and drawing fresh supplies of Grace, fresh pardon, forgiveness, reconciliation, and blessing from Him! Only let such a Christian Life be steadily continued, and salvation, and ultimate sanctification, *must* follow! *Why?* Because God's promises never fail! It is merely a question of time! "Just, and true, are all Thy ways!"

Young Reader,—*"All this is very Scriptural, and encouraging, but,—apart from these high Spiritual teachings,—do you,—in plain English,—really believe that a Youth can live a perfectly*

pure life in Thought, and Deed, and, if unmarried, *continue* to do so, throughout an entire Lifetime?"

Substitute a "Christian Life," and the reply is,—most *undoubtedly, emphatically*, we do; else not one word of this Book would ever have been written!

But if you ask "Do you believe that it is possible for the Christian to be perfect,—in *this* World,—never to sin?" The reply is "No! we do not!" only he always returns to God *through Christ*,—his falls are, therefore, *always* forgiven for Christ's sake, and thus Reconciliation, and Peace, with God is always obtained!

"There hath no Temptation taken you but such as is common to man, but God is faithful, and will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will,—with the temptation,—also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."—1. Corinthians, 1, 13.

Young Reader. "Well, all I can say is, that *I* have not found it so!" *Probably!* It is the "trial of your Faith." You, like all of us, probably flattered yourself that you could be *your own* Saviour,—you would do without Christ if you could,—we all should, by Nature, *like to* do so! But God is resolved to show a Christian Youth that it is utterly impossible to do without the Saviour; and, no doubt He intends,—by these *repeated* failures,—to *compel* you to come, at last, to Christ,—the only Saviour of Mankind, whether you like it,—or whether you do not! And, however painful these *years*,—(it may be)—of failures, now appear to you, you will one day, praise God, throughout Eternity, that these failures, falls, "trials," temptations, and Sins, were thus overruled, by the faithful God, to force you to come, humbly, at last, to Christ! Probably God saw that, without this trying Experience, you would *never have come to Christ at all!*

THE UNREGENERATE DO NOT "FEEL" SIN.

This then is the sure Sign of the "Child of God,"—he "feels," and "hates" his sins.

The "Unregenerate" *do not!*

"Of course, I suppose that I must be a Sinner,"—said a middle aged man, to the Writer,—"*but, for the life of me, I do not know where it is!*"

Again, "I never *was* much of a Sinner,—and *I am sure* I am not *now!*"—was another remark. They both came from men passed middle life,—made many years ago, and probably both have long passed away! Neither of them gave *any indication* of a true Christian life, yet they were perfectly contented, and satisfied, *with themselves!* How many are there like them?

More hopeless words could hardly be imagined! But what these men candidly spoke boldly out, thousands *secretly feel* and not only feel, but act upon it!

Past middle life,—fading into age,—40 or 50 years in this

World,—and the *very first* Lesson of God the Holy Spirit,—
“Conviction of Sin,—*never yet learned!*”

For such, Christ's Death upon the Cross, *was a mistake!* They need no “Saviour,”—no Cross,—no Self-denying Christian Life! Dear Reader, thank God that *your* Conscience is *still sensitive*, and that your sins are very keenly felt! It is the *sure and certain* sign of a “Christian!”

Thus, dear Reader, we come back to the “old, old story,” that without Divine assistance, nothing can be hoped for.

I am the more anxious in speaking on this head, and urging you to solicit Divine aid betimes, by earnest application, in the Saviour's name, for His support, because, without His aid, it will be *hopeless* to attempt to repel habitually the temptations Satan will be sure to throw in your way.

In the natural purity, and goodness of any created Being,—and their natural power to resist temptation,—without the aid of imparted Grace,—the Writer has not the *slightest belief*.

All advancement in the acquirement of all that is good and noble in Character will be stopped; *all* persuasives to piety and inclination to turn to God will be useless, if once this habit of thought is allowed to gain ground! It will sometimes happen that religious impressions (useless, ineffectual though they be in such a case) will mingle in a strange manner in one whose life is passed between sinning and repenting—one day giving way to sudden temptation, the next awakening to ask, “What have I done?” and to form earnest resolutions for the future, only to repeat, again and again, the same besetting sin! God only knows how such a life as this must end! He alone knows how great are the temptations which cause it. To repent and confess sin is undoubtedly the first step to be taken after its commission, but these constant falls are extremely solemn, because they hint at a habit being formed which no human power seems adequate to overcome: there is perhaps no state more hopeless than that which allows an habitual course of sinning. Unquestionably in such cases a greater power than ours is needed. In some instances, as in that of Colonel Gardiner, a sudden change—from Divine truth taking irresistible hold on the mind—may endure for life; but until that assistance is obtained little can be expected; the mind and soul must have something upon which to

delight themselves; but once let true and earnest love to the Saviour take possession of the heart, and love to all that is impure dies away! That from which true prayer cannot save us is an unavoidable misfortune, and therefore, though the answer may be delayed for a length of time, it comes at last. The danger in such cases is not that God will not answer prayer, and repel Satan and his temptations, but that your faith, which must be tried, may give way ere that answer comes, and before the victory be gained; and that the mind may sink into apathy, lacking even the disposition to seek for aid,—a sleep of death!

WE ARE SOMETHING BETTER THAN MERE ANIMALS.

If, dear Reader, you and I had been created by God merely Animals,—following,—very properly,—the blind instincts of their Nature,—eating, drinking, and gratifying their Passions,—all would have been well.

Small blame to us, in that case! We should merely be living the Life for which we were created, and should have been made,—as all Animals doubtless are,—of some use to the World.

But the Blessed God has seen fit to create you and me, *Animals*,—it is true,—with strong Animal propensities, but, also, Intelligent, Reasoning, Responsible, Beings, with immortal Souls!

You may deny it! You may cavil at it! You may assert that you have no Freewill, and cannot avoid Sin, you may reject the exhortations of Conscience, (which is, really, the Voice of the Unseen God) and elect,—as thousands, upon thousands do,—to live, for Years, and Years, a miserable, Animal, Life, as covetous, as selfish, as purely animal, as the irresponsible Creatures around us; you may “enjoy the pleasures of Sin for a Season,”—for 40 or 50 years, even,—but *you shall do it at your peril!*

Attempt to console a worn-out Profligate at Sixty years of age,—ah! or at Forty, even,—by reminding him of Past “pleasures of Sin,” enjoyed by him when in Youth, and Health, many Years ago! He will turn upon you with ill-concealed rage! “Nonsense!”—he will exclaim,—“Talk to me of *Past* pleasures! How about Present ones, how about my Future? What good are the pleasures of Sin, enjoyed Thirty Years ago, to me *now*?” I need Health, Pleasure, Enjoyment, Peace of Mind, and prospect of Happiness to come, as much as ever I did, and I greatly fear that I shall know them *no more!* Those Scenes of

Godless enjoyment, are gone, so are those with whom I sinned, and whom I fear I emboldened, and led into Sin ! I, myself, am no longer the man I once was !

Youth gone ! Health gone ! Character sunk ! Reputation lost ! Evil Habits confirmed, and Vicious Thoughts,—*do what I will*,—now *for ever* fashioning, and forming themselves in my Mind !

Talk to me of the *past*, great, and real Pleasures to be derived from Vice and Sin ! I tell you I have been deluded ! I knew,—my Common Sense told me, all along, that I could not abuse, and desecrate the Wonderful Gifts of God to Base Purposes, like a selfish Animal, for many years with impunity ! But something always urged me on ! I knew, all along, that the Eternal Laws of Nature, and of God, were not going to *alter themselves*, to please *me*,—no ! nor to please Billions such as I am !

I knew it well, and I tried to enjoy Sin moderately,—to “draw the line” somewhere in a life of Vice,—not to go too far out ! A colder temperament,—a more cautious, calculating, firm, Mind, might have done it, but *I* could not ! Something ever whispered,—as my Life slipped by,—“Just ONE MORE Sin !”

“Why cannot the Sinner stop ?” (See Page 370.) Because there is a “a Traitor within !” (See Page 377.) Because he loved his Sins,—*would* have them, and because he *would not use the means*, of overcoming them ! “Know ye not that to Whom ye yield yourselves Servants to obey his Servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of Sin, unto Death, or of obedience unto Righteousness ?”—Rom. vi. 16. “Thou shalt call His name Jesus,—(Saviour in the Hebrew)—“for He shall save His People from their Sins !”—(Matt. i. 21.) Why could he not stop ? Because *he did not want to* ! His sins he *would* have, and Christ he would *not* have ! It was not hatred of Vice, which made him reluctant to Sin, it was not fear of,—or love to,—God ;—all he feared was depriving himself of his health, and capacity of future, sinful Pleasure, and of *enjoying himself without God* !

THE SYSTEMATIC SINNER.

“But I defy Sin, or Satan, to shorten my Life, or Pleasures ; I am of too cautious, cool, and calculating a disposition to be thus deluded ! I care nothing for Christ, or for Religion, nor do I want to ! I have only sinned occasionally, cautiously, and judiciously,—avoiding all unpleasant exposure, and also the Penalties of Sin, for

Years ; in fact all my life, and I have got on well enough in spite of it all ! "

Have you ? Am I addressing a cool, quiet, utterly Godless, calculating, systematic Sinner, whose one object,—regardless of the ruin of others,—is to live a long life of Sinful gratification, seizing the Pleasures, but avoiding the Penalties of Sin ?

Then I wish God would strike you now, *in Mercy*, as He knows how to strike the dead-alive, "happy," contented, cautious, but habitually vicious, and, therefore, hopeless Sinner, before He strikes you, as He certainly will one day do, *in Anger* ! We see him, in 1891,—that Miracle of Almighty long-suffering, that vilest of His Creatures, the despicable old wretch,—that ruiner and Depraver of Youth,—the Immoral, Vicious, old man, in his age.

You hear his vile Stories, and filthy Conversation, the "Mark of the Beast," in everything,—an abandoned Soul, lost to all that is Pure, and Holy,—whom nothing now can please which has not on it something of the *Serpent's* Slime !

Deliberate, Cool, Calculating, Vicious Youth ! See in this old Wretch what you will one day be yourself !

That Wicked Man has been the ruin of many a precious soul for whom Christ died, and for whose ruin he shall feel Agonies throughout Eternity ; yet, soothed, *for long years*, by the *opiates* of Satan, and of Sin, into the delusion that *God will never strike*, the old Sinner is chuckling and laughing still, on the verge of Perdition. He laughs and mocks, but we do not see, or hear, the Gibing, Mocking, Exulting, Demon, *that is behind*, who is laughing too !

"Until I went into the Sanctuary of the Lord, *then understood I their end* ! How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment ! They are utterly consumed with terrors !"—*Psalms lxxii., 19-20.*

To many such an abandoned Sinner the solemn words of God have *long gone forth*.

"In thy filthiness is lewdness ! Because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged,—thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused My fury to rest upon thee !"—*Ezekiel xxiv., 13.*

"He that is filthy, *let him be filthy still* ! " "What if God, *will*ing to *show His wrath*, and to make His power known, endures, *with much long-suffering* the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction ?"—*Romans ix., 22.*

Cool, calculating, Christless, systematic Young Debauchee, be warned in time ! Once go too far ; once let those solemn words be said of *your* life, and nothing will then ever rouse, or change you ! Satan will never again

leave that Soul! "Be not deceived! God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!"—Galatians vi., 7.

The Writer is the more anxious to deal very plainly with the sin of Immorality,—because it is impossible to deny that it is peculiarly the Sin of our day! Now that the Nations have pretty much abandoned their former Pursuits of War,—Pillage,—and Persecuting those who do not hold their Religious Beliefs,—fallen Human Nature must show itself in other Forms,—at least as much as the Reign of Law permits,—and few will deny that Selfishness, Covetousness, and, most certainly, IMMORALITY are the Sins of our day!

Scandals, of a disgusting character, are openly discussed in the Papers,—our modern Novels,—especially the Rubbish written by Women,—are frequently based upon Immorality!

Our places of Amusement pander to the Popular taste, and prevailing Vice. We cannot take innocent children to a modern Christmas Pantomime without having objectionable Songs,—introduced from those disgusting Concert Halls, with their speechless Vulgarity,—forced upon us!

"What are they all laughing at, Papa?" Asked two little ones, at one of the last Pantomimes, after a Song of this description. *What indeed?* The prevailing Tone of this day is speechlessly low! The "Comic" element, always seems to degenerate,—sooner or later,—into Immorality and Indecency!

Vice is condoned in 1891! Men perfectly well known by all,—and their subordinates, amongst others,—to be men of impure lives, have, in our day of humbug, the audacity to "pose" as "Christians." They go from *the Brothel*, to *the Church*, and even partake of the Sacrament of our Lord!

"Spots are they, and blemishes sporting themselves with their own deceivings, while they feast with you" (Namely, partaking of the Bread and Wine) "Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from Sin!"—11. *Pea*, ii., 13.

"Bitter words!" They are meant to be! Let Ministers of Christ prevent such Scandalous Examples being enacted before the Young! Boldly warn that wretched Hypocrite that "God is not" to be "mocked!" Let such an one remember that when that mysterious, and (so to speak) awful "much long-suffering" of God is exhausted,—as

it *always is one day*,—He will strike that Person not in Mercy, but in Anger! And when God strikes in Anger, He strikes *but once*,—but it is *for Eternity*!

IRRELIGIOUS HOMES.

And you, Prayerless, Religionless Parents,—who feel such anger, and dismay, when one of your very respectable Family brings a Scandal or Disgrace upon your Home,—whose fault was it? No Family Prayer! No Bible! No Christian Example to your children, who watched your every action, and took their tone from you! Your Home without Religion! Your Worldly, irreligious, example, felt for years, with fatal effect, by the little ones God entrusted to your care, and for whom He *most certainly* will ask one day for *an account*! What wonder that a Boy “turns out,” every now and then, “badly?”

Note the ordinary tone of a Family without religion! God, and Practical Piety, habitually, and contemptuously, as it were, neglected, and put aside by you the Parents! You can be *busy enough*,—where your heart is,—with the Follies of a Senseless, Dying, World!

The Theatre, Dress, Dinners, Visits, Balls, Affectation, Concerts, Comic Operas, Trashy, immoral Novels, Cards, —endless chatter about everything and anything in the World excepting God, Religion, and Salvation!

Think you that your children have not observed all this? They have remarked it for years!

Your frivolous, Godless, life, has been enough to lead any child astray! The life of “respectable,” Christless, Parents, with outward decency, going,—remarkably well, and fashionably, dressed,—to Church,—because it is the right thing to do, and looks well,—is a lifelong, organized, hypocrisy! What an idea you must have of the Supreme, if you imagine that He can be *taken in like a child*, and deceived, by such a life! You feel terribly any scandal caused by a member of your Family. A Boy, perhaps, turns out amiss! He burst out,—and outraged your sense of propriety,—probably because he was less of a hypocrite than his Parents! As the “Black Sheep” of a “respectable” family, he must now be shipped off to the Colonies, to perish as he may! Let him take himself off, with his Vices, his failures, his misfortunes! While the “sham Christian” Parents,—whose neglect caused his ruin,—still attend the well dressed Congregation, give their Guinea to Christ, and carry on their life-long pretence of a Religion never felt, a Christianity never embraced!

They are not "Christians,"—never were,—and they know it! They are not a whit more holy,—or approved of,—in God's sight *than the one who fell!* Had their circumstances, and temptations been his, they would have shared his fate! In God's sight the Unregenerate, Christless, Unchanged Heart, *is there*,—as clear, in *His* sight, and as hateful, as the end of the open, undisguised, Profligate is to *ours!* What matters it how "respectable" a Path self-deluded Sinners choose as *their* Way to Perdition, if it leads to the self-same Ruin in the end?

"Suppose ye that they,"—(Reverently enlarging the words of our Lord)—whom Satan has so thoroughly conquered, and dragged down,—in the sight of all men,—to the Drunkard's, or the Debauchee's Grave,—"*were Sinners above all who dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish!*"—(Luke xiii., 3-5.)

(4.) COVETOUSNESS AND SELFISHNESS.

I have only time to allude to two more characters; it may be associated with the one just described or not; for in both is seen the selfish desire for gratification, cost what it may, which seems to close the door effectually to the acquisition of all that is truly lovely in the character. There are those, even in early life, of a calculating, cold, proud, and uncongenial temper, bent principally upon *self*. Sly and *covetous* in acquisition; of naturally an unloving, cautious, and often evasive and deceitful bias of mind; these endeavour to treat with indifference the coldness and dislike such a disposition cannot but create. But in early life surely there is every encouragement to attempt boldly, with God's aid, to attain to a nobler and higher character. Do not think that He feels that repulsive dislike for you which your associates may make no secret of showing for such traits. If only the naturally good dispositions and naturally amiable people are loved by God, and alone to be saved, then religion is a *mockery* and a *farce*. If yours is a naturally bad disposition, so much the more claim have you upon God's generosity, forbearance, and aid!

God knows us far better than we know ourselves. He to whom little is given, of him will the less be required; and if you heartily resolve upon and attempt a nobler disposition, His aid will, in an especial manner, be extended, and, having much to contend with, your reward will be proportionately greater. From others you have little to expect, but it may be that he whose conscious superiority

induces him to look down with such severity upon your failings, may yet, one day, have more to answer for than yourself !



The unselfish,—good-natured Boy,—a favourite with all,—leaving School.
The Boys all sorry to part with him.

(5.) INDOLENCE.

Lastly, to the naturally *indolent* in disposition—*indolent* in their amusements as in their pursuits—*little* can be said. Such a temperament, when combined with a light and thoughtless frame of mind, requires either to be roused from its inertness by the absolute *necessity* for exertion in order to gain a *livelihood*, or some pursuit must at length be found sufficiently congenial to produce the same result. When this habit has once been formed and permitted, the power of self-denial and honourable activity seems lost for ever. A thoroughly *lazy* person is the most *hopeless* character of all !

In this day there is greater need for personal exertions to improve the disposition and character, because of the change which has taken place in the method of education. The old-fashioned plan of Government—stern and unyielding—and the constant recourse to corporal punishment, is fast dying out. With its incessant floggings, it had no effect.

The plan adopted by the old school had no effect in reaching real defects of the character, and to a sensitive and high-spirited boy the old system could not but be

ruinous. Let us have two illustrations of the old brutal system of flogging—one in the navy, the other in the army—under the old system.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

A young naval captain, who has done much to oppose the practice, once of such frequent occurrence in his profession, relates how he first was taught its powerlessness to subdue, when other means would have been at once effectual.



ALFRED AND HIS CAPTAIN.

"When I first obtained an appointment," he relates, "I had a boy placed under my charge, and gave him the care of several things connected with my cabin, &c. He was a fine lad, named Alfred, the son of a widow. I think she must have seen better days, for the boy had not the appearance of being lowly born. Alfred was generally active and useful enough. But in those days I had a great idea of authority, and had taken the notion that he had a resolute, and what I thought an obstinate and stubborn spirit, which it was my duty to subdue. I had been brought up with the notion that *authority* could be alone supported by *harsh* measures, and had employed them with some success, as I thought, in one or two cases of insubordination amongst the lowest class of the men. I had noticed that when I gave orders sharply, Alfred, who assisted in one department on deck with the men, when not employed below, obeyed without spirit, and with reluctance. I mentioned it to him, and said 'I was sorry to observe his proud and rebellious temper, as it would

not fail to interfere with his advancement in his profession.' The boy replied that he was willing to obey at all times, only when spoken to harshly he lost all heart in his duty. His mother was distantly related to a friend of mine, and this caused me to take notice of the lad. I therefore told him that 'Discipline and authority must be kept up,' and that as he had been placed under my charge, I should not fail in seeing that he obeyed when spoken to, at the same time hinting that he must be prepared to follow orders, or else suffer the consequences.

"Shortly afterwards, while giving the men on deck orders in a sharp tone (for an accident had happened at the time), I noticed that Alfred was not working heartily. I called him to me, reminding him of our conversation, saying that 'I was *resolved* to be master there,' and that if he chose not to risk the trial, he had better show more alacrity in obeying orders; at the same time taking up a rope end.

"The boy looked hurt, and (I thought) defiant at me, and seemed to lose all spirit in the work, which he did evidently with provoking slowness. He was, I afterwards found, unwell at the time, and not in his usual quiet temper, and I was no doubt peremptory and harsh.

"I called him to me once more, and gave him a good flogging with the rope. I asked him if he was now willing to obey, advising him to give in at once. But he only appeared indignant at my treatment of him, and absolutely refused. I felt that the struggle had begun. I was sorry that I had entered into the dispute with the boy, for he was barely dressed, and I was certain I had already hurt him very much, and I feared his proud spirit would stand firm. But the men were present, and I felt that my authority, as an officer of one of Her Majesty's vessels, was being set at defiance before them all, and this by a boy of fifteen!

"I therefore told him he knew how to stop further punishment, but that be master *I would*; it was my duty to be so, and I should therefore continue till he chose to give in.

"I *beat* him till I became seriously alarmed, for I have a strong arm, and a rope end is no slight instrument. The boy never attempted to resist, and never spoke a word, his paleness and compressed lips alone showing his suffering.

"As I paused, he seemed unable to stand, and leaned against the ropes to prevent himself falling.

"I would gladly have stopped, but I noticed that the men smiled, as much as to say that they thought I had for

once *met my match*. I knew that he was a favourite with many of them, and it would, no doubt, be talked over by them: I therefore felt that it *would not do* to be conquered by the boy, so I resolved to continue, again asking if he would now obey orders.

"The Boy looked at me, saying in a firm voice, 'You may kill me if you will, but I will not give in, because you were not right to order me, and beat me *as if I was a dog*;' but the poor boy added in a low voice (seeing I was prepared to continue) 'But—I feel so ill—will you beat me any more?' I was so irritated at being thus conquered, that I really think I should have continued, but Alfred turned faint, and fell back against the ropes. I could, of course, do no less than have him carried down to his berth in the cabin. I had been so excited that I was not aware I had hurt him so much; for it was some time before he came to himself; it seemed he was ill at the time.

"When he saw me attending to him he smiled, and held out his hand, saying, faintly, 'I'll do anything you wish, if you will not order me roughly; only do not beat me again, I cannot bear it, for I am not a dog.'

"I felt that he was right; I saw the nobleness of the boy. His high spirit could not meanly give in when he knew that he was in the right. I took his hand, and even asked him to forgive me for having so treated him, saying that 'I did not know that he had been unwell.' The boy was melted in a moment, and kissed my hand; and as I sat with my arm round him, he told me how he had longed to gain my approval and to advance in his Profession, so that he might be of assistance to his Mother. It was some days before he was quite recovered. *That boy* has been with me for some years, he has fought by my side, and once saved my life, and has nursed me in sickness; and I, in return, have done what I could to secure his advancement and teach him his profession. He eventually passed his Examinations with credit, and obtained promotion. That boy taught me a lesson I never forgot—I have *never* had a man *flogged* since. It might, in cases of gross bullying, cruelty, or insubordination, be of service to a man of a low coarse mind; such might understand no milder treatment; but where it may do good *once*, it may ruin many a nobler character. Such a spirit might be *broken*, and finally ruined, by *continued* harshness and severity, but it could never be *conquered* except by kind and judicious treatment."

Happily, the old plan of education is now gone past, and boys are treated more as reasoning and rational beings. The whole system of flogging, used as a punishment, only lessens a boy's self-respect, and often destroys all feelings of sympathy between master and boy.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

Before closing this subject, to give an idea of the old brutal system of flogging, the following state of things which prevailed in the army (given in the "Reminiscences of a Soldier," by Colonel W. K. Stuart, C.B., 86th Regiment,) may prove useful in this day, when, after a long period of disuse, the "*cat*" is again resorted to in our prisons, &c.

The Colonel is describing the state of things in our army when he joined as a youth. "Floggings were incessant! The men, brutalized by habit, seemed to disregard them—made them the subject of their jokes. They became so accustomed to them that their endurance under the lash was wonderful. If the fortitude of the man under punishment gave way, he was certain to come in for the contempt and ill-usage of his comrades."

Soon after he entered the army he had to be witness to one of these dreadful floggings, and thus describes it:—"The men were drawn up in a square, and the prisoner marched in. He was quite young. A finer looking lad—boy, you might call him—I have seldom seen. He must have been six feet high, slender, but well made; he could not have been over 18 or 19 years of age. His boyish, innocent, face excited general compassion; he seemed to be hardly aware of what they were going to do to him, or of the dreadful punishment that awaited him. The sentence of the court-martial was read by the Adjutant, and what think you, modern Reader—when in these days we hesitate to administer 24 lashes to a brutal, murderous blackguard, and burly, wife-beating, ruffian—was this lad's crime? 'For being absent from tattoo, and not returning to barracks until five o'clock next morning, sentenced to receive 300 lashes on the bare back!' And he *did* receive the whole of that infamous sentence, *every lash*! The triangles were laid on the ground, his shirt taken off, and the youth firmly fastened to them; they were then raised, and the terrible scene began. For a time he bore the torture without a groan, but after the first 50, when he had 250 *more* to receive, strength and nature gave way,

and he uttered feeble cries for mercy, and agonized groans. Before *half* the number had been given, the boy presented so frightful a spectacle that several of the recruits and two of the young officers (who, like myself, had just joined) fainted at the inhuman scene, and had to be carried out of the square. The doctor constantly felt the pulse, and then made a sign to continue; I suppose, therefore, it still beat with some regularity, else there was nothing towards the close of the punishment to show that the boy was still alive."

"This lad, who might, under proper treatment, have turned out a splendid soldier, never did another day's service, for, after a lengthened stay in the hospital, the boy, maddened by their treatment of him, deserted the day after he came out.

"He was re-captured, tried, and sentenced to receive a similar punishment of 300 more lashes. The second punishment took place in Londonderry six months after. He tried to keep himself firm and upright, but I noticed that he appeared unable to do so." Probably the spine had been injured. This time, extraordinary as it may seem (the Colonel relates), that though he received every lash, the youth *never* uttered a *single* word! From first to last he appeared more dead than alive.

After a very long stay again in hospital, he again deserted the day after he came out, and this time, it was believed, got safely off to America. It does seem in this day incredible that public opinion could have been so dulled and debased as to permit such scenes, and that a court-martial of officers could be found to issue such shameful sentences. The other point of astonishment is at the wonderful tenacity of life in the youth to recover at all after its infliction. Of course, a hint *might* have been given, and half the blows only, might have been *real* ones.

In those days, however, we must remember there were few newspapers, little publicity, and a strong tendency towards brutality, prize fights, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, flogging at schools, &c., all signs of coarseness and want of feeling in Society sixty or seventy years ago.

Now, the "Daily Telegraph" has a powerfully-written article on the minutest subject; the other papers take it up, as in the "tunding" case at Winchester School, in 1872 (a "fag" being flogged unjustly by his "senior.") The "Times" printed the boy's letters (most admirable letters they were), and the affair took weeks to blow over.

Fancy the "Times" of 1812 writing an article upon a school fag! Society has indeed become changed. The case alluded to was of interest on account of the controversy it raised on the merits of "fagging" and flogging at schools. In its behalf it was urged that it taught a boy to be "manly," took his conceit out of him, and early taught the useful lesson that he could not have his own way in opposition to that of others, but must learn obedience to his superiors and to school traditions.

Financially the "fagging" system appeared satisfactory, assisting the staff of teachers to maintain the proper discipline of a large school at no extra cost.

It would, however, be satisfactory if English boys could be proved to be none the less "manly" for having not only the "tunding sticks" at one of our great schools, but corporal punishment of all kinds, abolished. It did seem a strange state of things that a fag should receive a flogging,—such as "Frank," in "Bell's Life" (who first drew attention to the case), remarked, "no sportsman would give to a dog,"—when the boy (evidently a very superior youth) was confessedly in the right, and that the authorities, for the sake of "discipline," should side with, and support the authority of the senior boy, who inflicted it. It was the more to be deplored because, from his manly and most excellent letters in the Paper,—the fag was evidently a youth of whom any school might well have been proud. Those who wish to hear "fagging" discussed, will find in the London papers of the 20th November, 1872, to the end of the month, ample food for reflection. It must, however, be allowed that many excellent and intelligent men are strongly in favour of "a good sound flogging" in certain cases.

It is well known that Dr. Arnold, of Rugby School, always advocated it, and did not fail to put it into practice under certain circumstances. Admirable, excellent, and deeply sagacious,—the beau ideal of an English school master,—Dr. Arnold's opinion is not to be ignored; still, it may be questioned whether,—in education, as in all else,—it will not be found, sooner or later, that "*persuasion* is better than *force*!"

"THE CAT."

It must be understood that these remarks merely apply to Corporal Punishment employed in the work of *Education*.

As a *deterrent of crimes of brutal violence*, let the "Cat" be employed, by *all means*; apply it to the burly Ruffian who beats, kicks, and frequently maims for life, a patient, and feeble, wife, or injures his children in his drunken fits. These selfish animals squander the money which should maintain their families, on their vile passions, and drink, and then come reeling home,—brutal Tyrants,—to their wretched wives and children.

What is "a Month" in a modern, well-conducted, Prison, a clean, comfortable, cell, and wholesome food, to a Ruffian who has inflicted *life-long injuries* upon others? It is a farce! No punishment at all! Let these wretches feel what pain is *themselves*! A judicious,—well-delivered,—"*couple of dozen*," is the only antidote! The Bully understands the strong argument which the "Cat" urges,—*thoroughly,—no one more so!* It may lead to his conversion!

After a lifetime's experience of the brutal class of criminals, Sergeant Ballantine,—and he is supported by the experience of thousands,—says, "The perpetrators of these brutal crimes are invariably cowards, as well as ruffians. Imprisonment creates little, if any, terrors on their imagination; the perpetrator of some atrocious act of violence and brutality, is usually stated to have been '*previously convicted*,'—knows what prison life is,—and cares little for it. The Lash is, however, viewed by these wretches, with real terror." They can give *any amount* of pain to *others*; but experience abject fear of feeling what it is for *themselves*! "I am confident that the wholesome pain they are made to feel, is the best protection,—in the absence of transportation,—that can now be afforded to a peaceable public."—(*Experience of a Barrister*, page 280.)



CHAPTER III.

HINTS TO YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN EMPLOYED IN THE OFFICE, JUNIOR CLERKS, &c.—THE TYRANNICAL MASTER,—STARTING IN BUSINESS,—MARRYING TOO EARLY, &c.

THE CLERK.

IN addition to the following hints, those given two chapters further on apply almost equally to your case, it being impossible to draw a line between the two classes whose success depends alike upon the same or very similar rules of conduct. Taking, however, the case of a youth first leaving home for a situation as Junior Clerk in one of our large commercial establishments, or that of assistant in the wholesale warehouses, &c., the first thing, if he has been carefully brought up by kind and Christian parents, will be the sense of loneliness, and anxiety for a companion, or companions, whom he can trust, and whom he can join in their amusements and pursuits. This is why I dwell so long upon the subject of companions, &c.; all that has been previously said applies especially to your case. If, through Divine goodness, you have been early favoured with impressions toward a good and pious life, you will probably be at first inclined to think that none amongst whom you are now to pass, it may be, some years, can feel any sympathy with such things.

It is true that such a youth is at first struck with the one great feature,—the sole aim and object of Masters and Employers,—that of making the largest and most remunerative sales, and extending as much as possible, business. He cannot but observe that they estimate the respective value of those whom they employ, just in proportion as they advance their objects and interests. So it is, and will probably ever be, even amongst those who stand highest in the Christian world, when deeply engaged in business, especially in these days of rapid intelligence and competition. On this point see the chapter on "Money" further on.

But rely upon it, the most self-interested employer well knows the value of a Christian and Pious youth, so far as it concerns a post which demands responsibility and perfect confidence in his moral character.

GOD HAS HIS WITNESSES EVERYWHERE.

And, though you may not at first meet with them, be

sure there are youths who think with you deeply on the Subject of Religion, and will gladly welcome you amongst them. During business hours you can expect but little attention or notice from the Principal. With a thousand items to be attended to, and despatched, within the few short hours of the forenoon, during which the master's eye is everywhere, and under the routine by which a commercial fortune is being made, what time has he to think of a junior clerk? It is in these points such stories as the one entitled "The Junior Clerk" fail in interest, and are of little practical value, unfortunately not being true to actual fact. Employers do *not* usually make complimentary speeches to junior clerks after a twelve-months' service, at the same time presenting them with a ten-pound note!

But after business hours the true character of the Employer should appear. Many do nothing, and leave their staff to their own devices, only stipulating that they shall attend strictly to business and to business hours, and not expect them to take any further trouble about them. A sincere and kindly interest in his young assistants, who devote so much of their earliest and best days to his service, must, however, exist, if the Christian character of the employer be not,—as it too frequently is,—in *name alone*.

Did but such know the trials and difficulties which, owing to their negligence and indifference, are sometimes placed in the way of the Youths they employ,—especially those who come from a distance and live away from home, in a large city, for the first time,—they would take a deeper interest in them, and instead of regarding them only as the means of so much profitable labour, vindicate, by their conduct towards them, more than they often do, the value of their Christian profession.

To go through your daily habits, your pursuits, &c., and the remedy in cases of bad treatment, &c., would be but to repeat what has already been said. In choosing a situation, when the option is afforded you, give the preference to one where the hours are short, and where large numbers are employed. In such establishments there are arrangements made and facilities provided for improvement, in the shape of Libraries, &c., &c., and the whole scale of the business routine is carried on in a more liberal way than is frequently the case in smaller and more private establishments, in which the principal has to struggle hard to meet with success.

The retention of young men in many firms till late in the evening deprives you of the hours which in establishments or offices now closing at *seven*, or even before, would be of such assistance to you in self-improvement and advancement. Time is a precious gift; leisure for thought, and study, and relaxation is a necessity in the formation of a healthy and vigorous mind.

The constant drudgery of business, if begun early in life, is very depressing and narrowing in its effects on the character. The greater portion of each Saturday as a holiday is now happily, however, becoming almost universal; try to make the happiest use of it you can. If living at a distance, although it is, I know, a tax upon your time to keep up correspondence with home or with friends to whom you may have become attached, it will be found easier to pen a few sentences at intervals rather than write a letter all at one time, and, after a week or so, a lengthy letter will be formed, and can then be dated.

Although your Employer may appear much removed from you in dignity and position, do not be deterred by any apparent distance of manner from asking advice or mentioning any difficulty or want to your Employer; in cases where there are more than one in the firm, you can make your choice. As a rule, he will be pleased with your confidence in his good feeling; and, if your manner is respectful, and you study, above all things, to keep that proper distance which your position demands, he will probably bear you afterwards in mind. Without attempting intrusion or officiousness, let him clearly see that you esteem his interest in you very greatly, and will gladly return it by your confidence and desire to promote his interest, whether he is present or not. The least reserve or coolness on your part will on such occasions ruin all, and take away the interest he may have begun to feel for you, and cold and distant authority will probably ever after be resumed.

You must never lose a pride in being worthy of implicit trust, doing your best for the interest of the business. If the work is excessive, and you see clearly that, work how you might, it would only encourage your fellow clerks, &c., to let you do their work for them, I am aware that there is a reason for drawing a line in the amount of work you do. But believe me, when the hours are easy, and your duties fair and tolerable, there will be found to be no real enjoyment in shrinking from work as much as possible

when the employer is not by, and, as a rule, doing only what you are obliged to do, and no more. Far more real enjoyment is there in working steadily for the few business hours, taking a pride and interest in your department, and, after business is over, turning with a satisfied conscience and cheerful mind to your amusements or pursuits.

Is it the young man who cares to do only that which he *must* do—who grudges the least extra exertion—who can hope to rise from stage to stage to the post of head clerk, confidential manager, and, as years pass on, perhaps junior partner—or to be appointed to some lucrative situation for the firm abroad?

Be noted for perfect honesty and truth, willing to bear patiently and respectfully the reproof for negligence or error rather than in any way seeking to disguise the fact. Remember that error is impossible always to avoid, and that, though your *accuracy* may be imperfect in this instance, your *character* for perfect truth will be *established*.

There would appear to be a Nemesis sometimes over the young clerk, for circumstances will sometimes cause a trifling and really excusable error on his part to be vexing to the last degree, from the disastrous results which sometimes curiously follow. Of course, when a junior clerk is expected to equal the coolness and precision of an experienced accountant, and important business is committed unwisely to his charge, the *real fault* lies with his Employer.

But in such cases courageously confess the mistake made, and, unawed by the irritation expressed, respectfully explain how it happened, and express deep annoyance for the loss or damage done, and a desire to avoid the same in future.

Much, I am aware, depends upon the character of the employer. Some youths possess a winning and quiet confidence, which does much to prevent further being said; but in any case he must be most unreasonable who can, after apology has been made, entertain feelings of irritation for such an offence, even if he does, your character for perfect truth and honesty is established. Many a master would say, on being asked to part with you, "Yes, yes, I know all that; he is *not* always exact, but he is truthful—can always be depended upon. He is young yet, and will improve. I cannot afford to lose him, for I must have a responsible person in his place, and I can fully rely upon him. I could trust him to any amount; he seems

incapable of telling a lie." Is this not sufficient reward?

In point of advancement do not scruple to do justice to yourself if a greater advantage is offered to you; but give your first employer the option, and do not forget that it is a sad error to quit a *respectable*, long-established concern, in which advancement is possible, in favour of a newly-established business of which you know nothing, and the principal of which, having, perhaps, rather over-rated your value to him, may decline to afford a secure and lasting place.

When your employer or employers are young, or not blessed with a gentle or very gentlemanly manner and disposition, you must expect at times a good deal that is exacting and unreasonable from them. Young men beginning business are apt to be thoughtless and inconsiderate in regard to work and working hours towards those they employ.

If you find that the Firm is impoverished, or unprincipled, and expect you to assist in dirty tricks in trade, leave them *at once*. You will never *get* much out of stopping *there*!

If the situation is a good and hopeful one, try to bear with it. Remember that a young master has very much, at times, to try his temper, and to give him great anxiety in these days of competition and frequent insecurity.

Right or *wrong*, resolve not "*to answer again*." If your explanation is not received, it will do no good to repeat it. When a little time has elapsed, you can again advance it, or let the matter drop, as you think best.

I am the more particular in speaking on this point, because upon it often rest results which may change the course of your whole life.

Some employers are coarse, *rude*, and tyrannical. In general, such traits as these will be found to indicate a *lowly birth*. I have seldom seen them in those naturally born as gentlemen, but frequently in men who have raised themselves from the workshop.

Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that such seem unable to rise in character and *gentlemanly* manner and feeling with their advanced position, and the consciousness of this may account for the overbearing manner and bluster sometimes exhibited by them.

Do not think that your submission may be taken as a sign of meanness. I have seen the most perfect control gained by a young man of naturally a quick, sensitive

temper, and a noble but passionate nature ; and those who knew him could not but feel what the struggle must have been, and honoured him for it to the bottom of their hearts. Observations almost demanding some kind of answer, made by an employer, which filled me with indignation (for the worst part of such ungenerous conduct towards a youth is taking the opportunity of thus speaking to him before his comrades), were taken by him with a gentle forbearance I could not have believed it possible he could have shown. Walking home with him afterwards, tendering what kindly offices lay in my power, he gave me to understand that his circumstances were but indifferent, and that there were now little ones in part dependent upon him—his father having just died—and his age and experience were not sufficient to allow of his endangering an otherwise good place by answering the irritating and ungenerous remarks of the employer. "He knows I am naturally weak in temper," said the poor fellow, hardly able to speak from the agitation which his sensitive and outraged feelings, and the efforts he had made to suppress them, had caused, "and says all he can to vex me before the others." He felt such conduct before them far more keenly and deeply than the rude and tyrannical master probably could understand ; but if the latter had known the circumstances of his young clerk, and his amiable and noble character, he would not have spoken to him as he frequently did when irritated by merely trifling errors.

WE MIGHT BE WORSE OFF.

But let your position be what it may—however discouraging it may be—instead of looking up with *envy* at those who are placed above all want, and can enjoy life as they wish, look down in *gratitude* on the miserable creatures you can see any day in our large towns !

Glance down the courts and alleys, mark the interior of the wretched places they live in, the miserable state which poverty and immorality have reduced them to, and picture to yourself the being a child of such parents ! The life such must lead is really *frightful* to think of, and the consideration how much more deplorable your lot might have been, should nerve you to renewed efforts to overcome the temporary discouragements you may meet with.

Unless naturally quick, I would,—in all cases where despatch and exactness are of the last importance,—have you employ the usual books adapted for calculating

interest, wages, &c., and,—when invoices are required to be made out by the ton, or any portion, at a given price, a book,—formerly published by Beilby and Wright, of Birmingham, will prove an invaluable assistant, saving a vast amount of mental labour and ensuring exactness.

When tempted to be discouraged with the little prospect of advancement or increase of salary, remember that you would experience the same drawback, or probably even more so in the army or navy; for, in these professions, as already stated, interest is everything, and after years of service you may be in the same humble position, or nearly so, as when you entered the service; whereas a shrewd, industrious youth cannot pass even four or five years in a commercial house, in our large towns, without gaining information and capacities which,—if properly used,—will enable him to seize that turn of the tide of fortune which rarely fails to present itself at least once in the lifetime of all.



The Boy Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

Nelson, Maudslay, Telford, Joseph Clements, Roberts, Fairbairn, &c., began life under far greater disadvantages than you have ever had to contend with! Bramah was a plough-boy till seventeen years of age. John Kennedy, like many thousands who subsequently raised themselves to position and wealth, started in life with all his possessions in a small pack on his back. Telford,—the merry, laughing, apprentice boy to the Stonemason,—chipped away for years before his time came to erect those magnificent bridges,

canals, and that splendid Holyhead road, which will remain monuments of his genius for centuries to come. Whilst Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, said that he had only £20 in the world at thirty years of age! Then a millionaire! Many a poor boy without friends or influence, has trudged wearily to town with hardly a penny in his possession, and by dint of industry, good habits, and energy, has struggled through every disadvantage, and risen to fortune and independence. Like the Sailor Boy in the Picture, on page 310,—going down to Portsmouth to join his Ship,—in the Third-class Car,—the time came when he returned,—a young officer,—in a First-class Car,—attracts the attention, not only of the wealthy old Merchant, but also of the young Lady,—his daughter.

Invited to their house,—we may conjecture the rest,—the Merchant gives his consent, and the young Man's fortune is secured.

"Romance!" Well! perhaps it is! Still, do your part, so that when fortune *does* knock once at your door, you may not miss the Tide by your own neglect of self-improvement.

The education our boys now attain should be a passport to a successful and honourable life.

Be scrupulously clean in your habits; your profession demands it. You should take a pride in keeping your books a model of neatness. The secret of success in your profession is to be found more in resolute, quiet, sustained efforts, than in mere momentary briskness and spasmodic periods of work and apathy.

Measure carefully your duties, and be determined to keep the books, &c., committed to your care up to the ever-changing transactions of each day; once let *arrears* of work crowd upon you, and a kind of drag or incubus is placed upon your daily work.

It ought not to be so; you should contrive to complete the business of each day; so that you may leave when business hours are over with a perfect sense of relief, ready to enjoy fully the relaxation you so well deserve. If it be objected that corrections are needed occasionally, and it is dangerous to post up to the last transaction, pencil them in, and ink in afterwards.

The young accountant, mechanical draughtsman, &c., may alike be tempted to strain their powers of attention so much as to be unable to throw aside the thoughts of business and recover their elasticity.

I have known a youth in the latter profession, who, unable to overcome the difficulties of a complex machine, give more than, poor fellow, he could well afford, to a clever foreman to set him right; and instead of throwing off care and thought by a visit to the gymnastic school, the concert, the chess club, the cricket field, &c., his mind would pursue the difficulties which weighed upon him in his leisure hours and even in his sleep. Such mental labour is not fair or proper. Stephenson probably went through as much mental thought, requiring as close and intense attention as any, but he often required, and sometimes indulged in, ten, and even seventeen hours of perfect rest and sleep, to recover tone and give repose to his exhausted powers!

Endeavour to employ habitually an obliging and courteous address to all; and although it may not be always responded to by all, persevere in doing your part. It may not *appear* to be noticed, but it really is, and will be sometimes of the greatest assistance to you. There is a very great difference in natural powers between young men in this respect. Some have naturally a quick intelligence and vivacity, and adapt themselves to all circumstances,—retaining *every countenance* once seen, with the standing and position of all those they have once come in contact with, and unite with this a quiet confidence and good-humour which nothing can embarrass. *Memory and tact* in business is *everything*!

In others there is a lack of quick perception, of appreciation; the distinguishing faculties are not so great, and the *memory* is defective. If this is not the effect of positive disease, and merely caused by the habit of reverie and too close thought and attention, you may do much to improve these powers.

Proper attention to dress is desirable in your position as clerk, &c.; for, without hinting at extravagance, a becoming and suitable attire undoubtedly gives confidence and pleases the firm. Avoid that ill-taste which mistakes striking colours, jewellery, &c., for quiet gentlemanly attire. Observe a true gentleman, and mark how simple, yet correct, is his taste. Before such an one the profusion of jewelry, bold coloured patterns, &c., seen on another sink into insignificance. Nothing will be found to excel a black coat for continued wear and appearance. Eschew all bold checks and striking patterns; the lines of the latter should always fall with the figure, never across. Avoid

light colours, as they so soon show the dirt and soil. By carefully folding the clothes on retiring to rest, instead of throwing them in a heap, they may be made to retain a good appearance for a long time.

Never allow wet clothes to remain on longer than you can help. Two of the strongest and most healthy-looking men I knew were both sacrificed through not attending to this precaution; and another, when an active, healthy youth, brought on by such neglect a complaint which rendered him a cripple for life.

Make it a point (especially if you have much exercise during the day) not to have far to walk to and from your home. The hasty meal sometimes taken by young men, travellers, &c., and the hurried walk directly after it, cannot fail to tell their tale in time. Those occupied at the desk, with an hour for dinner, may, however, find a gentle stroll, for half the time given for dinner, useful and refreshing after the confinement.

You should mark attentively in what way you may make yourself of most real worth to the firm.

I have known a young clerk, in a firm known in all parts of the world, notice that though other languages were well understood, one was not well represented; a very few weeks sufficed for him to gain sufficient acquaintance with it to be able to assist in the correspondence, and ultimately that department became exclusively his own, and his value to the house proportionately increased. I mention this as an instance to show that your advancement must depend, in a great measure, on your *own* intelligence and *effort*. You know that it is so through life *at school*, in *business*, in *religion*! If, however, you are successful, and are conscious that your value is felt, try not to give way to that selfishness which will never attempt to assist a young comrade, from the idea that it would be against your own interest to do so. It is the old error of little minds, a most unworthy and short-sighted idea.

There is not a greater proof of our fallen nature than the fact that there is something in the *misfortunes* of others which is not altogether displeasing to us. We cannot help contrasting our more advantageous circumstances. But this is very different from witnessing, with *secret pleasure*, the inefficiency of another, in order that your *own* importance may be the more felt by your employers. Do not act so unworthily; believe me, you will repent it some day. On the contrary, when you can do so without hazarding your

reputation for exactness, &c., endeavour to screen the errors made by a younger clerk, or one placed under your care. Be willing to *assist him* in difficulties. In the majority of cases such conduct will never be forgotten, and an affection will sometimes be felt for you in return, which many might well look upon with envy.

Having mentioned many amusements, which may or may not be employed for the purpose of gambling or betting, a word may be said on this latter practice.

BETTING.

If it were not for instances which come to our knowledge, one would have thought that there had been something too generous and too noble, naturally, in the young, to bear the meanness of putting another's money in their pocket, merely because what is termed chance or luck has decided in their favour. Honest gain, which brings true happiness and God's blessing with it, is alone to be obtained by profitable industry and labour. Let me ask you to notice if there be a dozen instances on record of one habitually fond of gambling, betting, lotteries, and the like, who obtained lasting benefit from them, or employed what gain he succeeded in obtaining, happily and well?

In all the amusements I have named, I have taken it for granted that they are used for recreation, and games of science and manly skill, and not as a means of encouraging that hateful practice of gambling.

Bearing this in mind, there is no reason why billiards, and whist, should not be as attentively and patiently studied as chess, &c. The late Mr. Staunton's Guide is still the best work on the latter subject for Beginners. Chess, or whist,—by exercising every faculty of self-command, caution, memory, and calculation—is useful training for actual life. It is indeed a pity that such noble games as these should be desecrated—even in these days of comparative enlightenment—by gambling, drinking, &c. It is, in great measure, the fault of our young men themselves, in encouraging each other to connect the two. I press it on your attention, because in your case it may—as it has done many a time in the case of others—lead to results you little thought of. The first theft has not unfrequently been induced by the necessity of paying these "debts of honour." Let me urge you to resolve, with a determination no temptation can ever shake, to be worthy of implicit confidence and trust on the part of your employer. If once you place

yourself in such a position as to be unable to say that in no one instance have you ever appropriated to your use anything which was his—plans, estimates, receipts for certain processes, stray silver, stamps, &c., to which you can lay no claim—you have begun a fatal habit.

In the case of an apprentice, who has paid perhaps a high premium for the purpose of learning the trade, it is a different thing, though the principal may be reluctant to allow such to take down receipts, sketches, estimates, &c., they have undoubted right to do so, seeing they have given the sum asked for this very purpose—of learning the trade.

But for a person who is in the position of one employed, and fairly remunerated, to obtain secretly the fruit of another's labour and expensive toil, is evidently unjust. He has contracted to give his time and services for a certain sum; and can it be considered proper and honourable for such a one to obtain an intimate knowledge of his employer's affairs, and then set up for himself in the same profession, systematically to undersell to the connection formed by the toil of many weary years of his employers?

It is remarkable how seldom such succeed in their attempts; but the damage done to a connection, by lowering prices, &c., is so much taken from his late master. When, however, an opportunity of advancement presents itself, free from this objection—whether it be to step from the confidential clerk to the junior partner, or to commence business by yourself or with another—think well before you take a step which may influence your future life. A partnership is generally for ten years: how needful that there should be complete confidence, and much in common, between the partners! Again, in establishing, or taking to a business for yourself, you should measure well your chances of future success; you must be prepared for far more labour of mind and body than when working for another. The young tradesman has, indeed, in these days of monopoly and centralization by means of limited companies, hard work to establish a firm footing.

A retail trade is often preferred, because the risk is much curtailed; but the confinement is very great, and unless the situation prove a good one, the same amount may be turned over, year after year, with little progression.

A good business situation, and a liberal, business-like mode of dealing—allowing no traveller to press upon you a single item you do not require; a cautious eye kept upon the markets, and promptness to meet the present taste of

the day; and a judicious choice in those you employ—will do much towards success. The system of advertising, if placed in suitable and likely channels, is not to be despised.

It is doubtful in some cases, when the labour and anxiety of mind is considered, whether a first-class position as manager, &c., is not often as desirable as attempts to commence business on a limited capital and a new connection.

To the first, failure—except as regards failing health—is impossible; and a respectable, and often remunerative, situation is permanently secured. In the latter, if a failure is made, it involves one in difficulties which may take years to overcome, and in many cases throws a shade over the honour of the unsuccessful. The temptations presented by a risk of a failure are very great, and the only course open to the honourable is often to try their fortunes in another country. It is a sad subject. May it never fall to the lot of my young reader to experience it.

MARRIAGE.

Connected with the above subject is the one of early marriage; and as your position is rather associated with this practice, a few words may be of use. I am far from wishing to dissuade you from early settling in life: it often proves, I believe, the greatest blessing and safeguard to a youth, and there is something very sweet in the fresh, early affection the young entertain for each other. But in these days of precocity and intelligence few can be found willing to wait, as many a merchant, mill-owner, and professional man must do, till thirty, or even forty, before he considers it proper to marry. I have known a youth of eighteen years old—one of many children, with nothing to depend upon but his own exertions—marry on an income of a dozen shillings a week as junior clerk; and though respectably brought up, and the connection otherwise satisfactory, he could have little hope of much increase of salary for years to come.

Should health fail, on either side, business fall off, &c., the consequences must be deplorable! Surely a few years might be borne with by both until a permanent and hopeful situation be obtained, some money saved, and an age more suitable in every way—physically and socially—for marriage.

SECULARISTS, ATHEISM, UNBELIEF.

To most young men, often to the most intelligent and hopeful, there comes a season when doubts and difficulties

in religion must be encountered—and as the spirit of *Infidelity* is ever, it would appear, to find some advocates in all times—a few words may not be amiss. It is astonishing how one foolish question, asked by the shallow and self-willed atheist, may affect one who has not long ago made up his mind on religion. Of course a clever infidel may ask questions none can answer to his satisfaction.

I do not doubt that modern Unbelievers present well, and fully, the old arguments of Spinoza, Rénan, Voltaire, Thomas Paine, Strauss, &c.; but the "free discussion," which it seems their desire to obtain, is, with an educated and Christian believer, impossible.

It is impossible, because in discussing religion, the latter would take the Bible as an authority, and the being and power of Almighty God as final; while their sole aim is to destroy belief in either. You speak of a being—Satan—having lost Heaven himself, and in the full knowledge of the Hell which awaits him, longing to effect the ruin of those he fears may succeed where he failed;—they—although it is to be feared none are more under this subtle, cruel, will—positively deny his being! But ask them what they have to give you in return, if they deprive you of the precious promises and hopes of the Gospel, and sweet communion with God in prayer; if they reject the priceless offers of a loving Saviour, and His proffered Salvation, ask them what they have to substitute which offers more, and they can give you nothing! And they know it! Hopeless of good; opposed to their God, and seeking to defy His gracious, loving, will; urged on by Satan, and pride of intellect, these men try to blast and ruin the Faith taught to our Young Men from their childhood!

And, for a few passing years, they meet with some success, but the end at length comes!

In God's infinite long-suffering, here one, and there another of these become changed, like Barker, and with unknown anguish, endeavour, during their remaining years, to undo the fearful mischief they have done to His cause!

The tongue which once spoke boldly, in the lecture-room, words of blasphemy; and the faculties once bent on causing others to despise that God Who had but to say the word, and the worse than barren fig-tree would have been cut down, ere the three years had been allowed for repentance, now, in eager haste, are employed in advancing His cause!

But it is not so with all! Barker's was a most exceptional

and *rare* instance! "If ever the Devil had an agent on earth," said Thomas Paine, "I have been one;" and who can read his book, dangerous and plausible as it is, with its appeal to reason, its godlessness, and entire absence of faith, or belief, and doubt that what he said was true? Did not the conviction at length come over even his hardened intellect—of what he had done, and the nature of him whom he had been serving? Dr. Manley, who attended him when dying, mentions his *screaming out* when left alone. On his repeatedly ejaculating, "O God, help me!" "O Christ, help me!" his physician could not help remarking, "Mr. Paine, your opinions have influenced a large portion of the community; what do you mean by your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe in the Divinity of Christ?" After a long pause he answered, "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Alas! he was again, no doubt, speaking the truth; can anything be more fearful in such a moment—for he died not many hours after—than an absence of any such desire? It but too clearly hints of a departure of God's Holy Spirit.

Would that with his death had perished the wicked books the miserable man had written; but up to this day are published new and cheap editions of his "Age of Reason," "Rights of Man," &c. John Angell James mentions a young man, who was so much pleased with the "Age of Reason" as to sit up till late at night copying it, with the result one might easily foresee. I have seen papers given away in the open street, towards dark, to every young man who passed the distributor, furnishing the titles, prices, &c., of this class of works, headed in large letters by the Oxford "Essays and Reviews." The list ran as follows, for one was thrust into my hand:—"The Age of Reason," 1s.; "The Rights of Man," 1s. 3d.; "Common Sense," by Thomas Paine, 6d.; "Three Nights' Discussion on God, Man, and the Bible," by "Iconoclast," 6d.; "The Devil's Pulpit," by the Rev. Robert Taylor, B.A., the late Vicar of Yardley, in 16 parts, 2d. each. [We have here, apparently, an apostate priest, who had chosen this title,—no doubt a very suitable one, for his contribution to infidelity.] "Has Man a Soul?" 1d.; "Is there a God?" 1d.; "Who was Christ?" 2d.; "A few words about the Devil," by "Iconoclast" (Mr. Bradlaugh); and many others. I mention it to show the temptations almost forced *in the way of our intelligent and inquisitive youth*. The

place where the works might be obtained was given, and the prices were within the reach of all. But before reading their *works*, I would entreat you to read the account of their *deaths*!

Some of Voltaire's letters conclude with the abbreviated words, *Ecr, l'inf.* (*écrasez l'infame*), "crush the wretch," by which he apparently means a key to his diabolical system of destroying Christianity, probably alluding to our Saviour Himself! "Confound the wretch," he says in one of his letters, "to the utmost of your power; speak your mind boldly, but *conceal your hand*." The Marquis of Richelieu, himself an old voluptuary, fled from Voltaire's dying bed in an agony of fear. "The furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire," he says. To use his own words, "the wretch was crushed." Yet, where a dozen copies of the Bible was sold at that time, the books of this man sold by tens of thousands!

Another apostate priest, who confessed on his death-bed that before he became a sceptic he had entered the Church for gain alone, said, "The Lord has given me my desire for money, but also His curse with it. I fear I am ruined for ever!" "For some time before his death his countenance would suddenly change, and be very horrid to look upon. He was conscious of it, and would go to the glass, and then turn and look at his wife!"

In another case, somewhat similar, one who had turned again and again to evil and profanity, said to his wife, after a season of evidently great perturbation, as she was preparing to leave him for the night, "What o'clock is it?" On being told, he said, "Do not leave me!" "Are you worse?" she asked. "I do not know," said he, "only *don't you leave me*!" and he shortly after gave a cry, which alarmed the people in the adjoining house! "I could not," says one of them, "have believed it possible that such an awful cry could have been made by a human being." His terror was so extreme that he became perfectly stiff and motionless for hours, and, though he recovered for a time, he shortly afterwards died. His description of what he imagined was about to take place cannot be given here.

THE YOUNG CLERK AT BATH.

The following account is given by the late excellent Rev. W. Jay. Jay was, when a boy, apprentice to a mason, but was so early impressed with religion that he preached when quite a *child*. He entered the pulpit when only

sixteen, and was known as "the Boy preacher." He never left it till eighty-four years old! He was a very handsome youth, and his earnestness and power as a *persuasive* preacher have probably never been equalled.

Mr. Jay alludes to the only son of his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Tupper, in his autobiography. He mentions that the youth was articled to a solicitor in Bath. He had more than his father's natural talents, was a good scholar, and gave great promise of rising in his profession. On coming of age, he even wrote on his birthday "Rules for my Conduct." "I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and blessing of God upon my future years," &c., &c. But the result forms an affecting illustration of the effect of *infidel publications* and improper companions.

This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical,—or, as they call themselves, "free-thinking,"—young men. He neglected the Sabbath, for during the summer he usually spent it in a favourite amusement—swimming; abandoned the young minister (Jay), to whom he had been greatly attached, and boldly gave up all attempts to do good.

But as his fall was rapid, in his case, the course was short; he caught a chill from bathing, which, neglected, brought on consumption.

For months he now had warning and time for repentance, as indeed all, in God's infinite loving-kindness, have afforded them at some portion or other of their sinful life—but, in his case, it seemed to be met with resolute *rejection!*

During his gradual decline, continues Mr. Jay, he refused all intercourse with pious friends, or Ministers; and when his poor old nurse entreated him to ask me to see him, he frowned, and ordered her to "mind her own business." On the very last day of his life, I, however, ventured into his dying room. He seemed still sensible, and, while I was there, exclaimed, "Oh, Voltaire! Voltaire!" He then raised himself up in the bed and said, "Oh! *that young man! that young man!*" I said, "Dear James! what young man?" Looking at me for the first time, with a glance I cannot describe, he said, after a pause, "I will not tell you!" He kept moving about, and grasping the bed-clothes; and after a disturbed silence muttered something about his "seeing fire," and then suddenly expired! "The last circumstance," remarks the Rev. W. Jay, "I lay no *stress on, it was probably merely a sparkling of the eye,*

affected by imagination, or by disease. The young man he referred to was probably the companion who had encouraged him in his life of unbelief, or perhaps one whom he had led astray—*who can tell?*" (See pages 137.—478.—505.—and,—especially,—520.—Book I,—on *Unbelief*.)

The Reader is asked to note these pages, and to turn to them when he has access to the 1st. Vol.

I would not give these accounts—it is most solemn and most painful to do so; but knowing the plausibility, and *cool boldness* of those who may try to lead you to follow them in their way of free-thinking, it is but fair that you should see *both sides* of the picture.

Believe me, there is not a difficulty, which, if followed out in a humble, earnest, and, let me add, prayerful spirit, will not in time become clear to your mind. Questions in Religion merit, at least as much attention, and careful study, as any in the arts and sciences; what Professor in Science would commit himself by attempting to answer every possible question on an abstruse subject in Science? And can you expect to answer, without preparation, the flippant questions the most foolish may ask, with a feeling of conceit at his cleverness, about Religion?

There are points in regard to the origin of sin, the fore-knowledge of God, &c., which—not standing on the platform of Infinitude—we must venture upon with humility and caution; there are things which the "Angels desire to look into," and which we see but very darkly as yet; but only be true to your God, and to His religion, and all will one day be made clear.

MODERN APOSTACY IN 1891.

Some Years ago we had, what our French Neighbours call "Un mauvais quart d'heure,"—a bad fifteen minutes,—at the opening of an Infidel Lecture, by surely—that most repulsive, and horrible of all God's Creatures,—an Atheistic, and Blasphemous Woman! Before commencing, two Infants were handed up for this creature to "Name,"—as a substitute for Christian Baptism!

Fancy, dear Reader, the unfortunate offspring of these miserable Apostates,—deprived by their so-called "Parents," from their Infancy, of all Religious Training,—and thus trained, from Infancy, to a life of Irreverence, Unbelief, and Atheism! The Laws of a Christian Country should render such Scandals impossible, and children cursed by being the offspring of such Parents, should be removed and educated properly by the State, and given a chance, at least, in Life, before their lives are blasted by evil influences, and the contamination of Atheism!

"The name of this child,"—ran the Formula,—"*shall be so and so.* May she be kept from all Priestly influences, &c., &c." In plain English,—trained from their earliest days to hate God, Christ, and the Bible,—to neglect Prayer,—to be deprived of a Christian Education; in short, trained to become as hateful, and abandoned, creatures, in God's sight, as their Apostate Parents!

Then commenced the Infidel Lecture! The Blessed God, the Saviour of Mankind,—God the Holy Spirit,—Religion and the Bible, lampooned by an empty, blasphemous, vulgar-minded, Woman! A quarter of an hour of horrible rubbish proved a sufficient sickener, and we fled aghast!

It is understood that some of the Atheists have now taken up a new craze—some new absurdity, and have become "followers" of the new Impostor,—the last Sensation,—the late Blavatzky,—who, unfortunately, for her dupes, died before we had even time to put her pretended "Miracles" to the test! We are now informed that this unforeseen event has been to some extent remedied by communication having been established (as some assert with audacious mendacity) with her departed spirit! One wonders if the same persons have obtained communication with their late Leader, Bradlaugh! They seem to have forgotten him altogether in Six Months! So it is with Infidelity! *Any* Rubbish, *any* Imposture,—any Modern Religious Swindle,—is popular,—rather than the Religion of Jesus Christ! How exactly does the Great Apostles describe the Career of these Rejecters of God, and Christ,—choosing the Devil, and his delusions, wilfully, and resolutely, in their place! He speaks of

"Silly women, laden with Sins, led away by the Devil at his will. Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."—*2 Timothy* iii., 6-7.

"Corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the Faith. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of the things that they understand not; who shall utterly perish in their own corruption!"—*2 Peter* ii., 10-12.

One would think that the Apostles were describing the Unbelievers of our own day.

The *melancholy, deplorable, amazing*, thing in all this Apostacy from true Christianity in 1891, is, not that there are False Teachers,—but that any Intelligent, Commonsense, Thinking, Human Beings should waste their time in listening to them!

What must be the state of that Mind,—how hopeless,—how empty of Faith, Belief, God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit, must that Soul be, who deliberately rejects the Glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, for such unutterable nonsense!

THE LAST "BOGUS" RELIGION (?)

The following appeared recently in the papers in reference to the last, new, resource of Apostates from Christianity:—

"Your correspondent complains that 'to accuse a dead woman of fraud is, of course, very simple, especially under a *nom de plume*.' Allow me to say

that during the lifetime of Madame Blavatsky a gentleman in Madras made an open accusation of a like nature. In the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, the Rev. George Patterson says, "We have already accused Madame Blavatsky of forgery, and fraud, and we now accuse her of building up a Society on the credit obtained by a gigantic falsehood. In falsehood and fraud she seems determined to continue and end it." (April, 1885; page 767-68).

The following extract from Mr. Patterson's letter, which appeared in the *Methodist Times*, October 31, 1889, will be interesting to your Readers. He says: "When the articles charging Madame Blavatsky with fraud, and forgery, and quoting her own letters in proof of the charge, were first published, Mr. W. Q. Judge, F.T.S., barrister-at-law, made haste to inform the Public that at the proper time, and before the proper tribunal, the charges would be met. This was in September, 1884. As no steps in this direction had been taken up to March, 1885, and yet the Chiefs of the Theosophical Society continued loudly to declare the letters to be forgeries, I determined that proceedings would be initiated on our side. Major-General Morgan, F.T.S., had, in the strongest language, charged Madame Coulomb with forgery, and I therefore caused that lady to institute proceedings against him. On March 25 our solicitors (Messrs. Barclay and Morgan) wrote to him demanding a full apology by April 2, on pain of criminal proceedings. On April 2, Madame Blavatsky, who would, of course, have been our principal witness, *secretly fled to Madras*. It was not worth our while to proceed with the case after that. Throughout the whole of India judgment went by default."

Note.—Religious Impostors can chatter for hours upon a Platform, but when it comes to "working Miracles," they beat a hasty retreat, making, with Blavatsky, what the Germans call "*A Strategic Movement to the Rear*."

"Madame Blavatsky says:—'Here (meaning in Madras) the Society is mad after me. The people in the highest positions in Government are at my feet.' Again, 'We have seven English Theosophists more, and we shall have forty before we go to Lahore and Benares, where we are going on a visit to the Rajah with letters of recommendation from the highest officials.' Now, the question arises, how did this clever woman make so many people believe in her, and how is it that so many people believe still? Well, being a spirited Writer and Lecturer, she read some Hindoo works, and conceived the idea of propounding some new theories of human nature, and life after death, to attract attention. Encouraged, *beyond all expectation*, in her enterprise, and trading *entirely* upon human *credulity*, she professed to have discovered the inner depths of Aryan philosophy, and wrote about materialised spirits, man's 'double,' the Mahatmas, &c."

Note. Our "Indian Officials," have never been very successful as exponents of true Christianity,—far otherwise,—but, for the honour of our Nation,—it

they choose to reject the Religion of their Forefathers, let them in future, avoid being thus imposed upon like children !

"Now as to Madame Blavatsky's 'Himalayan Brothers.' In her 'Isis Unveiled' she professed to describe remote recesses in the Toda country, Tibet, where highly spiritualised men lived and worshipped in magnificent spiritual temples. These men were philosophers, who, by the study of occult science, gradually *became less dense* in their organisation, until at last they became invisible. She called them at first "Himalayan Brothers," afterwards the "Mahatmas." She claimed to have some of them continually around her person, encouraging her to preach the exaltation of humanity by studying Esoteric Buddhism, and the formation of a Universal Brotherhood. Her pet spirits she called 'Koot Humi' and 'Moria.' Sometimes she designated 'Koot Humi' by the more euphonious title of 'Christopholo.' She professed to have attained to a degree of spiritual peace and holy calm not to be found elsewhere. All this time she appears to have been acting *alone*. Her works found a ready sale, but by-and-by people began to ask for the production of some phenomena to satisfy their minds of the genuineness of what they read."

"Then this clever woman hired an accomplice, by whose assistance some curious phenomena were produced. Madame Coulomb has made startling confessions, and the fraud is too plainly manifest for the system to last."

Another correspondent writes,—

"Will you allow me to put before your readers the following? When John the Baptist in prison heard of the works of Jesus Christ, he sent his disciples to Him, asking the question, 'Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?' The reply of the Lord Jesus was, 'Show John the things ye do hear and see.'"

CHRIST.

The blind receive their sight.
The lame walk.
Lepers are cleansed.
The deaf hear.
The dead are raised.
The poor have the Gospel preached
to them.

THEOSOPHY.

Pianos are raised.
Flowers come through the ceiling.
"Cabinet" delusive tricks are shown.
Bells are made to ring.
Letters are precipitated.

That splendid "Illusionist," Mr. Maskelyne,—and others,—are quite able, and willing, to produce quite as startling phenomena. Our Nation is greatly indebted to Mr. Maskelyne for exposing, twenty-five years ago, in open court, in the Slade Trial, the Tricks of the then "Spiritualists."

"Will, the Witch, and the Watch," with its Cabinet "Manifestations," and other "Phenomena," at the Egyptian Hall, London, has never been equalled, introducing that amazing wooden Trunk with the rounded Top, *into which* Mr. Cook *certainly gets*, is "canvassed," and "corded," and "sealed up,"

—is actually in, till the moment arrives when he has gone,—leaving the Box canvas covered, and secured, as before, seals untouched, and yet *empty*! London has never, in 25 years, found that one trick out yet!

Had Maskelyne chosen *he* might have founded a new Religion,—working “Miracles,” which certainly beat Blavatzky’s,—and he would have found plenty to “Believe” on him!

The cruel part of the last new “Bogus” is the way one or two of our so-called Christian Daily Newspapers have advertised this rubbish, and the childish credulity of the writers of the Letters published on the Subject. These do not appear to reflect, that the persons who came forward as exponents of the new delusion knew absolutely nothing about India,—have never been there,—never conversed with the Natives,—do not know a word of the Language, and yet pretend to inform others!

Note. On page 653, for the words “*secretly fled to Madras*,” read “*secretly fled from Madras*.”

BUDDHISM. MODERN APOSTACY.

Those of us who have been three or four times in India,—conversed with intelligent Buddhists, and Hindu Priests,—obtained their “Buddhist Tracts,” and writings,—and have some knowledge of the dreary, old, Heathen Eastern “Religions,”—are quite ready to do full justice to the benevolent, peaceful, doctrines of Buddha. As the ages pass, all Heathen “Religions” become debased,—degenerate,—and the purer teachings of Buddha have, undoubtedly, become degraded, and vitiated. He never taught, for instance, the worship of Images or Idols. In fact, in many of his doctrines,—rules for life,—objection to shedding blood,—and other precepts,—he appeared,—compared with the Impostor Mahomet,—to have been a kind of Prophet.

His mild, excellent, precepts incline the Christian to think that he might even have been inspired by God to give to the East *some* kind of Religious Belief, until, in God’s good time, those Nations are prepared to receive the Gospel. It does appear that “Christianity” is not to be forced upon any Heathen Country until it is, in some degree, prepared to receive it. The times of that ignorance God winked at, and no doubt *does so still*! But, dear Reader, the Teachings of Buddha, *at the best*, ended in absolutely *nothing*! They are, for the most part, as at present taught, unintelligible! Well! dear Reader, go to India yourself, converse, as some of us have done, with the Priests! They cannot understand their own Religion; they admit that it is inexplicable! It is self-contradictory; teaching opposing Truths which mutually destroy each other! Thus they seem to teach the Immortality of the Soul, on the one hand, and a Religion of Negation of the other!

To obtain, by a life of poverty, &c., *permission*, to *cease to exist*,—to be “absorbed,”—to cease to be, seems to constitute their highest aspiration!

Yet it is attempted in these days of Apostacy to compare such a Religion with Christianity! Compared with the simple Truths of the Gospel, the best, and purest Heathen Religion is groping in Midnight darkness,—a mass of contradictory, inconsistent, unintelligible, Mythology!

Christianity, it is true, has its Mysteries,—it would not be a Religion if it had not,—but it is *consistent*, it can be comprehended, it satisfies the Human Intellect, whenever there exists a *willingness to receive*,—to *reflect*, and to *use the means* for its acceptance!

The very Heathens admit this. “The Christian Religion,”—remarked one of the most educated, and enlightened, of Modern Buddhists,—“may make great progress in the Country parts of Japan, and may be of China, for many are *weary*, *weary*,—*weary*,—and it is a Religion *easy to be understood*!”

“Weary indeed is the old Heathen World!”

God grant, in His own good time, that His Holy Religion may dawn,—perhaps suddenly, upon the immense Populations of Heathen Lands!

It came suddenly, at last,—after years of weary waiting,—to the South Sea Islands!

For twenty years, heroic, devoted, Missionaries had worked, and prayed, in some cases without making as much as a *single Convert*! Indeed, it is upon record that the outlook was so unpromising,—the failure so disheartening,—that the Missionary Society, in London, were seriously thinking of withdrawing their Missionaries from the Islands, when *God’s time came*!

Suddenly, unexpectedly,—one leading Chief, after another, gave in; resolved to burn their Idols,—put a stop to Cannibalism,—and to become Christians!

For long, weary years, the excellent Missionaries had been *sapping*, and *mining* the Citadel of Heathendom,—and now the Tide had turned!

Only read the authentic accounts of the State of the South Sea Islands *before*, and *since*, the introduction of the Gospel,—and hope for India, Africa, and China, will dawn upon every Believer’s mind! Depend upon it, dear Reader, their time will *also come*!

MODERN APOSTACY WORSE THAN HEATHENISM.

It will be observed how very little has been said, in this Book, of Missionaries and Mission Work amongst the Heathen.

It is not for want of heartfelt appreciation of the Noble, Heroic, and gifted men who have, for a hundred years, carried the Blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to Heathen Lands. On the contrary, the Writer, has, for years, in various parts of the World, *found these devoted Servants of God*, at a Work of untold importance, and felt for them the utmost admiration, and esteem. But

the entire scope, and aim, of this Book is rather, to deal with *Heathendom at Home*,—"Christian" Heathendom,—that *worst*, and most, hopeless, of all Heathendom,—intelligent, educated, modern apostasy from God, and Christianity! Thousands have enjoyed the priceless advantages of being born,—and brought up,—in a Christian Country, and Nation,—the Bible placed in their hands by Christian Parents, from childhood,—and yet all these speechless blessings seem to be bestowed upon their souls in vain!

HOW ABOUT MODERN EDUCATION.

It is most discouraging, in these days of boasted Intelligence, Education, "Board Schools,"—from which so much was expected,—and that "Scientific" Teaching which we understood, was to produce such *amazing* results, that,—no sooner does an old washerwoman arise in India, and start a new absurdity in Theology,—than, to her own amazement,—to use her own words, "I have People in the highest Position *at my feet*!" Who, (Heaven save the Mark!) to the disgrace of our Nation, give this Impostor at once, "letters of recommendation" to Rajahs!

These are the people who sneer at the Christian, exalt the Human Intellect, and yet swallow, like children, the first Religious swindle they meet with!

Then, when by her flight from India, the imposition exploded, we have thousands of persons,—presumed to be sane,—*quite ready* to be duped,—*quite ready* to give up what little belief in Christianity they possessed, rushing to join a Craze which was proved to be sheer humbug, even in a Heathen Country! What an extraordinary display of the boasted "Intellect," and "Science" of our day! They are willing to discard a Christianity which has proved, for 2,000 years, the only Religion worthy of the name, for an imposture of which they know so little that they have to depend upon newspaper letters, and Lecturers six Months old themselves in the new delusion, —to learn *what it is all about*! "Christian Heathendom,"—Christian Apostasy,—presents a more helpless, pitiable, sight than do the very Heathen themselves! For a Buddhist, Hindu, or Mahomedan, would scorn such folly! They adhere *firmly* to their Religion!

To show the desperate desire to prop up an acknowledged religious swindle, it is now suggested that though Theosophy failed in India,—for lack of the promised "Miracles,"—the latter can now be dispensed with in England! The Founder of the Imposture is dead, she, and her alleged Miracles were proved to be humbug, —and yet here are thousands so anxious to follow an exploded imposition, in preference to their own Religion, that they are ready to swallow the "whole lie" with,—or without,—the "Miracles," "Himalayan Brothers," "Koot Humi," and all!

Dear Reader, there is something *far worse* than childish,—

incredible,—credulity, in intelligent, reasoning, creatures allowing themselves to be thus duped in 1891!

There is something far deeper!

Nothing shows so ominously the deplorable Unbelief of our day! Nothing can more clearly prove how very feeble a hold the Masses have upon our Christian Faith! What means this readiness,—almost at a moment's notice,—to apostacy from our Holy Religion,—to a "bogus" absurdity? It shows the existence, everywhere, in our day, of "An *evil heart* of Unbelief in *departing* from the Living God!"—*Heb. iii.*, 12.

This is the saddest Symptom of the extraordinary days we live in! Practical Atheism,—"Unbelief,"—"Christian Heathendom,"—is at the *bottom of it all*! The Results are *deplorable*! In Birmingham,—for instance,—a lecturer on "Theosophy" recently (1891) "talked" so eloquently about the new Craze, that an enthusiastic listener assured the writer, "To hear him, one would have thought we were listening to an Angel from Heaven!" This enthusiast appears,—not unnaturally,—to be now somewhat staggered; for, a few Months after, the "Angelic" speaker was adjudged a sentence of three years' Penal Servitude for participation in Frauds,—amounting to very many thousands of pounds,—which had been carried on for a long course of years! Listeners to Modern Lecturers must remember there exist *two kinds* of "Angels," and their English common sense must tell them how much wiser, and happier, men they would be, if,—instead of listening to false teachers,—they employed their time in studying God's Word, and their own Religion, *at home for themselves*, and doing their duty as Parents in bringing up their children to believe the Sublime Truths of the Christian Faith.

By their *Fruits*,"—(not their "*talk*,"!) "*ye shall know them*."—*Matt. viii.*, 20.

What "Theosophy" teaches some of us do not know,—but we do know that the "Grand Old Book," most *emphatically* says,—"*Thou shalt not steal*!"—*Exodus xx.*, 15.

The Young Reader will not fail to see why many persons are ready to rush into *anything* but Christ's Gospel. They hope to find, in their delusions, some way of disguising their real character, and by chatter, and talk,—*pretending* to be *teachers of others*,—to drown their consciences to *what they are themselves*!

Why this Apostacy from the Christian Faith in 1891?

"Everyone that doeth evil *hateth the Light*," (Christianity, and the Precepts of Jesus Christ),—"neither cometh he to the Light, lest his deeds be re-proved."—*John iii.*, 20.

"I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."—*John viii.*, 12.

"And *this is the Condemnation*, that Light,"—(Christianity, Christ's Gospel),—"has come into the World,"—*never more* to go out of it,—"*and men love darkness rather than Light, because their deeds are evil*!"

"IT IS EITHER CHRISTIANITY, OR NOTHING!"

As a Sceptic recently remarked to the Writer,—and he never

said a *truer thing* in his life,—“I tell you what it is, Sir,—it is **Christianity or Nothing!**” He went on to show why he chose the “Nothing.” But the only words worth remembering seemed to be the above.

It expressed a profound truth! Mankind *cannot go back!* The “Light,”—Christ,—has come into this Sinful World,—never again to go out of it till the Great Judgment Day!

The World may not like it,—may resist that Light,—but “the Light” *has come*,—whether they *like it or not*,—and what is more, it is *going to stay!*

“Lo! I am with you *always*,—even unto the *End* of the *World!*”—Matt. xxviii., 20.

Of course “the Light” may be resisted, cavilled at, maligned,—you may resolutely shut your eyes to it, and go after “strange Gods!”

But you do it at your Peril!

For “*the Light is there!*”

“If our Gospel is hid, it is hid to them that are lost!”—2 Cor. iv., 3.

No European of average intelligence, or slightest education, will ever again return to the old, “weary” “weary” Mythology, and delusions, of the Heathen Nations! A Christian Apostate may call himself a Buddhist, Hindu, Mormon, Sun-Worshipper, Agnostic, Freethinker, Materialist, or Theosophist,—but his *real name*, one day, will be “Atheist!” Rejection of Christ once offered and rejected by an intelligent, educated person, ends, at last, in *Practical Atheism!*

The Sceptic was right!

It is “Christianity,”—or “Atheism!” It is “Christ,” or “Nothing!”

All men of thought, and intelligence, who resist successfully “the Light,”—and reject Christianity, inevitably drift,—though under different Names, towards the Precipice, or Abyss of Atheism!

Dear Reader, you will prove this by *your own experience!* You certainly will be, before you die, a Believer, or an Unbeliever,—a Christian or an Atheist!

Take away Christ and you take away the Bible! The *Old Testament* is so *indissolubly* connected with the *New*, that they mutually depend upon each other! They stand, or they fall together! Disbelieve the *Old Testament*,—which speaks constantly of Christ’s *coming*,—you disbelieve the *New*,—when Christ *did* come! The Bible is a Whole. You may *call* yourself what you like, but, if you are not a Believer in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and reject Christianity, your true title is, or will be one day, “Atheist.”

“I can be a Worshipper of Nature!” *Indeed!* Nature *without* an Almighty, Allwise, Allgood, Personal God, *behind* it,—is about the *most unsatisfactory* object for Worship imaginable!

THE ABYSS. ATHEISM.

Much more true is the following description of "Nature," (without a God), written by a Sceptic.

"Upon this Vista the Curtain may fall! Neither Poet, nor Seer, can look beyond Nature, who is *unconscious of her immorality!* Entrancing in her Beauty,—savage in her Cruelty, imperial in her Prodigality,—appalling in her Convulsions! *She is not only Deaf but Dumb! There is no answer to any appeal!*

The best we can do,—the best that has ever been done,—is to recognise the Implacability of the Laws which rule the Universe, and contemplate as calmly as we can the nothingness from which we came, and the nothingness into which we shall all disappear!

The *one* Consolation that we hold,—though it is one which may be illusory too,—consists in the Belief that when Death comes, fear and hope are alike at an end! Then Wonder ceases,—the Insoluble no longer perplexes,—Space is lost,—the Infinite is Blank,—*the Force is over!*"

Precisely the feeling of the Heathen,—the "untutored" Savage,—who quails before the Thunder Storm, and Nature in her "convulsions," simply because he did not understand that *all was over-ruled for his good*,—that "everything that is, is right!" Small blame to the "untutored" Savage!

But, living in this day of boasted intellect, such writing is amazing! In these days of intelligence one would have thought that every Schoolboy knew something of the "Law of Storms,"—that so far as being,—as the untutored Savage thought,—symptoms of the presence of an angry God,—they are, on the contrary, obeying beneficent Laws of Nature, and of God, in establishing an equilibrium, and producing once more,—calm,—Sunshine, and Repose! "*Christian Heathendom*," seems worse than that which our good Missionaries are contending with abroad!

What a confession of speechlessly hopeless, unintelligent, Atheism, is the above extract! Yet, dear Reader, this is the Abyss which the wilful rejector of God, and Christ,—certainly comes to in the end! The Sceptic was right! It is "*Christianity or Nothing!*" No other Religion is worth a thought!

To the Christian,—the "Implacability" of the "Laws of Nature,"—(or, as the Believer asserts, "The Laws of God")—constitute *our safeguard*,—it proves the greatest *blessing* to our Race!

Could we not *depend upon* the existing order of things at all times,—were the Laws of Nature *not* "implacable."—our very existence upon this Earth would be impossible! Why call them "savage," or "immoral," when our common sense tells us that the very fact of there being a reward to those who *obey* these beneficial Laws,—*necessitates* a penalty to those who *disobey* them! So far from being "savage" it is to these essential "Laws of Nature," (or rather "of God,") that Mankind owe their past, present, and future, well-being, and preservation! "*Everything that is, is right.*" "Just, and true, are all Thy Ways!"

IMMORTALITY.—A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

Nothing is more instructive than to note the intense dislike *evil* living men have to the Universal Belief which exists, and has ever existed, the World over,—even amongst the "old World" Heathen,—in the Immortality of the Soul!

And nothing is more striking than the firm, happy, confident belief, *good*, useful, men,—the best, the noblest, the wisest the World has ever seen,—have ever entertained of a Resurrection, and the commencement of a speechlessly happy Immortality!

Which is most likely to be in the right,—the Bad, or the Good?

It is remarkable that the coarser, the lower, the more animal a life, a man permits himself to lead on this Earth,—the less he *cultivates* his mental, and spiritual, powers,—the less he appreciates, or feels any desire after, Immortality.

The futile desire, *really at the bottom* of a thoroughly bad man's depraved, degenerated, and selfish, heart, is,—to grasp, *as long as he possibly can*, every selfish, sinful, animal, gratification, at *what-ever* cost to others upon this Earth; and,—having, for many years, done as much harm, by his example, as lay in his power,—to then *cease to exist!* A most convenient theory to him!

Whereas, on the other hand, the man who carefully cultivates his higher nature, looks with horror, and loathing contempt, at the "extermination theory," and feels as confident as he is of our existence *here*, that he will exist for ever, hereafter, in an infinitely higher state of being!

Which is most likely to be in the right? The debased, brutal, "animal" man,—or his superior-fellow being,—superior to him in cultivation, mental power, moral worth, spiritual knowledge, and general intelligence?

The Christian Believer,—thoroughly accepting the theory of "Evolution" as taught by modern Scientific Men,—carries it far beyond the narrow limits of this transient, perishing, World.

The New Testament distinctly teaches an "Evolution" far more glorious than that of Darwin's!

The Christian believes that God arranged from all Eternity a slowly progressive scale of Existences, through speechless ages,—nameless Epochs, all aiming,—(as far as *our* Earth goes), and "leading up to," the highest of all His works, (always limiting these remarks to *our* Earth), viz. :—**the Human Soul!**

There,—as far as this Earth goes,—God has stopped! "Evolution" went no further! That other and higher, Intelligences, than we are, exist, in the Infinite Counsels of God, no reasonable mind doubts, —we have, however, merely to do with this Earth of

With the production of Man, Evolution stopped! A man in 1891, is the same being, possessing the very same body, and outward appearance, as the man of ages ago! If "Evolution"

is a progressive movement of an *unintelligent* Fate, compelled by its nature *to go on, why did it stop?* "And God blessed the seventh day." (For the "day" of the Eternal God, see Page 523. Book 1.) "Because that on it He had rested from all His work which He had created," "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, *it was very good.*"—*Gen. 1. 31. Gen. ii., 3.*

"The human eye is an illustration of the "Evolution Theory," it was "evolved," by slow processes, from lower organizations." Probably, but *why did it stop?* The human eye was,—we will admit,—slowly "evolved," but why does it remain, a human eye, for Ages, and "evolve" no further?

Because the Christian asserts it reached its desired limit, is perfect,—that is, it perfectly answers God's designs for his creature man.

But did these speechless epochs of nameless time go by for *nothing?*

Were all these resources of God's creative power gradually,—and, as is His wont,—*very slowly* employed merely to produce a dying Animal, called Man?

Dear Reader, quite apart from Revelation,—arguing thus from admittedly the lowest grounds,—is not the idea simply absurd,—monstrous?

Slowly, as the Ages passed, God met the Animal, the Creator met the Creature, imparting to His highest creation (on *this* Earth at least) Man,—an immortal, never dying, imperishable Soul, destined to live for ever,—to exist as long as *God* exists! Here the Christian's "Evolution Theory" takes up, and carries on, the "Evolution" of Darwin's.

When God began the Creation He was creating not for Time only, but for Eternity! The "Good Servant," is commended for the *commencement* of his Service to God while on this Earth. There is a nobler, more glorious work for him, hereafter. "Well done! Good and faithful Servant! Thou hast been faithful in a *very little*, I will make thee Ruler over more! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Dear Young Believer, engaging it may be in the work of the Sabbath School, &c., do not despise the "very little,"—only do it "faithfully," and there shall be a blessed "Evolution" in your upward, and Heavenward Course!

You shall have the "Ten Cities" some day, —or what the Child of God values far more,—the Everlasting Love, and approval of Almighty God!

"Evolution?" The Christian has *already* experienced a *Spiritual Evolution*. Young Christian, you are not what you *once were!* You know it! There has been a change! *What* a change! A passing from death into Life!

THE CHRISTIAN'S EVOLUTION THEORY.

"There is a natural body, and there is a Spiritual body." "It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in Glory." "So also is the resurrection of the Dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in Incorruption!"

"As we have borne the image of the Earthly so shall we also bear the image of the Heavenly." "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God; neither doth Corruption inherit Incorruption!" "For the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible, and *we shall be changed.*" "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality!"—1 Cor. xv., 44, 43, 42, 49, 50, 52.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye *steadfast, unmoveable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your *labour is not in vain* in the Lord."

"While we look not at the things which *are seen*, but at the things which *are not seen*; for the things which *are seen*, are Temporal, but the things which *are not seen* are "Eternal."—2 Cor. iv., 18.

Glorious "Evolution Theory" *that* dear Reader! May *we* have part in it, —for Christ's sake!

Let me, therefore, in conclusion, recommend you to establish, in the best possible way, your own Faith, and to foster and cherish those precious feelings of piety—too liable to be lost or dimmed amid the busy occupations of the week—by engaging actively on the side of God, and Religion; and, amongst other duties, giving your assistance to a *Sunday School*. Your attendance there will cheer others; your aid will be gladly accepted; and if you enter upon the duty with right feeling, believe me there is a calm and rich pleasure to be enjoyed by regularly pursuing it, which few things on this earth can surpass.

ATTENDING A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Let those who know our Workshops and Offices best, be asked,—“What is the usual influence,—the common Conversation,—a youth meets with in too many English Workshops?” What lessons in Christianity are usually taught the youths by the elder workmen? Of late years,—thanks to Institutes, Lectures, Adult Sabbath Schools,—and, recently, the influence and the efforts of enlightened Christian Employers, improvement in our Workshops has taken place. Still, in countless instances, is not drunkenness prevalent,—coarseness considered the only true wit, and vicious habits the only true source of pleasure and amusement? *What is the conversation, and the jests of*

some workshops but, —too often,—a mass of indecent and sinful talk?

RIDICULE.

In good books,—and, at rare intervals in actual life,—one meets with a noble youth, who, in spite of the ridicule of such Companions, can, nevertheless stand up for the Truth; but we know that there are many Characters who cannot stand against the constant scoffs of daily Companions.

Exposed then, too often, to such influences, what words can express the advantage which the regular attendance of a well-taught class at a Sunday School,—and the society of well-meaning fellow students,—must prove to a well-disposed Youth? *Ridicule* has ever been and ever *will* be, the weapon of the *Unbeliever*. The Infidel, Atheist, &c.,—from Voltaire down to 1891,—is ever affecting gaiety, ridicule, mockery, and what *he* thinks is,—or *intends* for,—Wit.

We may take it as a "rule,"—*without* the proverbial "exception,"—that, whenever a Writer attacks Religion, and Religious people, there is something *wrong at home*!

BOOKS WHICH LAMPOON RELIGION.

Not only in the Workshops, but in the Books of our popular writers of Fiction, a Youth will notice this *derision*.

In these days of Public Libraries, you will be sure to meet,—for instance,—with Dickens' works,—if they are not actually introduced into our Sunday School Libraries; let us hope *not often*!

Dickens burst upon the English, fifty years ago,—as the pioneer of a new School; he made the English laugh! Like the "Artemus Ward's" school in America; he was the head Buffoon. But read this man's "Life" carefully; it suggests possibilities of character of a very unpleasant nature; while his non-attendance of any place of worship during the later portion of his life, and his gross caricatures of religious Ministers,—seem to answer the question which created such a Storm in America at his death,—"*Was Dickens a Christian?*"—in the negative. Here, doubtless, we have the *secret* of his systematic sneers at,—and gross caricatures of,—religious people. He cannot introduce them without presenting us with a "Stiggins," "Pecksniff," "Chadband," &c.,—unworthy, unreal caricatures, puppets, or fictitious creations of his own irreligious, and essentially *vulgar mind*. It is a very old,—but shabby trick of the

Unbeliever, to dress up an odious puppet out of a prejudiced mind, call it a religious person, and then knock it down!

Come, dear Reader, here is a Challenge for you! The Writer will put down £100 against yours, (to go to a good Institution), whichever wins. Now take 2,000 worthy, accredited, Ministers of *all*, or *whatever* Christian Denomination you like. Examine their lives, their characters, their ambitions, and if you find a *single* "Pecksniff," "Stiggins," or "Chadband," amongst that 2,000, the Writer will give in! Such persons existed only in Dickens' prejudiced imaginations!

"It is false!" *Is it?* Then down with your £100, and let us call the "Ministers" together! You will find them excellent, hard-working, self-denying, men; doing more for humanity, and for the Good Master, in a month, than Dickens, and his Books, will do in a Century!

Note. To avoid misconception. The Writer is not a "Minister" himself. Never preached a Sermon in his life, but he has a great reverence for all Christ's true Ministers.

As a Comic Writer of funny, but too often, intensely vulgar novels,—all would have been well; but in prostituting his talents,—when he had got the ear of the Public, especially the Young,—and *going out of his way* to attack Religion, and bring it into contempt,—he opens his own life and writings to attack. Observe, throughout Dickens' works, the immense collection of sickening, vulgar characters,—often of the vilest type,—he systematically inflicts upon his reader! The time will come when many of his books will disgust quite as many as they will amuse. Copperfield was his best. He never, for the life of him, could portray the character of even a true *gentleman*,—much less that of a noble and truly religious man!

He could no more have drawn the noble character of Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome," than he could have flown! *His* hero, that impossible idiot "Pickwick" *gets drunk* in a wheelbarrow, in the congenial society of ex-boots and gamekeepers!

"But how true he was to Nature!" Nonsense! dear Reader! Dickens was the most exaggerated, artificial, "stagey,"—and unreal of writers! His "pathos" constantly slides into "Bathos," his "Virtue" seems curiously forced, theatrical, hollow, "got up;" no genuine ring about it.

Read his works, critically, and it is *ominous* how *thoroughly at home* he is with *every* type of low cunning, vulgarity,

deceit, and rascality,—but how *very* strained, and awkward are his efforts to produce a "high tone" character! The very man who systematically maligns religious people, and represents their lives as cant, and hypocrisy,—himself introduces "cant," false, unreal, mock sentiment, and theatrical, effusive, twaddle, into his works, in the vain hope of disguising the fatal absence, in his books, of high tone,—principle,—and true religion.

No one can wade through the scores of speechlessly vulgar characters he insists upon introducing into his works,—without loss of *self-respect*!

Very different are the genuine touches of real nature, by the Master hand of Thackeray!

No one can rise from a perusal of the portrait of Colonel Newcome without a feeling of elevation. Thackeray is *genuine*, goes to the heart,—*he* is no comic buffoon, or superficial sentimentalist,—he goes by Nature! What truer picture was ever drawn than the closing scenes of the life of the Christless, prayerless, selfishly-goodnatured, "old heathen," Miss Crawley? *How many are there like her!*

"When in health, and good spirits, this now venerable inhabitant of Vanity Fair, had once as free notions about religion, and morals, as Monsieur Voltaire, himself could desire. But when illness overtook her, dreadful fears of death took possession of the prostrate old sinner. Becky (Sharp) never told until long afterwards, stories of that sick bed,—how peevish a patient was the once jovial old lady; how angry, how sleepless, in what mortal terror of death during long nights as she lay in agony respecting a Future, which she quite ignored, when in good health! The last scene in her dismal Vanity Fair comedy was fast approaching,—the tawdry lamps were going out one by one, and the dark curtain was about to descend. Picture to yourself, young reader, a worldly, graceless, religionless, old Woman writhing, in pain, and fear, *in bed,—and without her wig!* and learn,—while you are young,—*to love and to pray!*"—VANITY FAIR, *Thackeray*.

MERETRICIOUS SENTIMENT.

Dickens' Works contain just enough jocose allusions to Jollity—Eating,—Drinking,—and Animal Pleasures,—"*Country Gentlemen*," like Wardle,—Jovial, Godless, Free-living,—(the very type of the "Profane Person" of the Bible,)—to hide the vice beneath, and to disguise from the (naturally) thoughtless Young Reader, the *Irreligion*, and *Immorality*, such a life invariably leads to! They contain just enough gross caricature of,—and sneers at,—Religious folk, to get up a thoughtless laugh, and please the Christless Reader, and yet just enough "gush," "Natural Religion," and Theatrical Sentiment, and "Philanthropy" (imitation twaddle) to please the Worldling.

Take Dickens' "Cheeryble Brothers" for instance; they seem

to be actors in a "Religious Pantomime!" Did any Common-sense Christian Employer ever "carry on" as they did?

The *few* "virtuous" characters we are favoured with, all seem "playing to the Gallery." A curious *unreality* and *sham* about them,—as if acting an effusive, demonstrative, part,—before an audience. Here we have two London Merchants, theatrically taking off their hats in the Public Streets, thanking Heaven that they have got on so *remarkably* well! Then, rushing into their Clerk's arms who tells them of a case of distress,—saying "Thank you, my dear man, for mentioning it, here is £20;—more to-morrow, and half-a-crown to the Boy if he takes it to them in twenty minutes!" General emotion, tears, &c.,—and one can almost hear the roar of applause *from the Gallery* above!

It is an incessant straining after theatrical effect! The "Religion of the Theatre!" The "Philanthropy of the Foot-lights!" And, with all this *talk* about Philanthropy,—what did Dickens himself *ever* do for the Poor, or the Working Classes?

Uncommonly fond of money,—he drew some £30,000 from his American Tour,—though warned, that in his state of health, it would shorten his life.

It is easy to satirize earnest, devoted, self-denying, religious, men, by gross caricatures,—such as "Pecksniff," &c.,—what did Dickens himself *ever* do for the Poor?

EXAGGERATION.

Well! "He exposed 'Dotheboy's Hall,' the Yorkshire School!" *Did he?* What are the facts? Mr. J. C. Brooks,—a highly respected, retired Merchant and Ship Owner of Newcastle-on-Tyne,—is still alive, and was at the identical Yorkshire School, famed as having an imaginary "Squeers" for its Master. A greater caricature,—or more monstrous exaggeration,—was never attempted! The real name of the School was "Bowes' Hall,"—ten minutes walk from the river Greta. The House is still standing; now occupied by a Farmer. Mr. Brooks went there,—a boy of ten,—in 1822,—and left the following year.

There were about seventy Boys in the School, (not "not wanted" children, as Dickens falsely described),—sons of respectable Parents, many of whom became,—like Mr. Brooks,—respected, wealthy, men. The Master's name was Mr. Clarkson, (not Squeers) and as totally different a character from that product of Dickens' diseased imagination, as can be conceived. "I never saw him punish but one Boy, or rather Young Man," says Mr. Brooks,—"and that he did in style,—to the satisfaction of all, for it was richly deserved, with the object of putting an end to improper conduct."

That the School was, like all Schools, throughout England, rough, is not denied. Parents never thought of paying the sums for Education seventy years ago we are now accustomed to, and the Schools of that Period must be judged accordingly. What

would Parents have thought in 1822 of paying the £150 a year now needed when all is paid, to send a Boy to Rugby, or other good English School in 1891? How could Parents expect much when they only paid £20 a year to the Master? £20 was the Annual charge at "Bowes' Hall." Every Boy had to bring a certain amount of clothing, after which the School *provided this also!* Mr. Brooks thus had one new suit. It lasted so long, was of such durable material, that he says "he was quite sick of it!" Note. (They *made good* clothes in those days.) Education could not be "done well" *at the price!* Still the Boys were, Mr. Brooks says, "fairly well taught, were hearty, and properly fed."

Read "The Life of a Fag at Winchester School," sixty years ago; those were rough times at our best Schools, but our worthy Fathers seemed to be *quite* as manly, and turned out *quite* as well with it all, as the Boys of our day. The Senior Usher at "Bowes' Hall" was a Mr. Greyson, a worthy man; but, unfortunately, the sums paid to Schools of that day did not permit of paying First-class Teachers, and the other Usher, named Alderson, a new arrival,—was a "Tartar" of the "good (?) old School," and, in the Head Master's absence was wont to use the Cane severely, so much so that on one occasion the Boys called "Shame!" This was construed into a Mutiny. The older boys shabbily denied having spoken, and threw the blame upon the younger ones, some of whom were unjustly, and severely, birched, Mr. Brooks being one of the victims.

Mr. Brooks's friends challenged,—and resented,—the cruelty, and removed him to a School at Chatham,—Mr. Wm. Giles's,—which Dickens had only recently left. Dickens came down from London now and then to see his old School, and, joining the boys in their Country Walks, he selected Mr. Brooks as his companion on two occasions.

"It was on these occasions,"—says Mr. Brooks, "that I told him of my experiences at Bowes' Hall." He little thought the exaggerated form those simple details would be produced in hereafter. Mr. Brooks happened, at the time, to have a pimple on his nose, and, boylike,—had attempted some amateur surgical remedies, pricking, &c., to get rid of it. This Dickens magnified into an Ulcer on one of the Boys, lanced with a penknife by "Mr. Squeers" (?)

You see, dear Reader, the false exaggeration, and tricks of these Novel Writers to extort, and abuse their readers' sympathies, by "rock and bull" stories! "The 'Prospectus' in 'Nicholas Nickleby,'—says Mr. Brooks,—"*of the School is a caricature of the original one of Bowes' Hall,*"—Mr. Brooks possesses an original copy which proves it.

That other Parents besides those of Mr. Brooks were deceived by the Educational advertisements of that day, and were foolish enough, apparently, to hope that their boys would receive a

College Education for a totally inadequate expenditure of money, there is no doubt.

But how could any sensible Parents expect it?

What would Parents in 1822 have said to paying the £150 a year now needed to send a Boy, in our day, 70 years after, to Rugby, or any of our Luxurious, First-rate Schools? Rugby with 300 Boys, and its income of £46,000 a Year!

The Schoolmasters of 1822,—Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Giles,—would say "Give us a *quarter* of that £150 per Scholar, and we could have paid for an efficient staff of superior Teachers; but how could we possibly do it at £20 a year?"

Here, dear Reader, we have the entire Basis of that entirely fictitious Story of Dotheboy's Hall!

There never existed any School, or Schools, in Yorkshire for "not wanted," or illegitimate Children *at all*! They only existed in Dickens' imagination! Their Schools were no worse than others at that period all over England. There never was a Mr. "Squeers;" it is falsification from beginning to end!

"Yet what 'Stock' did Dickens make of it to gain notoriety, and (his great aim in life) to sell his Books! He was at once dubbed an eminent Philanthropist! He went down to Bowes' Hall, and found, what any person, short of a born idiot, would know, without making the journey, if Parents only gave £20 a year, and clothing found, that an able, suitable, Teaching Staff, and a good system of Education, was not to be expected.

"You dislike Dickens, and have some grudge against him!"

Not a bit! Never knew him,—nor anything about him,—except his "Life," and Novels.

The entire object of this Criticism is to shew the *humbug*, and pretence, not only in Dickens', but in all "Novels." It is too bad to have the Reader's best sympathies, utterly wasted upon what is fictitious, and unreal, from beginning to end, when so many cases of *actual* distress around us claim our practical aid!

Let the Young Reader think for himself, instead of following the blind, popular, adulation of terribly over-rated men. It is cheerfully admitted, however, that Dickens' Works compare favourably with those of the many nauseous, immoral, works of Fiction, with which modern Society has since been outraged! Vulgar-minded Women,—a disgrace to their Sex, and Nation,—will write any amount of immoral, objectionable, rubbish, now, *for Money!*

Syndicates,—who will do anything *so long as it pays*,—guarantee these persons so much a year to produce a certain quantity of this Rubbish in the Year! *Anything* to get Money and Notoriety, is the "Gospel" of such people! The fault, of course, lies with the Public who Buy and Read their Books.

CONCLUSION.—NOVEL READING.

The advice to the Young Reader is to avoid Modern Novel

Reading *altogether*! It will waste countless, and precious, days in Youth, which you may now utilize in the acquirement of substantial knowledge from good Books, and Study, invaluable to you in after life! The recent Novels with their abominable mixture of Immorality, "Gush," Murders, false "Religious" Sentiment, Vile Principles, and Scepticism, ought not be perused by any one pretending to be,—or wishful of being,—a Christian.

Time is a precious Talent entrusted to you; soon *come*,—soon *gone*!

Even the better class of Fiction fills the mind with absurd emotions about unreal, imaginary, totally fictitious Heroes and Heroines who never existed,—or ever will exist, and too often, with *immoral* thoughts, and suggestions. Novel Reading debilitates your mind, by rendering useful, solid, and above all, Religious Reading and Study,—in comparison,—dull, and "uninteresting!"

The habitual Novel Reader,—like the "Sensation Theatre," goer,—the Concert Hall Attender,—or like the Inebriate, or opium smoker,—*must* ever have some fresh excitement! His enfeebled mind loses the power of self-denial, and the Power, and Taste, for useful, much less, Religious,—Study!

Novel Readers can weep with "gush," and false Sentiment, over the entirely imaginary sorrows of a "Bogus" Hero, or Heroine, who never existed, but will not give a Shilling to alleviate *actual* distress, or destitution around them!

Novel Reader. "It is false!" *Is it?* Then before you read the next, fictitious twaddle, Novel, send a Guinea to Dr. Barnardo's "Homes," 18, Stepney Causeway, London, and let us, for goodness sake, have less "bogus," theatrical, sentiment, and a little more true *practical* Philanthropy!

The advice formerly given in regard to the once popular "Dice,"—holds good in regard to the Modern "Popular Novel." The best "throw" of the "Dice" is to "throw them away *altogether*!"

Note. In 1891, out of 15,779 books issued from Selkirk Public Library, 12,247 were fiction and 247 theology and religion.

Novel Reader. "I consider your attack upon Novel Writers, and Novels, unfair, and injudicious."

Well! dear Reader, *fill* your mind with them,—if you like,—*waste* your time, —delight yourself with vulgarities, —fill your imagination with objectionable twaddle of the "low tone class,"—it is all one to the Writer! Send for Mudie's frightful List of "Works of Fiction,"—(some 90 closely printed pages!)—waste the best of your life in mastering that awful mass of mostly, —unmitigated, and objectionable Rubbish;—you go *your* way,—but let the Christian go *his*!

This Book of advice is not written for the "Novel Reader,"

but for a would-be Young Christian Believer, who desires to spend his precious time aright.

The Christian can *cheerfully* await the result; and we will see, one day,—in Eternity,—*which was in the right!*

Meanwhile, the advice to the Young Reader "about to read a Modern Novel,"—is the laconic,—and now, historical, one,—*"Don't!"*

GETTING INTO A PURE ATMOSPHERE.

On crossing the threshold of our Sabbath Schools,—you breathe a purer air! The atmosphere is changed! *Why?* Because where there is prayer, and piety, *God is there!* You leave behind you the sneers, buffoonery, vile language, vile principles, and derision of evil Companions, and Writers, who *burlesque* a Piety they probably will never possess *themselves*;—who term piety in a Youth towards his Maker "cant,"—and call all those who do not choose to follow their hopeless, worthless, miserable, lives,—*"hypocrites."*

In the Sunday School you will hear a *very different* tale! You will learn that instead of being "Pecksniffs,"—"Chadbands,"—and "Stiggins,"—Christians,—Pious,—Religious people,—the world over,—are, as our Blessed Lord tells us,—the very "Salt of the Earth,"—the "Light of the World" (*Matt. v., 13-15*); the only class of His creatures, whom the Supreme views with entire love, and approval; and for *whom alone*, future, and endless Glories are prepared! That there is no sight on this fallen earth so lovely,—none so pleasing to Almighty God,—none so honoured by Christ,—none so delightful in the sight of his future companions,—the Holy Angels,—than that of a Youth who is "rich towards his God!"

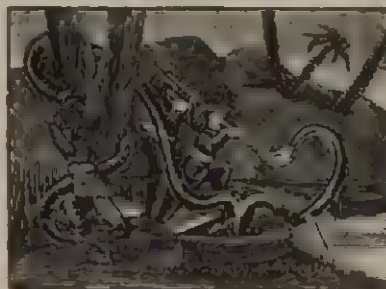
I spoke once before of "a moral atmosphere"—it is a difficult expression to explain, although one which seems best to meet the case. In saying that there is a "moral atmosphere" for good over all in a Sabbath School, I mean that every association connected with it bears a good and worthy impression on the mind. The good, well-meaning, Youths you will meet with there; the precious words of the Saviour of mankind read again and again with the Boys whom you teach; the early intelligence and regard of your Scholars, turned to what is true and good by your efforts—all tend to carry with them a blessing to your own heart and soul! If the nature of your employment permits of it, by moderately late hours on Saturday evening, let me suggest to all my young readers this employment. Now

many a youth could speak of delightful hours in preparing for, or attending at, the Sabbath School! The self-denial of young men in this point of Sunday School teaching is sometimes very beautiful; and it does not lose its reward!

Strange, indeed, if it were not so! Strange, *indeed*, if *Satan* and *degrading sin* have alone true happiness to offer and to bestow! Strange, indeed, if He who holds this world in the hollow of His hand—Whose are all things, both in heaven and in earth, and Who assures us, that a "cup of cold water given for His sake," cannot pass unnoticed—will not bestow *one* blessing upon His youthful and sincere follower, who, Sunday after Sunday, tries to plead His holy cause! I have reason to believe that attending a Sunday School has been the turning point in the life of many young men; it has produced a habit of thought, and bias of mind which will last through life.

A few hints are given to those who feel willing to try the plan for themselves, and to give their valuable and ever-needed assistance in Sunday School teaching.

A Narrow Escape!



The "Boa" catching a Tartar.

Let one of these immense Serpents only get a *firm* "anchorage" to a Tree, &c., by the *end* of its *tail*,—upon which the "Grip", depends,—and it will even break the ribs of any animal by its death squeeze.

The Serpent has caught a Tartar asleep in his Boat; but the fortunate return,—and *extremely* energetic measures,—of his Comrades, seem to prove that,—in this instance,—the Reptile has "*Caught a Tartar*," in more ways than one!

They seem to *depend* greatly upon the *end* of their tail, which one of the Tartars has—very judiciously,—cut off.

It enables them to scale high walls. A gentleman told the Writer, when in India, that,—looking out of the window of his Bungalow, in early morning,—he saw a huge "Serpent" in his Garden! The latter was surrounded by a lofty wall separating it from the Jungle beyond. The creature was coiling itself under the high wall,—rose on its coil, wriggled itself to the top, and—bundling itself, "head over heels" into the Jungle,—made good a Strategic Retreat, before he could get out his "10-Bore Express" Rifle!

CHAPTER IV.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

HINTS ON SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING,—THE UNKIND TEACHER.—A POOR BOY AND HIS DIFFICULTIES.

THE experience of the last fifty years has so fully proved what a great and lasting blessing our English Sunday Schools have been to our Country, America, and our Colonies, that it would be wearisome to repeat an oft-told tale. I propose merely to give a few hints to the young teacher who feels the desire to give his assistance in such a work.

It brings Youths of the Upper Class into kindly interest, and sympathy, with Youths of the Working Class, giving them the opportunity of employing the advantages and privileges God has bestowed upon them, for the benefit of others.

The Routine of various Schools, of course, differs considerably, as do the Sects of the Congregations to which they belong ; but in all Schools certain rules will apply ; in all, the *Characters* of boys and young men are pretty much the same ; in all, there is the same mixture of good and bad ; and, though they may differ upon various minor points of practice and doctrine, the object of every Sabbath School is the same.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

One Sect,—we can hardly say of Christians (seeing that their peculiar tenets are precisely in opposition to the truths of Christianity, and to its great Head and Teacher),—alone forms an exception to this rule. Difficult though it is to obtain a definite and clear explanation of their views,—(for the tenets and doctrines of the Sect seem not clearly defined, nor arbitrary, but left in a great degree, to individual belief and practice),—still, if the doctrine held by the Unitarians *be* what the name *implies*, and the teaching in their Sunday Schools *be* true and *consistent* with it, such Schools *must* form the exception to all others. They form the exception, because, let the peculiar views of other sects be what they may,—whether of Dissenters or of the Established Church—whether Roman Catholics,—or the Greek Church,—however mistaken may their

views on *minor* points appear to be to their Christian friends, yet in the *one great* and fundamental *doctrine* of Christianity they all alike agree,—that of the Divinity, and Almighty power, of our Saviour Jesus Christ. To exalt Him, consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, who has "committed all judgment" to Him, and has placed all things under His feet, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord," is, after all, the *first* principle of our Christian Religion, and the one great object of all religious teaching, both in the Pulpit and the Sunday School. The Unitarians, the world over, are ever found to be amongst the most intelligent, the most moral, and most useful of mankind in secular matters; but they are *not believers* in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

The end and aim of all true Christian teaching is to lead the human soul to Christ, without Whom no man can approach unto God, and through Whose Divine aid, and intercession, and Atonement, for sin we can *alone* hope for SALVATION.

What remnant, then, of true Christianity remains in that Doctrine which *denies* the union, once existing upon Earth, of a Perfect Man, and yet a Divine Master, and which, limiting His being to that of a Perfect Teacher alone, absolutely denies Him as our risen, and glorified, and Divine Lord, Who is now at the right hand of God? What is that "Christianity" which requires no Atonement, no *Divine Saviour*, no *Redeemer*?

No one presumes to deny, for a moment, that there can be "Morality without Christ,"—there *can* be,—unquestionably. We see it constantly. What the Believer asserts,—firmly, and boldly,—is, that there may be Morality, but there cannot be "*Salvation* without Christ." Call it "narrow,"—"dogma,"—"creed,"—any term you like,—the solemn truth remains, that Christ was Divine,—was "very God," and that our Salvation entirely rests upon the shedding of that Divine Blood.

In fact, to the Christian Believer,—the entire Bible, from Genesis to the Revelations,—through all its types,—the lamb's blood sprinkled on the door post causing the dread death angel to "Pass over" that house,—the offering up of Isaac, and the endless sacrifices of innocent animals for the sins of Mankind,—all shadow forth the *one Great Sacrifice* and Atonement, for all Men, of our Divine Lord,—Jesus Christ!

The entire aim, and meaning of the Bible is to prove to all Mankind that all Morality,—however good for this world,—is not effectual for Salvation;—that "without the shedding of Blood there is no remission of sins!"

The mere shedding of the blood of a mere Man,—however great a Prophet, and however perfect a Human Being, he might have been,—would have availed no more to secure the Redemption and Salvation of Mankind, than would the blood of heifers and rams! It would have been nothing whatever; utterly useless,—merely one more added to the noble Band of Martyrs!

No! The true Christian's *only* hope of Salvation for himself, and for Mankind is,—that Jesus Christ was "very God,"—as well as Man. A stupendous Mystery doubtless,—but one long foretold. There never yet lived a true Follower of Christ who did not fully believe it. It is the precious,—Divine,—Blood of God Himself,—in the Person of our Human, and yet Divine, Saviour, which alone can redeem us! Nothing else gives the true Christian any hope,—any confidence,—or any satisfaction!

Our excellent friends the Unitarians,—(always supposing them to deny the Divinity of Christ, as their name implies),—useful,—admirable,—fellow-citizens, though they are,—respected by us all,—are,—after all is said and done,—only men for *this* World.

They are the men to *live* with,—not to *die* with!

It is easy to talk of a "kind Heavenly Father,"—and to conjure up for ourselves a God of our own devising,—certainly not the God of the Scriptures. It is easy,—under a "strong delusion" then to enter the Ferry boat of "one Vain Hope, a Ferryman," dragging with us our "Morality,"—our good Works,—our superior Intellect,—and our "Larger Hope;"—but all the time unsprinkled by the precious Blood of Christ,—and thus despising the priceless gift of God to Mankind!

Unless Almighty God has placed a False Book in the hands of Mankind,—and our Blessed Lord has wilfully led Believers astray for nigh 2,000 years,—*that Ferry Boat*, and its contents,—*"Morality,"* without the *"Blood of Christ,"*—*shall never reach* the Heavenly shore;—and the victims of their own pride, and rejection of their Saviour's blood, shall have to face Eternity,—unchanged,—unsaved,—and unredeemed!—"I do not believe a word of it!" Perhaps so,—but you will *have* to believe it one day,

perhaps too late ! Your unbelief does not alter the Truth of God's Word.

" For we know that no man is justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." - *Galatians ii., 16.*

I allude to this point on account of the excellent system as regards secular education carried on in the Unitarian schools, and because it naturally leads to the question, so often raised, as to the propriety of anyone undertaking the post of teacher who has not, at some time of his life, been himself deeply impressed with religious truth, has consciously given himself to God as a follower of His Son, and has already himself experienced the beginning of that great change in his heart and mind,—which is to grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day,—called "conversion."

But the distinction between teaching the greatest and *most fatal* error ever conceived by man,—(namely, that we can personally, by care and education, effect this great change for *ourselves*, without applying to,—or believing in—a Divine Saviour),—and a mere lack of vivid religious feeling and powerful impressions towards piety, must be obvious.

I would not, therefore, have any discouraged from taking part in a Work which tends so much to produce and foster feelings of Piety, and which proves, even under imperfect teachers, an unquestionable blessing to the young of the poorer classes. It must ever be borne in mind that he who is most diffident of his powers and attainments, in good, is frequently the most likely to succeed ; and, though he may not venture on the highest points of religious instruction, his cheerful, kindly, presence in our Sunday Schools, would be missed by all. A few remarks pleasantly made,—the deep lessons taught in the Bible, though it may be simply read with a class of boys,—all have their good effect ; and before long a deeper and more prayerful interest in the class will gradually but surely be felt. And though a life of early drudgery too often deprives them of much of the freshness, the brightness, and intelligence of boyhood, you will find, in many cases, much in them which merits your affection.

You cannot meet, Sunday after Sunday, with these boys (who, in many cases, depend upon you for all the religious instruction,—the lessons and persuasives to all that is good,—they will have during this period of their lives,—perhaps *all* they will *ever* receive)—you cannot receive those

presents, wrought, (sometimes beautifully, too,) by themselves, according to whatever their branch of trade may be, by which they wish to express, in the best way which lies in their power, their grateful sense of your good-will, and your desires to benefit and aid them,—you cannot notice the gentle, earnest interest taken by here one and there another in the things which may one day lead them to a Heavenly home,—without desiring for a higher power than you possess, for a deeper wisdom than your own,—without longing for the assistance of that Saviour, Who, you hope, may one day welcome you, and them, into a better and a brighter World!

There is, however, one natural, or acquired gift, which is *essential* to every person who wishes to engage in the Sunday-school,—namely, that of a temper which nothing can disturb or ruffle, and a good-humour which is never lost, even when employing authority to secure order and proper conduct.

You have little idea what some of these boys have to go through during the week! Drunken Fathers or Mothers, or companions in the Workshop! Resolve never to say a *cross word*,—God helping you,—in the Sabbath School! *The Master is near!*

I have known a boy of fourteen, work from six in the morning till nine at night, and, when business pressed, *three nights* in a week also, in a cellar, grinding swords, *about the most unhealthy employment possible.*

Taken to the workshop when mere children, with long hours of monotonous toil,—with no opportunities for self-improvement, how can we wonder at inattention, weariness, and indifference in a Sunday School class when there is wanting a pleasant, good-humoured, and forbearing spirit *on the part of the teacher?*

It is really a matter of surprise that, in spite of all these disadvantages, our classes are so well attended as they are; and his heart must, indeed, be a hard one who, wrapped up in his own self-esteem and pride, does not long to render the Sunday School an object of liking, rather than of fear, to his scholars. The position the teacher holds is so important a one that all little feelings of personal annoyance must give way before the resolve to do his utmost for the class committed to his charge.

It is a good plan at the end of School, to let your scholars as they pass out, shake your hand. For twenty years, I never omitted this. It was so important a matter

that, a boy forgetting to do so, would come running back, smiling, to go through the concluding form.

The only exception I would make to any wishing to accept the post of teacher (of course omitting anyone living in the habitual practice of known sin) is where there is felt to be a natural *irritability* of temper. Whatever may be your aptitude in other respects, this is a fatal obstacle, and one which you should completely conquer before you accept such a post. The school is not a place in which you can safely learn the needful lesson. It would be most unjust to the scholars, however beneficial to yourself might be the gradual improvement in your character in this respect; for your conduct, in the meantime, might inflict an injury upon a boy, for which nothing could afterwards compensate.

To illustrate my meaning, I give an extract from the late excellent Mr. John Ashworth; it is a case in point. He mentions that during a walk he met by accident, a handsome youth, with a fine intelligent face, but evidently in failing health, and,—as it proved from conversation with him—dying from consumption. He had lost both his Parents while young, and was an only child; his health was not sufficiently good to enable him to make himself a home, so that since the aged Relative whom he had lived with had died, the poor fellow had lived a very lonely life, and had been lately unable to obtain even the proper necessities of life, his declining health unfitting him for work in the Cotton Mills.

THE UNKIND TEACHER.

Speaking of some years before, when a boy, this youth said: "The happiest period of my life was spent in the Sunday School."

"My mother was then alive, and she was very anxious that I should early have impressions towards religion. She regularly attended the Church, and had a great regard for the Sabbath-day. She would read to me stories from good books, and many times prayed with me *when father was not at home*, for he was a drunken man. I well remember the night she died. I kneeled beside her bed, and she entreated the Lord to save me from the snares and temptations so destructive to the young. With her dying breath she asked me to promise never to leave the Sunday School, nor to neglect reading the Bible."

"I promised all she wished, for my father, an intemperate man, had died of brain fever six months before. I was but young, and my heart was breaking at the thoughts of losing her also. From my heart I intended to perform what I had promised. For four years I did so; for I daily read out of Mother's Bible, and was regular at the Sunday School, and often prayed that I might meet Mother in Heaven."

"But one fatal Sunday a terrible misfortune befel me! The teacher of our class was a very young man, very proud, and for the smallest offence he would strike our heads. I was telling the boy next me which verse he had to read, when the young teacher struck me with the Bible which he held in his hand, its edge striking my forehead. In a moment he was sprawling on the floor, and in a few minutes more I was in the hands of the Superintendent, being dragged up to the desk, exposed to the whole school, and in ten minutes afterwards was publicly expelled! I was turned out of the door, and my cap was thrown after me into the street; and though the blood was running down my face from the force of the blow, I received not the slightest pity, and was thus disgraced and branded by having been known 'to have been turned out of the school.' I went from the school sadly to my mother's grave, and, seeing no one near, I laid down on the cold flagstone."

"Oh! I wish some kind friend had then taken me by the hand and led me back to the School. I would have done anything to have been once again in my place, for the sake of the promise I had made my mother. I sat sorrowfully there till it was dark, and then, with aching head and heart, plodded my way home. I had no one to feel for me, for my Grandmother was now very feeble, and too old to care much about me. I wished to go to some other school, but feared that they would have heard of my conduct, and would object to take me in, or, if they did, *that it would be always recorded against me.* My Sundays, once so pleasant, were now badly spent; I soon became much changed in feeling, and forgot to read my Bible, and I got into the habit of going to rest without saying my prayers. About this time I met the young Teacher who had struck me; he held out his hand, wishing to be friendly, and invited me back to the school. Would that he had done so six months before, for I felt now very indifferent about it, and was proud in showing that I was independent of it, and that my desire to return was gone. I therefore merely said

that, as my grandmother was now dead, I was removing to Burnley, where I expected to be able to get better wages. He expressed his regret at having struck me, and said that 'he feared he had been the cause of my leaving the School.' This softened me a little, but a week after I removed to Burnley, and for *six years have led a very wild and dissipated life.*"



THE UNKIND TEACHER.

"About this time I met the young Teacher who had struck me." Page 679.

He confessed that his excesses were the cause of his failing health; and he felt that he kept sinking both in body, mind, and circumstances.

THE KIND, PATIENT, TEACHER.

I give the anecdote in full,—omitting the peaceful death of the poor young man, who was attended in his last moments by the kind and real friend he had, at length, found in good Mr. Ashworth,—without any wish to exaggerate;

indeed, I would rather hope that in this case we only hear one side of the story, and that something may be said in extenuation of the Teacher's conduct. Some boys can unquestionably, assume a manner and temper which require the utmost efforts to bear with perfect calmness and good temper; and in spite of all the boy's indifference and designed inattention and rudeness, to feel still for him as a Teacher *should* feel is a somewhat difficult task. A calm manner, and a natural firmness of character, and the respect these qualities involuntarily command, must vary in degree in different teachers: but placing the most restless by your side; stopping quietly till the boy who is talking in the class is silent; or a playful remark, which, though it tells against him, creates far from ill-feeling towards you on the part of the boy, and secures your object; kindly patience in cases of losing the place, inattention, &c., will secure, not only that perfect obedience which harshness may fail to obtain, but will create an evident desire to avoid (as much as the natural thoughtlessness of boys can) giving you any trouble or extra work. Some boys, of a kindly and gentle nature, sometimes feel more pain, at the neglect and behaviour of others towards the Teacher, than the latter (accustomed to it by long experience) feels himself. You will notice it in many little things they do to save the teacher trouble. In the worst cases when great provocation is offered by wilful inattention and rudeness, surely nothing is gained by showing the slightest irritation; but merely *quietly* desiring the offender "to leave the room," will secure in all cases that strict *authority* over the class, upon which success as a Teacher, undoubtedly so greatly depends. There will not be found one in ten whom a few gentle words of expostulation afterwards, with a word or two of affection, will not soften, by appealing to his sense and good feeling; and very frequently such lads will be found to be more thoughtless than wicked, and may, in the end, prove the best in the Class.

Of course the Boy's remedy in the case given, instead of *striking* the teacher, should have been to have gone quietly to the Superintendent and asked to be placed under another teacher; or else he must leave the school; but such self-command on the part of a mere boy is *too much to expect*.

When we consider that being a member of such a school is, in some localities, a recommendation, and assistance to

a Youth in business life, the injury inflicted by a public expulsion is very great; but the loss to the boy, of what formed his protection in good, may be, as shown by the story, infinite! I am not aware that the Teacher is still living, and may, therefore, say that I never met with an instance of the habit of striking; and though the System in some schools in Lancashire may probably be more rough than that which I have had experience of, still, if the Teacher had been aware of the friendless position of the boy, and of his promise to his Mother,—which a little kindly interest would surely have elicited,—if he had considered the loss which the boy must suffer from the expulsion, and yet had allowed *six months* to elapse without taking a step towards a reconciliation, his conduct *appears incredible*; such a person cannot have realised his Position in God's sight, and was *totally* unsuited for the post of Sunday School Teacher; while the neglect of his fellow-teachers, if they knew of the circumstance, and did not suggest to the Superintendent their desire to place the Class in more suitable hands, was almost as much so! I merely cite the story as an instance of the fatal effects of a young man occupying the position of a teacher who was evidently entirely unsuited for the position by this fatal defect of temper.

The talent of a teacher is put to the test by the power he has of imparting a real interest to the scholars; not so much a passing interest in one particular lesson, but a real interest in attending the class.

The surest sign of confidence in the teacher will be given in gentle inquiries made to him, in points a boy fails to understand; for he must be very sure of a kind and ready reply before he thus ventures to speak of subjects on which, when really felt, there is generally great diffidence on the part of a boy. However little the apparent success of a teacher may be, every now and then these cases will occur,—often in those from whom they were least expected.

To expect much apparent result at first is unwise; although the aim should be definite, and *some* return expected. The duty of teaching in a Sunday School should be taken up with the intention of following it,—if other duties as important do not hinder it, *through life*.

It may take years to convey much lasting instruction to those whose minds have been greatly neglected: if any doubt is felt of this, let a few questions be put on the lesson or address just given, and the boy quietly asked if he can *tell what is meant*; and though, probably, the lesson was

a good and clear one, and had been repeated times without number, he will most likely honestly confess he cannot! The words,—their sounds,—are familiar to the ear, but the difficulty is to impress an intelligent meaning on the mind! None but those who have been in the habit of thus testing the intelligent understanding with which their scholars have listened to them will feel how *great a difficulty* this really is! In the usual routine of the Sunday School, after the portion of Scripture has been laboriously read together, and the lesson or address given, slightly attended to and imperfectly understood, the scholars have, to plunge, for another week, into the business of daily life,—its duties, its trials, its temptations.

HOW THIS BOOK ORIGINATED.

It was owing to this reflection that the addresses previously given in this Book were compiled; and instead of the ordinary, and often meaningless, copies of the writing-master, these addresses, &c., were carefully written out into books, reduced to convenient size, and set as copies. A youth quietly and slowly writing out any one of them,—employing small-hand exclusively, as that most generally useful in actual life,—insensibly has his attention drawn to the subjects upon which they treat; and thus, instead of the lesson being entirely forgotten at the moment of separation, with every returning Sabbath, or returning attendance at school, the boy has his attention once more drawn into the same channel; the part already written is brought once more to mind, and religious instruction slowly, but surely, conveyed even during the time devoted to mere writing. When we consider the **very short space devoted each week to the Sunday School**, the average attendance even on these occasions, and the temptations to which these boys must be almost daily exposed, it is of the utmost importance that the best possible use should be made of the time allowed. The book when filled and taken home will be kept, and surely more worth keeping than rows of words merely repeated.

Some of the best attenders of the Sunday School will be often found to be the most slow in apprehension; such will attend for years, and their advancement may not be very perceptible; but the habitual practice of punctually attending such a school is of itself a great advantage, and is a sign that though progress may be slow

an interest is surely felt. Such cases will prove, in the end, generally far more satisfactory than those in which the scholar may possess much greater advantages of mind and person, may be far more bright and intelligent,—but unstable and vain. The reason, probably, is that the *quick* and sensitive disposition feels sooner that religion is *irksome* to every unrenewed heart. Do what *you will*,—provide stories, pictures, interesting lessons,—still there will come a time when the uneasiness, and unhappiness, of the unsanctified heart will be felt by every Youth you teach! Such an one must either cease to listen, and throw off all thought, or else feel that the restraints of Conscience are now a burden until his heart is given to God.

Tell such a youth that God is all-mighty and all-wise, and can protect and aid him; he knows that this wisdom may count up his sins, and this power may bring him to judgment!

Every intelligent, thoughtful boy has this feeling. Having no clear idea of real piety, he fears that the restraints of conscience—which, even now, he feels interfere with some of his pleasures—will only be increased by Religion, and that every addition to Piety is another addition to Gloom.

Is it any wonder that there is naturally an aversion in the mind of the Youth, or the Man, to Religion when viewed in this manner? This is often not lessened by the way in which piety is sometimes presented to them.

It is in your power, by cheerful kindness and patience, very much to overcome these prejudices. They see in you nothing to repel, nothing to cause gloom. They feel—(and boys have a quick sense to perceive it)—that you sincerely desire their good, and long to secure their best interests, and,—at once,—much of their repugnance vanishes. In your position as teacher there is one point you must carefully guard against, namely, exhibiting in word or deed the slightest partiality in regard to points of mere worldly fortune or *natural amiability*. You will find this, at first, probably difficult, and you cannot be expected to possess that command of feeling and manner which is seen in older teachers. The more stupid, rude, neglected, and poor a boy is, the kinder you ought to be to him. Dear Reader, without resolute *self-denial*, nothing can be done!

A GOOD TEACHER MUST BE IMPARTIAL.

You insensibly desire to obtain the most intelligent and *respectable scholars*—the decent, well-dressed, pleasing boys

—and are tempted to think slightly of a boy, however well he may attend, who is evidently *very poor*. You cannot avoid making a distinction between good and bad.

It is but right that such a feeling *should* be shown; but the following extract will serve to show how *unfair*, how *unjust* is any conduct which makes a distinction between the poor and ill-taught boy in a Sunday School, and one whose circumstances happen to be better. The distinction is made soon enough in the world—cold, selfish, and interested as it will ever be. We mark it at the School, at the College, in Society, the World over. It has pressed down *many* a noble heart, and extinguished fond hopes, once buoyant and strong. It has trampled upon and thwarted the tenderest and sweetest of earthly affections. Let it not penetrate even to the Sabbath School, and cause your heart to beat *less warmly* towards one whose lot, though now a poor and lonely one, may one day—when this earth, with all its interests, shall have for ever passed away—prove a glorious one in a new and eternal sphere!

A POOR BOY.

Note.—It is believed that this anecdote by Mr. Ashworth, is a perfectly truthful account of *his own* early life.

"One hot summer's day a poor woman was toiling up the hill called 'Fletcher's Round' with a flannel 'piece' on her back. A little boy was walking by her side. On reaching the 'Milkstone' she laid down her heavy burden, and, leaning the 'piece' against it for support, she wiped her face with her apron. With a look of affection, the boy gazed up into the face of his mother, and said, 'Mother, when I get a little bigger you shall never carry another 'piece.' On that day the painful truth first flashed upon the mind of that little boy that he was the poor child of poor parents—the young son of a humble, toiling, but kind, and affectionate, Mother."

"And as he grew stronger he redeemed his promise, and carried 'pieces' up 'Fletcher's Round' on to the warehouse at Sparth, without resting at the 'Milkstone,' for his love to his mother was deep and lasting."

Speaking of his after-life, this boy describes his first going to Sunday School. His "poor Mother did all she could to help her children, but she could not procure sufficient clothes for her boy, for her Husband was a

drunken, helpless man ; they had by degrees become *very, very* poor, and my clothes were not fit to be seen."

"My little heart sank within me in bitter sorrow. I looked in my Mother's face, but when I saw the tears in her eyes, I checked myself, and said, 'Don't mind, mother ; we shall be better off, some day !'" I took my place in the third Bible-class, among boys much better dressed than myself, who did not like to sit by me on that account. I well remember the place where I sat that day—how I put my bare feet under the form to prevent my proud class-mates from treading on them ! But the feeling that I was so poor came upon me very sadly ! As I saw, however, my mother afterwards in the gallery smile at me, and seem pleased to see her boy with the rest, I smiled in return, and hoped for better days. Our Teacher was young, but gentle in manner, and took pains to teach us.

"It was the custom of our Sunday School to give the boy who was first in the Class a ticket. These tickets were collected each year, and the boy having the largest number had the most valuable prize presented to him. At the distribution of prizes, the Teachers, Scholars, Parents, and Members of the Congregation and their friends, would come to witness it. This year I had just one more ticket than any other boy in the school, and in consequence, I was entitled to the highest prize ! But I was very unhappy, because I had no shoes, for I was not old enough to gain much through the week ; I think my Teacher would have helped me, but I did not like to ask him. However, I said to Mother the evening before, as gently as I could,—'Do you think you could get me some shoes, Mother, for to-morrow ? I shall have to go up to the platform for the Prize, and I shall be ashamed to go with bare feet.' My Mother was mending my Father's clothes when I spoke to her. She made no answer for a moment, but put her hand to her breast for a moment as if in pain !"

Note.—Oh Reader ! that Cursed Drink traffic ! It meets us everywhere ! It has broken many a loving heart ! Do your little to oppose it when you can !

A DRUNKARD FOR A FATHER.

"I had struck upon the train of her thoughts at the moment, she was taken unawares, for she said, 'I know it, my child ;' and as I saw the sad tears trickling down her cheek, how I repented having spoken."

"*Nothing* as I grew older, astonished me more than her

quiet, steady, Christian conduct; yet a hundreth part of the trials and temptations she had constantly to endure, would have caused thousands to sit down in helpless sorrow; but she was often in prayer, and God fulfilled His promise in helping her to bear her troubles."

"'I know it, my child,' she said, at length, 'I was out all day trying to borrow a trifle; I have done all I could to send you there decent. I have tried to borrow two or three shillings from the Publican's wife, where your Father takes much of his earnings; but she scorned me, and refused to lend it me! I have been to several of our neighbours to ask them to lend it me, but our well-known poverty seems to stop all help! God *knows* it is a *hard* lot in this world to be a Drunkard's wife, or a Drunkard's child,—a *hard* lot to what I once thought would be mine;' and for some time the poor thing said not a word,—silently brushing away her tears,—'I do not wish, my child, to say one word against your Father,' she continued, 'I believe you have never heard me speak of it before this, and I hope none of my Children ever will do so, for he is your father. I often pray that God will keep me from murmuring, and that we may have His guardian care. And I trust that God will yet bless us, John, and that we shall see happier days.'"

"Dear Mother, I well remember one of her prayers. It being the Wake at Rochdale, I had risen early to have a long play-day. I thought no one had risen, but heard a slight noise in her room! I sat down on the step as I passed the door, and listened. My Mother was praying in a low voice, and I overheard her say, 'Lord, bless John, and keep him from bad company, and make him a good and useful man!' Her words went to my young heart! I never forgot them!"

"That evening I tried all I could to borrow a shilling or two; I went two miles to a kind relative of ours, and stood long in the cold, wet night, till he returned. He only said when he heard my request, 'Tell your Mother, boy, that when the money is paid I lent your Father some time ago I will talk about lending more!' My Mother saw by my face that I had got no money; our looks met, but little was said, and I went quietly to bed. The following day I washed myself very clean, again and again, for I resolved that my feet should be at least perfectly clean. I sat in a corner. Books and Penknives, Inkstands, &c., and a small Writing Desk were on the table. At length my name was

called out for the First Prize, and I was invited to the Platform amidst a loud clapping of hands! I rose from my corner, and threading my way through the people, I walked blushing on to the Platform and received the Prize, with kind words from the Chairman, amidst repeated clapping of the Audience. But I felt very sad, because I thought some of the boys sneered at my poverty; and when I got back to my corner, I sat down and cried like a child, because I was such a poor, poor boy."

Note.—And did the Faithful God answer those prayers? Certainly He did! The Boy was Mr. John Ashworth, whom God greatly blessed as an Evangelist, in the Lancashire District.

The boy never left the Sunday School,—it proved a blessing to him in every way; he rose at length even to be Superintendent.

He mentions that the twelve boys who composed his class at the Sunday School, had agreed together never to leave, promising each other that they would, as they grew up, work conjointly in the School as long as they lived. Only two out of the twelve kept their resolve, and only these two have prospered in life. Five of the others have now died the Drunkard's death!

I give the anecdote to show how many are the difficulties a poor boy meets with. Surrounded by friends desiring your best interests; placed from boyhood far above want, with every wish supplied almost before felt, *you* have reason (as a Sunday School teacher) to guard against feeling partiality towards the most respectable and well-clad scholars. Would you not, in the case described, be willing for once to overcome all such feelings; and, instead of coldness and indifference, surely you would prevent the others from annoying him, by seating him by yourself, and, by your kindness, show to the poor boy that **POVERTY IS NOT A CRIME** which is to bring on him the dislike of all, and that he may always count upon your love?

BOOKS, PICTURES, FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Library of the Sunday School, if well-selected, is a powerful means of increasing the intelligence of your scholars. You should have a few Catalogues printed, which may be sold to the lads, or exchanged for their reward tickets, that they may place on the library tickets the numbers of any books they may wish for. You should also *mark* for them on their catalogues the Books which you

know by experience *will interest* and be *useful to them*. The routine differs in different Schools. In some, the library tickets are only given to boys who have come at least eight Sundays during the quarter. Several numbers should be given on the back, in case the book wanted should be in use.

In many a proud Youth or Man, a verbal reproof,—however gentle,—for a besetting sin, too often causes a wounded vanity and pride; but when the pages of a *good book* speak, this pride is not aroused, and the *Conscience* can speak because the *Passions* are not roused to drown its voice.

A boy looks forward with pleasure to receiving a new book; the prospect of gratification to be derived from reading something new is cheering, and curiosity is awakened as to the book which he will receive. Pity that it is doomed so often to be disappointed; for, though the Library I had some experience in is probably fairly good, as a library for a large Sunday School, it was too much, as usual, composed of the odd books of old libraries and Institutes, and contained books quite useless for such a School. You should do your part in seeing that books are yearly added to the library, if possible. Why expect *others* to be able to read Books you cannot read *yourself*!

If you like the present Book, write for one, if you will, and see it placed in your School Library. It was to the Sunday School that this Book owes its existence, and it is right that it should be thus placed.

MAKE BIBLE READING PLEASANT.

Above all else,—if you are a wise Sunday School Teacher of a Junior Class, commence, at once, making a collection of all good illustrations of Bible Scenes,—Eastern Customs, &c.,—you can meet with. Never miss a good Picture. They are most difficult to obtain. Buy the Periodical, or Book, you notice it in, and cut them boldly out. Do not begrudge God, and Christ's service, anything. Never *hesitate for a moment*; having decided for Christ, do what you can do, *well*! All will come back to you! Ah! *full measure*, and *pressed down*! It was to this habit that the present Book owes its Illustrations.

Then you can select from your collection, any Pictures which bear upon the morning's Lesson or Reading,—and let the Boy next you, have it quietly to look at, and then pass on to the next, till it has gone the round. The Reading goes on undisturbed, while the attention is attracted by the picture to the subject.

The quick eye takes in,—in a moment,—from a good Picture,—what the stubborn, or careless, ear, may refuse to listen to, in an hour!

Perhaps in no department of art have more feeble efforts been made than in attempting to portray Bible Scenes in a rational and attractive manner; never, therefore, miss a good picture. All this adds to the interest and pleasure in attending a Sunday School class, disarming a Boy's prejudice against Religion, and giving a liking for the Bible, which may influence his entire after life.

Years after leaving the Sunday School a Man, who had attended the Class as a Youth, has said to the Writer, "Ah! Sir! those were the best hours we ever spent in our lives!"

In addition to the usual lessons of the Class, you may afford much interest by giving those boys who are equal to the task a few questions written on cheap, common paper, under which they may write out the texts which will answer them. Some Scripture questions will be found in another chapter, but, as they were hurriedly written down, you will doubtless be able to improve upon them. Such occupation serves for employment during a vacant hour on the Sunday, and insensibly overcomes the *dislike to the Bible* so often formed by those who have never found out the interest there is to be derived from its careful perusal.

In regard to the portions of Scripture selected to form the lesson for the Sunday, although I am aware that difference of opinion may be entertained on this point, I cannot recommend you to read the whole of even the New Testament—or even the whole of a Chapter—without *regard* to the understanding and *capacity* of the boys you wish to benefit.

Test, by a few of the simplest questions you can frame, the mental power of the lads who ordinarily attend, and tell me if you candidly think that a single intelligent impression will be made upon their minds by reading in the usual slow and laborious manner the 4th and 9th chapters of Romans, the 14th of Corinthians, the 7th of Hebrews, &c.? Could any words at your command explain these Chapters so as to render them useful and interesting to these boys? Very different is it when a well-chosen chapter is perused, such as those in Luke, a portion of the Gospel of John, &c.

AVOID DIFFICULT CHAPTERS.

But even here the same discretion is serviceable in choosing portions of a Chapter: some parts will often apply very beautifully to the youthful hearers, and should be chosen, while the more obscure may be omitted.

It is of the last importance to render the lessons as *clear and pleasant* as possible, the time allowed being so limited. In choosing the lesson, you must, however, decide for yourself. I have heard of a teacher who, considering the whole Bible ought to be read, went through the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, including the chapters of genealogical descent, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Ezekiel, Solomon's Song, Nahum, Habbakuk—and then began again! I should not have cared to have been in his Class!

After reading some portions of the New Testament, they should be compared with parallel passages in the Old Testament, to shew the connection between the Old and the New Testament, and the authority with which the latter is invested by our Lord Himself. In this way the 41st and 42nd verses of Matthew xii. may be compared with Jonah i.; the 24th verse of Matthew xi. with Genesis xix.; and, in connection with 2 Samuel xi., 25th verse, and 2 Samuel xii., 7th verse, the 51st Psalm should be read, otherwise the abrupt and condensed account in the Old Testament does not afford *any idea* of the depth of feeling and sorrow felt and expressed by David. You will be able to find many other instances.

After reading the selected portion in the New Testament, it is a good plan to go also through the Old Testament, passing the remainder of the allotted time in reading a well-chosen portion of the beautiful stories of olden times. This plan adds variety to the Sunday School routine. The plan of one fixed lesson for the whole school prevents individuality on the part of good teachers—such are best left to their own plans.

YOU SHOULD VISIT THEIR HOMES.

On the subject of Visiting the Scholars I will say but little: its effect is evident, for a time, at least, in improved attendance.

Where great neglect has to be acknowledged in this particular, you will do well to recollect that—though it is not a point I would care to overstrain—it is, nevertheless, possible that amongst the number of boys who attend the School, here one, and there another, may be called away in

their early years, by Death. When a Scholar has been absent several Sundays, this thought should incite you to occasional visits ; or, if you prefer it, to appoint some of the boys to visit and report to you. You can, I think, feel what it would be if, on introducing yourself to the Mother of one of your Boys, as his Teacher, you were to hear from her the reason of his absence for many Sundays past, and listen to her sorrowful account of his Death ; how he became worse, and was very much alarmed at the thought of dying ; talked, as he naturally would do, of the Sunday School, and longed for the Teacher *he used to have* to come to see him, and perhaps to pray with him ; then how he had got her to read the Bible to him—no small task to the poor woman—then how he became very ill, and at length seemed resigned to die. Do not let such an one have reason to say—"The former Teacher took a great deal of interest in me, and was at great pains to make us understand everything, and after the lesson, or during it, he would sometimes speak so earnestly to us as to how we ought to live and to pray to God : I am sorry now I ever gave him trouble, and so were the others when he was gone. The Sunday School Teacher we have *now* has never been to see me, and would hardly know me after this illness ; and he might not like to come, for he used just to hear the lessons, appeared cold and distant, and seemed to have little interest in us."

The above is only an *imaginary* case ; the Mother would not reveal all so candidly to the Teacher : but the thought that such a thing *might* happen should incite you to do your utmost to be faithful to Him whom you desire to serve. Surely in the Sabbath School class, pride and indifference may for once be dropped : do not fear the moistened eye and trembling tone which you cannot at all times prevent in speaking of God's love to those who seek Him ; who can be so out of place in the *class*, or in the *pulpit*, as a cold and indifferent Teacher ?

Occasional tea parties provided for your class will prove useful, and well worth the trifling expense and trouble, on account of the increased familiarity which they afford, not only amongst the scholars towards each other, but also towards you ; and they will, in consequence, feel more interest in the class. But do not lower the Sabbath School by offering Prizes,—free Tea Parties, &c.,—more than you can possibly avoid. It is a poor affair to have recourse to *bribery* ! It is not needed !

Meetings for Conversation, Reading, Quiet Games, &c.,

once a Month, are of great service, the boys will attend if they are made interesting.

If you would, however, know the true secret of success in a Sunday-school teacher, it is this,—a loving, earnest, and prayerful spirit; you feel yourself that all must at last depend upon this. No words of mine are needful to remind you how very dependent these boys are upon you for their best and eternal interests; how little there is often done for them at home.

Will you not try to be faithful to the trust committed to you? Your Prayers in their behalf, and your own, will never be forgotten or go unrewarded by Him, who once appealed to the Disciple who loved Him, perhaps more ardently than any other, and made the proof of that love lie in the fulfilment of the command—"Feed my Lambs!"

"SIMON, SON OF JONAS, LOVEST THOU ME?"

"He saith unto him the third time, 'Simon, Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?'"

And Peter was *grieved* because he said unto him the *third* time, Lovest thou Me? And he said unto Him, 'Lord! Thou knowest *all things*,—Thou knowest that I love Thee!' Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my lambs!'"

Dear Reader, the Blessed God may see in you Intellect, Power, Time, Opportunity, which, properly cultivated, and devoted to the Saviour's cause, may, with His aid, lead many a Soul to his Saviour, and his God! And your Lord comes to you, in your position as a Teacher, with the self-same words, "Lovest thou Me?" "Around you is a sinful,—and a *dying* World,—and precious souls, whom you, —with My aid,—may influence, are passing out into Eternity unsaved,—Will you be Mine?" Try then to be faithful to His call!

These boys come to you, in many cases, with much of the early innocence and gentle docility of boyhood, before they are exposed to those temptations they must experience when a few years older; you have now an opportunity of leading them to a nobler and better life, which may enable them to resist the temptations which must shortly be theirs. You can make the Sabbath-school of infinite use to them; you can encourage them to acquire the habit of placing savings in the school fund, which would otherwise be often spent worse than uselessly. You can expand and improve their minds, by providing them with the best books the library affords, and the influence of a good and clever book is frequently felt through a life-time!

Much that is foolish, and much that is vulgar, in the

intercourse between children, arises from *vacuity of the mind*. They have *no ideas*—nothing to talk about. Not so when such Books are taken Home: the conversation amongst boys is soon perceived to be more refined, *more intelligent*; and the intercourse between the Parents and Children is gradually softened, becomes more gentle; *coarse language* is felt to be more repulsive, and love for debasing amusements is greatly lessened. Do not let them lose these advantages of the Sabbath School through apathy or neglect. Be above feeling hurt at the conduct of any poor, untaught lad; you may soon prove to him that you will be Master, and yet not forget that he and the others must often look for all their good impressions from you.

If you fail in this, can we wonder at the Boys losing interest or liking for the Sunday School?

Make a Collection, also, of all suitable Stories you meet with, writing them out in a book, and read one after the Scripture lesson.

It will be also found a good plan (if writing is permitted in your Sunday School), instead of setting the frequently meaningless copies of the writing-master, to choose for copies some of the many very beautiful texts contained in the Bible. When they are too long for a single page, the text may be carried on for a further copy until completed. By writing such texts slowly they become familiar to the mind, and may be recalled some day, when far away, and perhaps have more influence for good than a long Sermon possesses. Even one hour after one of the latter has been delivered, *how few*,—adults as well as the young, can give even a tolerably correct, or intelligent, account of what it conveyed; whereas a text is not often forgotten when once impressed on the mind.

(1.) If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a Father, will he give him a stone; or if he ask a fish, will he give him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your Children, *how much more* shall your Heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him?

(2.) I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me.

(3.) The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

(4.) If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much *more clothe* you?

(5.) Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill Heaven and Earth? saith the Lord.

(6.) Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? He that defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy.

(7.) Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

(8.) Jesus said unto her, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again? But he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

(9.) But He answered and said unto them, "Who is My mother, or My brethren? For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister, and mother."

(10.) And one asked Him, saying, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" And He answered, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for few there be that find it."

(11.) For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.

(12.) Watch ye therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.

(13.) For what is a man advantaged though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

(14.) We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.

(15.) Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

(16.) Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

(17.) Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether it be of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?

(18.) I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

(19.) Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight; for all things are naked and open in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

(20.) He that formed the eye, shall He not see?

(21.) Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, bless them that curse you.

(22.) If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly

Father will also forgive your trespasses ; but if ye forgive not, &c.

(23.) As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but rather that he should turn from his ways and live.

(24.) Come now ! and let us reason together ! saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool !

(25.) He that gave His only Son to die for us, shall He not with Him freely give us all things ?

(26.) Even the Youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, &c.

(27.) If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ?

(28.) For God so loved the World that He gave His only Son to die for us, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

(29.) In Thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

YOUNG TEACHER. "You have given me a *pretty task* in this chapter !" Well ! That is so. But *then the Reward !* Our difficulty, dear Reader, is to *act up* to our own *precepts !*



Theory and Reality ; or Precept and Example.

"In Archery,"—observed Dr. —, "*much depends upon attitude ;—observe, my dears, how I draw myself to my full height,—pull the arrow up to the ear,—I then loose the string, my arrow strikes the centre of the Target.*"

Theoretically. But, unfortunately,—as a *matter of fact*,—the grand old man missed the Target *altogether !*

CHAPTER V.

HINTS TO YOUTHS AND YOUNG MEN EMPLOYED IN
FACTORIES, WORKSHOPS, WAREHOUSES, &c. — THE
HONEST APPRENTICE BOY.

ALTHOUGH much that has been already said to those occupying situations as clerks, &c., meets your case, and although I am aware that it requires one of your own class properly to understand your difficulties and wants, a few hints may be of use.

Read over carefully what has been already said upon preserving your health,—industry,—and behaviour to your Employers.

I would not wish to advocate anything unmanly, or cunning,—a trait so hateful to the English lad or English man,—but a natural and praiseworthy desire to stand well with your masters, to gain their approval and confidence. Without the least sign being given on their part, you will not fail to attract their attention by uniform diligence and good will during work-hours.

Believe me, a Master has a sharp eye, and quick intelligence, when self-interest is in the question; there are many who could pick out to a nicety, the youths and men of most service to them, and, of course, will naturally give them the preference when they need any personal service requiring confidence and trust, and *retain them* when the hands have to be reduced.

I have already spoken of that habit of betting, gambling, of playing for money, so common among the working class, which seems to deprive you, very early in life, of that free, generous, love of manly games and sports played for their own sakes alone. Though so becoming in every English lad, if they could but be played for their own sakes alone, it is these games,—joined with expensive habits,—which place temptation forcibly in your way.

Idle and desultory reading is also prone to do so, particularly with those who can have little time and opportunity for other reading; some novels and tales of fiction impart perceptibly a morbid sensibility and moral weakness, destructive of sound judgment between right and wrong, and tend to encourage in your mind indulgence in evil.

You know that I do not wish to discourage you from reading all that may tend to advance and improve your intellect. No retail trade, nor, indeed, any business involving only buying and selling, and not embracing mechanical study, can entirely fill the mind of a youth: thoughts will arise; youths employed in shops must have some vacant hours. I have alluded further on to the better class of novels. I would only ask you to use your judgment in their selection. You have the Free Libraries at your disposal, and also those attached to every Sunday School; do justice to yourself; deny yourself the perusal of all works which you feel, with the quick consciousness all youths possess, exercise an evil tendency on your mind. I have remarked to boys, when accidentally they have proved themselves acquainted with the very portions of a work least adapted to do them good, even portions of the Holy Scriptures themselves,—“Is it not an unworthy thing, amongst *so much* that is *good*, ever to *select* and *retain* such portions, whilst so little attention is paid to the rest? Are you doing justice to yourself in appearing to meet with something alone *congenial* to your taste in the most *doubtful* portion you can select?”

HONESTY. CRIME ON THE STAGE.

Fictions of so-called daring, such as the lives of Highwaymen, Pirates, &c., are, from first to last, as unreal as they are injurious to your mind. Cases occur where youths have been induced actually to commence, as far as lay in their power, the career of such wretches as Sheppard, Turpin, &c., merely from reading those unfair, unreal accounts of the lives and deaths of these men, and from the applause bestowed upon the representation of these characters in our theatres. The cheap penny trash purporting to be their lives is utterly false, and gives no idea of the wretched lives these men really lived.

“Whenever Sheppard did a clever thing the people all clapped!” said one boy, who had commenced such a career as that; *and father says Turpin always gave to a poor man*; it was that clapping sent me off.” If you *must* study such lives, read carefully the real and true account of how they lived and died,—steeped in every vice and crime, hateful alike to God or man. But how much better than such reading is the perusal of such works as the “Boy’s Own Book,” containing so much to excite you to *some useful pursuit* or *self-improvement*, at a price no

greater than that given for these works. The effect of such trash and of such theatres,—the galleries of which are filled with numbers of lads, watching with earnest interest such scenes,—is too sad to dwell upon! Crimes and Vices of the vilest classes can be thus *dressed up* in unreal garb, and combined in perfectly fictitious characters, with *something noble* and generous, and with a *showy exterior*, to attract the eye; thus committing the *worst of murders*.—destroying young and innocent minds, by means of their noblest sympathies! Believe me, the “Bold Highwayman,” or “Pirate who sweeps the Sea,” dressed to “the nines” in top boots and blue coat, in your romance and imagination, is a very different being to the wretched outcasts of actual life, who for a short time managed to escape the penalty of their crimes, which they had soon to pay. Your character for perfect honesty is the *choicest gift* you can possess; treat with abhorrence anything which tends to lessen its value in your estimation! Your future advancement rests chiefly upon this sense of honesty; it is alone sufficient to attract the goodwill of your Employer towards you; and as it lies much in his power to aid your advancement in life, it is right that you should, in addition to this trait, spare no pains to secure his approbation and good services, by every fair and honourable means.

As God's call in your case is probably to serve Him by an active life, labouring chiefly with your hands, instead of mental effort, the strengthening of your bodies, and keeping them in perfect health, the learning to be enduring and hardy, is especially your duty. The happiness of your future home, and your success in life, depend upon the preservation of health. Read over carefully the Chapter on Health.

However active and strong you may now feel, avoid the hurried meal, or meat half-cooked, and bread too fresh to be wholesome; avoid long hours in the close, hot workshop, by opening a window, and take care if you sleep with more than one in the small, close, rooms so general in our towns, to open your bedroom window an inch or two; to be healthy, have *fresh air you must*. Having previously given rules for daily habits, I need only urge upon you their fair and attentive perusal.

In your case, your entire hope of future success in life, must depend upon your resolve not to fall into those snares and vicious habits which will blight every prospect of advancement, and consign you to a life of worthlessness and sin; in your position, loss of *character* is loss of all.

Working together, as hundreds of the young in our large manufactories do, it is impossible for the best of masters to do much to aid you in this point. And in hundreds of cases the masters do nothing whatever! Thus, after all, your advancement must depend chiefly upon yourself; it must rest with yourself either to devote yourself to self-improvement by easy studies, and innocent and useful pursuits, or follow your companions to the nurseries of sin!

You have your choice between the Night School, the Science and Art Institute, the Debating Club, the Penny Lectures, the Classes for reading, writing, drawing, &c., between manly games, played innocently, and for their own sake alone—and the Cheap Theatre, the Dancing Saloon for the young, the Drinking, and Concert Halls, and the host of like abominations. Which shall it be? I know that in your case the power of example is almost overpowering, because you cannot be expected to possess while so young, sufficient self-reliance to think and act for yourself, *in defiance* of the *majority*, and you are now probably removed from those who were ever ready to advise and aid you in good. If you have parents who have ever consulted your innocent pleasures and wishes, ever welcomed you home whenever holidays occurred; who have encouraged your progress, pointed out and kindly corrected your little errors; who have ever striven to impart to you all the instruction their own powers can give, and their means could obtain; who have endeavoured to find out in what your natural bent consists; let the remembrance of that home, where good precepts came ever in the most engaging shapes, induce you still to seek and obtain their advice. Let them have your fullest confidence!

A Youth having such friends during his growth towards manhood, comes into busy life with the parents' experience and his own. It is difficult to mislead, or ruin him; he has a resource to fall back upon—friends to whom he can with confidence impart his thoughts; and even though they may not possess superior intellects and acquirements, still this confidence is a precious thing. If you have no such friends, you must endeavour to think and act for yourself. A few words to those who are thus left to themselves will be found a little further on. If, however, positive acts of oppression and coercion are used by others to make you share in their sinful amusements—if your fellow-workmates are notoriously immoral—you have the option of changing your *position* for another. It is not a step to be recommended

when it can be avoided, especially in some descriptions of trade; but the lasting harm which even one thoroughly bad character, of either sex, has the power to inflict, renders it sometimes absolutely needful. The same step must be suggested in case of actual dishonesty on the part of your employer; the example such a one may give to a Youth, of shuffling, unfair, and positively dishonest dealing, is of itself sufficient to depress, and in some cases, (before long), overcome, all honourable and worthy feelings that the lad may possess, and all the good influence of a Parent's care and teaching. As an example I have chosen an extract from "Chambers's Miscellany," alluded to further on, of a dishonest Master. It must, however, be remembered that the Scene is placed, many years ago, in France; but, although the customs, coinage, &c., alluded to, are unlike our own, *human nature* remains the *same*, and the story offers a fair illustration of the temptations to dishonesty which may sometimes be placed in a Youth's way by a dishonest Employer, Foreman, head workman, &c.

THE HONEST APPRENTICE BOY.

In the Shop of a woollen draper in Rheims, an apprentice boy of slender appearance, and handsome, intelligent, features, stood within the counter poring over the pages of a Volume. His name was Baptiste—Jean Baptiste Colbert.

"What is the day of the month?" asked the Master of the Establishment, looking up from his green leathern arm-chair, at the further extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

"The 30th October, 1632," replied the youth.

"Right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year," replied the old woollen draper briskly. "This is 1634, and that you should know, for you are fifteen years old this year."

"So I should, godfather, for I am fond of ciphering. But, at the moment you spoke, I was —"

"Oh, I see; *reading* as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for business. But what book is it that interests you so much?"

"Why, Sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency."

"The Duke of Montmorency? What have you to say to him? Here at the sign of The Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do is to sell cloth."



THE HONEST APPRENTICE BOY

"I know that, sir," modestly answered the youth, "and I will try to do my best, I am sure."

"Well, I dare say you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray, tell me what he was tried for?"

"You know, sir, that when Louis XIII. set out from Paris, in 1629, notwithstanding the intense cold of Winter, he went, in person, to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend himself against the claims in which the Duke of Monferrat——."

"I declare the little fellow is born a Statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together," said the old linen draper, looking up at the youth, whose expression of earnest thought seemed little suited to the softness of his boyish features, and the fair silky hair, which, as was the custom of that day, fell in large curls on his shoulders.

"Well, Godfather," continued Baptiste, glowing with indignation at the history he had just been reading, "when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Casal, seized upon Pignerol, and (according to the treaty made three years before) put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the Duchy of Mantua; when with the title of 'The deliverer of Italy,' he returned with the Duke of Richelieu, he found his brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted, with many other of the nobles, amongst them the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Languedoc, of which he was the governor. The Duke was, however, taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castenandery, and, being convicted, was beheaded by the order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th of October, 1632."

"There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues," observed the old woollen draper, who, as the Reader may perceive, did not altogether dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

Note.—The Cardinal de Richelieu was prime minister of Louis XIII., and has been considered by historians as one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin; and if, in these days of cheap literature and novels, you have read of these characters in Dumas' "Three Musketeers," &c., at least follow it up by referring to French history, for more reliable information.

"Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic," replied Baptiste, with animation; "and if I am ever prime minister——"

A *roar* of laughter from the old woollen draper, from the apprentice, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping in the front part of the shop, interrupted poor Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples!

"There are no longer any boys!" cried the head-porter, Moline. "There are no longer any boys!"

"If—you—are—ever—prime—minister," repeated the master of the Golden Fleecce, drawling out each syllable. "But do me the favour, sir," he added, abruptly changing his tone, "first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and learn to be thankful for obtaining a respectable means of earning a livelihood!"

"I beg your pardon, godfather, I will endeavour to do all that is desired of me."

"Well! well! Lay aside your book, and take this invoice to M. Cenani, of the firm of Cenani and Mazerani, bankers, of Paris. Now set off to the banker's and show him these cloths to make hangings for a country house he has purchased. No. 1 cloth is marked three crowns a yard, No. 2 six crowns, No. 3 eight crowns, and No. 4 fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony."

"Shall I make any abatement?" asked Baptiste, taking a card of patterns, while, Moline, the porter, loaded himself with some pieces of the cloth.

"Abatement?" said the woollen draper. "No! the full price, and ready money, remember!"

Baptiste, followed by Moline, set off to the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying. "I wish to see M. Cenani," said Baptiste, to the person in attendance.

"The first staircase on the left, Nos. 8 and 10," said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the youth knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very handsome young man in a dressing gown of bright green damask, richly flowered with red. "I come from M. Certain," said Baptiste, bowing, and Moline placed the pieces of cloth on the table.

"The young banker merely said, 'Let me see,' at the same time carelessly approaching the bales; which Moline eagerly opened. Scarcely looking at them, he touched each piece successively with his fingers, and put one aside. 'I like this best; what is its price?'"

"Fifteen crowns a yard," answered Baptiste. "Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked. 'Very well,' said the latter; 'it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are there in this piece?'"

"Thirty yards," said Moline, looking at the mark; "and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir——"

"It is quite unnecessary, my friend: I may trust M. Certain. Thirty yards, at fifteen crowns, make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are." And going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste. "Do you know how to write, my friend?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

"Well, give me a receipt."

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the other pieces of cloth: both then bowed and retired. If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than *usually* jocose, and went so far as to say, "That, in his opinion, they had done a *pretty good* day's work."

"Well!" said the Master of The Golden Fleece, as Moline threw the cloths upon the counter, "which have you sold? You have made no mistake I hope!" added he, noticing something unusual in Moline's looks.

"I think not," said Baptiste, quietly.

"But I think you *have*!" said Moline, with a smile.

"Do you think so, Moline? Do you think so?" cried the old woollen draper, examining the tickets. "If you have made a mistake, you shall go and ask M. Cenani for the surplus money; and if he refuse to give it, you must pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 is worth eight crowns."—

"Eight crowns! eight crowns!" said Baptiste, astounded; "are you sure of that, godfather?"

"Perhaps you would like to make out that it was I who made the mistake! I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns, I am half dead with fear! I will lay a wager that the fellow has sold it for six" said the old woollen draper, as Moline left them together.

"On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen! but——"

"Fifteen! Fifteen!" interrupted the woollen draper, lowering his voice to a whisper, and trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone betrayed. Fifteen! then you are a *clever* boy, a *good* boy, Baptiste; you will make *your way* one day! Fifteen! I am glad that I stood sponsor for you! Fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not

worth six ! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight, —seven crowns a yard profit ! thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns,—six hundred and thirty francs profit ! Oh ! *happy day !*

"But, godfather, would you take advantage ?" said the honest boy, drawing back.

"Why what does it matter to a rich banker like M. Cenani, so that he is satisfied ?" said the dishonest shop-keeper ; "but perhaps you want to go shares, to have your share in the sale ? Well, that is fair ! Certainly ! I agree to let you have something."

"Godfather," interrupted the boy, taking up his hat, "I cannot agree to any such thing.—I will go to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and return him the money he overpaid me !"

And with these words Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out ! The old woollen draper stood in amazement and wrath, at this unforeseen occurrence : but we shall leave him for a moment to follow the youth, who soon found his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani. "Can I see M. Cenani ?" asked the breathless Baptiste of the valet-de-chambre, who had opened the door for him a quarter of an hour before.

"He is not yet gone out, but I do not think you can see him," replied the valet ; *my master is dressing.*"

"I beg of you sir, to let me see him immediately," said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones ; "it is absolutely necessary that I should see him !"

"I will go and enquire," said the valet, struck with the boy's appearance ; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

"What is the matter, Comtois ?" asked the young master, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was giving a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

"It is the youth from the wollen draper's, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir," replied the valet.

"He cannot see me now !" said M. Cenani. "My sword, Comtois."

"Oh ! pray, sir, one word !" said the imploring voice of the boy.

"What brings you here ? What do you want ? I paid you, did I not ?" said the banker, turning round angrily, "Cannot you see that I am engaged. Go !"

But with the fearlessness which is given by youth, and the consciousness of *doing right*, Baptiste,—instead of retiring,—advanced a few steps into the room. "Sir," said he to the young banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment overcame his anger, "I have imposed upon you,—unintentionally, it is true." Then taking advantage of the surprise his words created, he stepped up to the table, and, emptying the money out of his bag on to it, he added, "here are four hundred and fifty crowns, the same you gave me just now. The cloth I sold you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns, make only two hundred and forty : I have to return you two hundred and eight. Will you please see that this is right ?

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake, my boy," said the banker, quickly changing his tone.

"You have the piece, still, sir ! is it not marked No. 3 ?"

"It is," said the valet, going to examine it.

"The No. 3 is sold at eight crowns, sir. I assure you," continued the boy, "the mistake was my own ! I trust you will pardon my rudeness in thus forcing my way in ; but I feared you were leaving, and should never have forgiven myself,"—and he was about to retire with a bow.

"Stay, stay a moment !" cried Cenani, stopping Baptiste as he was leaving the room,—*"you must have seen I was myself no judge of cloth ?"*

"I can assure you, sir, that this piece is not worth more than eight crowns !

Smiling at his innocence, the young banker continued, "And you might easily have kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of such a thing" said the young apprentice, indignantly.

"But if you *had* thought of it ?" again inquired the young man.

"It is quite impossible such a thing should have come into my head ! I might as well have carried off all that you have here." And an ingenuous smile lighted up the countenance of the boy.

"Suppose I were to make you a present of it,—of this money you have returned to me with such integrity ?"

"What right have I to it, sir ? I could not take it sir ! said the youth, embarrassed.

"You are a fine fellow, a good, honest boy," said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking his hand in both his own, "What is your name ?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert," replied Baptiste modestly."

"And how old are you, Baptiste?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall it to his memory; are you related by any possibility to the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The Castlehills—the Scotch Barons, are the ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir, and bear the same arms."

"Then how comes it that your father, their descendant, the descendant of such a family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but we are very poor, and it is to relieve the family of the burden of supporting me that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain."

"Ah! Certain was the draper's name, I forgot!" murmured the young banker; "Poor boy! so much that is noble and amiable!"

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet, who had left the room at a sign from his master, re-appearing.

The young banker seemed to let go the boy's hand with regret! He would have liked to have prevailed on him to accept the sum lying on the table, but he did not wish to call up again a blush of shame and mortification, upon that noble young face. The latter feeling prevailed, for he contented himself with saying, "We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again!" And with a kind look, let him go.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was turning down the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp! It was that of his enraged master! All remonstrances from the poor boy were in vain! M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy of money, and had a hasty temper, and, irritated to the last degree at the money being returned, he abused the Boy in a frantic manner for having done so. "Get out of my sight, and my employment!" he concluded; "and follow my advice, it is the last I shall ever give you—never come within the reach of either my arm, or my tongue! There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you!"

Baptiste had made up his mind to bear his Master's anger, but the idea of his dismissing him had now for the first time entered his head! The poor lad sorrowfully bent *his steps to his father's house!* It was seven o'clock in the

evening when he reached it, and M. Colbert was seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened and the youth entered! A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air so unusual in the boy.

"What is the matter! Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is M. Certain ill? Or are you? What is the matter?"

"I have been dismissed by M. Certain!" said the young apprentice, as soon as the questions of both father and mother allowed him to speak.

M. Colbert looked very grave, and Madam Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance! "What is it? have you done wrong?" asked his father.

"I will leave it for you to decide, father," replied Baptiste; "and I will relate to you all that occurred; but I do not think that I have done wrong, although I feel sorrow to appear before you like this, after being dismissed; yet, if it were to happen again, I would act as I have done."

"Go on, Baptiste," said his father, while his mother looked at him encouragingly, and his little brother blew kisses at him. He told the whole simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach. Indeed, the good-natured boy seemed to seek palliation for his godfather's conduct, which, though hateful to his own feelings, he tried to excuse.

"M. Certain is so fond of money," said he, "and then as a tradesman, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. If one may charge a profit on the yard, why may not one, he might say, charge a hundred francs, if one can get it?"

"My dear boy," said M. Colbert, "you are indeed my son;" and, he added, as he pressed the boy to his bosom, "you have behaved well, and have my full approbation."

"Dear Baptiste," said his mother, "you have indeed acted well. You shall never return to that man."

"I cannot remain a burden to you, however," observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

"We will think of that to-morrow," replied M. Colbert; "you are tired and hungry." Just at this moment a carriage drove up to the doors, bells rung, and voices were heard below.

"Sir," said the solitary servant they kept, entering the room at this moment, "a gentleman is at the door in a *post-chaise*, and wants to speak to you."

"His name, Jean?"

"He says that you do not know him; but he is very anxious to see you."

"Ask him to walk up," said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply, for he recognised at once his kind friend the banker.

"Sir," said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, "I beg a thousand pardons for thus intruding; but I leave to-morrow, and business in Paris admits of no delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm of Cenani and Mazerani, of Paris.

"In what can I serve you, sir?" asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

"This youth is, I believe, your son?" enquired the young banker, taking Baptiste by the hand, who blushed yet more deeply.

"Yes sir, thank God!"

"You have cause to thank God, sir; the boy acted this morning in a truly noble manner!"

"Only as he ought, sir; only as he ought, said Madame Colbert, hastily, fearing that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

"But I think you probably hardly know the whole, madame: Baptiste, I suspect, has not told you the whole. I called at M. Certain's for a further piece of cloth, and in his absence was informed by the shopman, who had overheard it, what delighted me more than all, that your boy, madam, was offered a share if he divided it with his master, and, at the risk of deeply offending him, he at once refused; the temptation was no small one!"

"Quite right! excellent! my dear boy," said Madam Colbert, with happy pride,—"he did not mention this;" while his father looked, with all a father's approbation, upon his son.

"I am aware that for this conduct your boy has been dismissed from M. Certain's, and on that account I determined to come here this evening, and to ask you, since you have suffered your son to enter into trade, if it would suit you, to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house. In time such a boy will *make his fortune*.—I tell you, madam, he would *make his fortune*!" he added, with emphasis.

Baptiste, when he understood the banker's intention, said quietly, "But, sir, I shall then have to leave my parents, I would rather not make a fortune if I am to leave them."

"But Baptiste," said his father, seriously but tenderly, "we are very poor; I have already regretted having had to place you in such an obscure sphere. Since this kind gentleman has appreciated you so far as to take this trouble to seek for you, he deserves our fullest confidence. It may prove the turning point in your life. Bear with me, sir, but in trusting the boy to your care I give you the flower of our family! In the great city where you are going, oh! watch over him as a brother! And, Baptiste, my boy, go with this gentleman, listen to his advice and follow it, and, as you have hitherto done, ever remember your duty!

It was a sorrowful parting. Baptiste's young heart sank at the thought of leaving that home where every spot recalled some pleasure of his childhood's sports, and of losing the advice and confidence of his fond parents. Even down to old Jean there were subjects for sorrow! He had never left home, and knew nothing of the world he was soon to be plunged in. But on the morrow, thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, the change of scene and place, and the kindness of his new friend, who had from the first taken a fancy to the boy, Baptiste felt a new life spring within him, as he was whirled along in the comfortable travelling carriage, with his young and cheerful companion. Having arrived at Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world! All was beautiful and delightful! But in spite of all, his good sense caused him to pursue diligently the duties his kind-hearted employer gave to him. With eyes and ears open to all he heard or saw, he closely adhered to his occupation as bank clerk, at the house of Messrs. Cenani and Mazerani. By his diligence and general skill he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny! He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining early manhood he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the object of his great ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

Follow him, my young readers, in his history, as the boy, once in the woollen draper's shop, rose step by step to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory. Amongst it all, he never forgot his parents. He provided

for his four brothers valuable appointments,—one had a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre; and his father was created a baron. It was of this able Minister,—for Colbert *did* become a Minister,—Cardinal Mazarin, dying, said to Louis XIV. "I owe everything to you, sire; but I think, acquit myself in some degree, in giving your Majesty, Colbert." And Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merits so highly that he created him Comptroller-General of Finance. It was he who established the glass works in the Faubourg St. Antoine, also the celebrated Gobelin manufactory in 1667. In short, you cannot go any distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert,—of the glories of the age of Louis XIV.,—who, if he had only followed Colbert's peaceful policy, would not have failed to realize solid benefits for France.

Colbert died on the 9th December, 1683, sixty-three years of age, after a career as useful as it was brilliant; and you must ever remember that his first step in distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

I give the whole tale to you because it is true; here is, at least, no fiction. Although the scenes have long since passed away, and such a course of events in the life of a boy may occur but once, still it should exercise a good influence over your mind,—a resolve to do right. Your future destiny is in God's hands; it is not left to chance; be true to His teaching, and to what is noble and good,—stand by this, and He will stand by you.

FOOD, CLEANLINESS, &c.

Returning, from this digression, to the daily habits of working youths, I have already spoken of the use of tobacco and strong drink. I wish you could be entirely dissuaded from their use.

I could not, without going out of my province, treat upon the damaging effects which the use of tobacco and strong drinks (when early made a habit) slowly, but surely produce on the whole being,—mind, brain, temper, and body. But show me a youth, arrived at early manhood, who has for years been in their habitual use, and another who, in addition to entire abstinence from these injurious stimulants, has adhered to the daily habits I have recommended, and no further word from me will be needful.

Look at them for yourself! Which gives most promise of a healthy, virtuous, cheerful, and happy life? One in the *first strength* of early manhood and vigour, ruddy, cheerful,

and healthy; the other pale and unhealthy looking, with spirits depressed, the early freshness of faculties and perceptions already dimmed,—a foretaste, however slight, of lingering, and premature decay! It would be a happy thing if every working youth would become a "Good Templar!"

Cleanliness, in your case, is more needed than in any other; read over the rules already given on this point, and say if your daily work, let it be what it may, in the whole range of all possible trades (with *one* exception) renders such rules impossible for your daily fulfilment?

THE CLIMBING BOYS' MISERIES.

The exception I allude to is the one of the poor boys still employed by the Master Sweeps in cleaning chimneys. It is no less than consigning a boy to a life of disease, misery, and degradation; and how any youth can be found willing to continue such an employment, when able to choose for himself, it is difficult to understand! A boy forced early to be out in the cold winter mornings, almost naked, to follow this profession, and still to ascend flues which the machine ought to be made to clean effectually, is a disgrace to our nation, and is to me the saddest sight our English towns can produce!

As late as the year (1875), a climbing boy was suffocated in a flue, up which he had been sent by his Master. The man was tried for manslaughter, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. This was the second death that year from this cause.

Where flues are old-fashioned, and badly constructed, on a slant, the soot collects, and a boy is stifled in attempting to push through. The worst case, perhaps, of this kind, took place some sixty years ago in Edinburgh. A boy from the workhouse was bound apprentice to a chimney-sweep. The boy got jammed in a difficult flue. The people in the house wished to send for a bricklayer to open the chimney, but the boy's master insisted on sending another boy up to fasten a rope to the boy's legs, at which he and another man pulled violently for a long time! They even used a lever to get greater power! The witnesses thought that the man showed a spite against the unfortunate boy. Other sweeps said that boys "frequently got jammed, but they had never seen ropes thus used before."

The boy, while they were pulling, was heard to say, "Oh! God Almighty!"—upon which the man replied that

"he would 'God Almighty' him when he got him down!" The boy was taken out by the bricklayers, dead, his neck jammed against the brickwork, and in a quantity of soot. There were flues up which no boy should ever be sent.

The Jury got the Wretch transported for seven years, and, after hearing further evidence, expressed privately their wish that the man had been tried for wilful murder, for they would have found him guilty. For a man who lodged in the house stated that the master had the character of being a cruel and dangerous man to deal with, thus accounting for the reluctance of the neighbours to interfere with his known brutality. "He had seen the man tie this boy to a chest—gag his mouth with a stick, to prevent his cries being heard—beat him with ropes till the blood came, and then put saltpetre on him!" "He had also seen him put him into a tub of cold water, to make his sores pain him, and had seen him force the boy to eat the vilest offal!" The boy was described by him as "a fine boy of about 13 years old—an orphan from the workhouse." "The man,—also the woman the man lived with,—would often acknowledge that the punishments they gave the boy were usually without any true cause."

The man's *defence* was the worst part of the affair. It was to the effect that he acted upon system, not from spite; "he had gone through much the same life before he became master sweep, and that their trade was, in itself, so abominable a one, that unless they used the boys with great brutality, and kept them *almost in fear of their lives*, they could not get them to go up chimneys at all!"

That there was truth in the man's remark, is confirmed by the evidence of 33 Master Sweeps examined before the Commission. (For extracts, see *Times*, May 12, 1875.) Many of these were evidently well-meaning men, compelled by their trade to inhumanity.

"No one knows the cruelty which a boy has to undergo in learning. The elbows and knees must be hardened by rubbing them with strong brine, close by a hot fire. You must stand over him with a cane."

Another Master Sweep:—"In learning a boy, you *must* use violence; it does not do to be tender with him. At first he will come back from work with his arms and knees streaming with blood, then he must be rubbed with brine again. It is like killing them, but it must be done."

Another said:—"I would be kind to them if I could; but it does not do. My heart has ached often to hear their

cries, though I was a party, one may say, to it. I have kept a boy three hours in a chimney when he was so sore that he could hardly move, but I could not let him come down till he had done his work, it would not do. Then he had to be rubbed with brine. It is the only plan. In some boys the flesh does not harden for months, and even years."

"I have been jammed myself nine times, when a boy," said a sweep to the writer; "there are chimneys and flues no boy ought to be sent up."

"If a boy you are teaching is gloomy, or timid, and *won't* go up, you must use violence; the work has to be done. Another boy must follow the learner *with a pin*."

The Americans—as usual in advance of us in ingenuity, if not in philanthropy—have years ago considered the practice unsuited to human beings, and in New York, &c., the machine has been alone used for many years past.

It seems amazing, that, in spite of the Act, this shameful practice is still, at times, carried on by the Master Sweeps. It is a disgrace to our country! The above case was one out of many brought forward by the Commission appointed to frame the Act passed 50 years ago. It proved that systematic cruelty was considered necessary to the Trade. Some of the Sweeps confessed to the practice of keeping learners, while helpless in the flues, in an agony of terror lest straw should be *lighted* in the grate below! "It made them force their way through quicker!" And instances were given of its actually being done!

It may seem incredible, but it is a fact that, from first to last *it took 40 long years*, namely, from 1800 to 1840, before Philanthropists could get this Act passed.

Well might the noble Earl of Shaftesbury—whose name was associated, for generations past, with every Philanthropic movement in behalf of the poor and oppressed, and is engraven on the hearts of the English People—well may the Earl—complaining in 1875, in the Papers, of the Acts being still evaded, and nominal fines of 2/6 only being inflicted,—remark—"These instances occur in direct defiance of a law which has been on the Statute book for 35 years, and was founded on the most distressing evidence, morally and physically, ever addressed to the sympathies of the British Public." Note. It will be noticed that the above was written for the 1875 edition of this book.

DIET. WHOLESOME MEALS.

In regard to diet, what can you expect the freshly killed *half-cooked meat* many young workmen will hastily

swallow, amidst the dirt of the hot, close, unhealthy workshops, will result in? What can you expect the habit of *constant neglect* of all personal cleanliness, and the ill-ventilated, close, sleeping apartment, will occasion—but to shorten life? Yet with a little energy you may remedy every one of those evils; a window in the shop you work in may be left very slightly open, and the same attention to your sleeping-room, and the daily habits I have recommended in a previous chapter, will secure you from most of the evils spoken of,—your own ingenuity should provide for the rest. As God's call in your case is probably to serve Him by an active life, by labouring chiefly with your hands, rather than taxing the mind, the strengthening of your body, keeping it in perfect health, and rendering it active and enduring, is especially your duty. Your success, and the happiness of your future home, must depend upon the preservation of your health.

A FIRST-RATE WORKMAN. INDUSTRY.

Be determined to be a first-rate hand in your profession, whatever it may be; *never rest* till you are considered a clever workman. Others no older than yourself, can succeed in certain processes, why cannot you? Keep on till you have mastered the difficulty. Remember that many have raised themselves from boys in our workshops to be successful business men. I could with a little pains, obtain very many such instances; but in our large towns they are *innumerable*,—you will, indeed, notice such cases in your own experience every year. But mark how few have been thus successful in defiance of good habits, of industry, and the qualities I have endeavoured to present to your mind. "Self Help," by Mr. Smiles, will give you more examples. Sir Walter Scott was a copying clerk,—*"it made his evenings of study all the more sweet."* John Britten, the author, came shoeless and penniless to London, and would diligently read at book-stalls. Bewick began painting on a cottage wall, with chalk; Wilkie on a barn door, with a burnt stick: Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on the handle of his plough!

As to industry, Newton wrote his "Chronology" *fifteen* times before he was satisfied with it! Gibbon wrote his "Roman Empire" nine times! Montesquieu said of one part of his writings, "You will read it in a few hours, but I assure you it cost me labour which has whitened my hair." *Hunter* only slept four hours, and one hour after dinner;

his rule through life was "to deliberately consider, before I commence whether the thing is practicable, if not, I abandon it; if it is, I begin, and once begun, I never stop till the thing is done,—to this rule I owe my success," How preferable is any pursuit thus carried out, to sitting out the long Summer evenings with a pipe, as youths may be seen to do; many of them possess naturally a taste for something useful,—if they could be roused to commence. I am aware that even aspiring and energetic youths, who set out with a determination to rise, who, beginning under disadvantages, still nobly look forward, will find their means scarcely adequate to furnishing the books and implements requisite for their favourite study, whatever it may be. The Institutes, however, of our large Towns prove how this may be remedied. And not only are Employers, in many instances, now willing to close their shops at seven o'clock in the evening, but some care is now taken that proper books, &c., are accessible to those they employ. You have also the Free Libraries, and the cheap Night Classes for Art, and every Science subject, now established in every Town.

VICIOUS PARENTS. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

To conclude, allow me to address a word to a Youth who has not had the advantages of a happy home, and who has been neglected in early life. Sad, indeed, is your lot, who, not from God's providence, remember, but from the errors and sins of others,—have had your lot cast, in early life, in scenes of irreligion, unkindness, and, too often, open sin! Instead of such parents as those of young Colbert, to encourage in you all that is good and right, the standard of right and wrong you have had placed before you may have been base and mean; the earliest impressions and precepts you have received, selfish and low.

You will ask, "What could I do;—who taught me better?" "How," you may ask, "can I do otherwise than fall back upon the society of those of my own age, who, let them be ignorant and sinful, are, at least in their way, kindly companions, and have much in common with me?"

I know that you have much reason for what you say; but, alas! who does not see the result of such society in youth,—in the folly, the conceit, the coarseness of thought and language of the groups of young men in our streets, soon, alas! to become fathers themselves, whose language,

as one passes, causes one to blush to be supposed to understand it! I cannot dwell upon the conduct of your parents with the severity they deserve; a time will come when they will feel for themselves what they have done in driving you to seek such associates! It is useless to tell you to honour and obey those whom to honour is *impossible*, and to obey would be confessedly *sinful*; but I would remind you who are thus situated, brought up more or less without religion of any kind, of the value and blessing of religious teaching in the Sabbath-school.

You will learn there, before it is too late,—before you have lost all faith in the wisdom and goodness of others, of those to whom in early life we naturally look for both,—you will learn to know another Parent of infinite goodness,—a Heavenly Father. You will learn that if your lot excites a desire for a happier life to be in store for you, on the part of your teachers,—too often alas!—selfish and sinful themselves,—how much more is there One who looks upon you *not* with severity and anger, but with an interest, and a love *not to be expressed* in words! Be therefore in the regular habit of attending the Sabbath-school; the good obtained from it commences from early boyhood, and, as you grow up, there are adult classes suited for further instruction.

I know that vast numbers of Working Youths in your position, never attend Divine worship; indeed there are many things which render it somewhat unlikely that they should. Attending Divine Worship may be seen a fair sprinkling of the middle-aged and elderly, of both sexes; but where are the youths of the congregation, those between twelve and twenty years of age? A very serious question, when you consider that this is the time of life when the character takes its tone for time and for Eternity!

The affections are then more susceptible, and fancy the brightest; the opinions on morals, and religion, and daily practice, are then generally formed. *What you* are in early manhood you will *probably remain*. But if the reason of your non-attendance at Divine Worship is that the harangues of the pulpit shoot over your head, and that you are unaccustomed to the service, and therefore ill at ease; that in a word, the whole is beyond your sympathy and comprehension, then the Sabbath-school meets your need. There you are sure of an easy, ready welcome, the seats are free, and the teacher willing to do his utmost to interest and *instruct* you, and receive you kindly amongst others of *your own class*.

You will meet with the same blessed truths from him; but you need not fear the lengthy discourse, the orthodox divisions under three heads, the "words of course," heard so often that the mind actually wearies with hearing them, while the heart and affections remain untouched, which the pulpit (although there are many exceptions) too often has alone to offer to the young.

But presuming that your Sabbath-school Teacher is *what fancy pictures him*, how much may be done to overcome the prejudices you have gained, through neglect and evil education, towards all that would lead you to life and peace! How truly comes from the mouth of the youthful Teacher, or, if unuttered, are tacitly understood, words like these,— "You cannot say that you see in me an interested, morose, and grave Minister, who, placed by age and position out of all sympathy with yourself, looks down from a serene height upon sins to which his circumstances and age do not tempt him, and on the ignorance which his own education does not allow him to understand. I am occupied, like yourself, busily through the day, my occupations are not dissimilar to your own; your difficulties and temptations are often mine also: the same youthful blood flows in me as in you; the same youthful fancies and desires, and passions dance in my bosom as in yours! So that when I would endeavour to employ the superior advantages I have enjoyed, for your service,—when I would persuade you to let us come together to the same dear Saviour, and to walk together in that path of service and love to Him which alone will lead us to eternal life and happiness,—I cannot be desiring anything unnatural or beyond your years and understanding. No. I am almost as much a boy as yourself; as liable, alas! to temptation as you are; as fond of seeing all that is to be seen and enjoyed as yourself."

Your chief difficulty will be in obtaining an efficient and good Teacher, but if you are not at first successful, few Teachers will be unwilling, if you express a desire, to get you transferred to another class for which you entertain a partiality, and either obtain another in exchange, or fill up your place with a new comer.

You feel that you can receive religious education from one Teacher more than from another; and as this is the great object of your attending the school, no true Teacher will allow trifling considerations of self-esteem or routine to stand in your way.

But when you have met with a Teacher worthy of your

affections and confidence, resolve to assist him as much as possible, by a quiet and respectful manner, and by good-humoured docility. I urge the advantages of the Sunday School the more upon your attention, because I believe that the years of attendance at the Sabbath School very often form the turning point in a boy's life.

In an account furnished by a Minister who visited a young criminal before his execution, the latter stated:—"The Holy Spirit strove with me in those days, and I felt that I ought to pray. I felt disposed to pray morning and evening, but by degrees I neglected the Sunday School, and fell into bad habits." This young man died at the age of twenty-two; he was induced to commit the murder for which he was executed merely from a fit of jealousy towards a young girl who had refused his advances.

In another case the Murderer, cool, and hardened, to the last, without showing the slightest symptom of feeling, of hope, or of fear, told the good man who went to visit him the night before he was executed, that in his Youth, many years before, in London, he had been acquainted with a Pious young man, and for a short time, while with him, was under good impressions; but when he left London (he left his Master when fifteen, and went to Sea) he mixed with other company, and these impressions wore off. How do such cases as those show how much your conduct and conversation may influence for good your young companions! Through all these years of crime and sin, which ended at length in his Execution, through all the Scenes he had witnessed, this man, though now without hope or feeling, had never forgotten the good and loving Youth,—no doubt a Fellow Apprentice, or Shopmate,—he had known in London! Few seem to pass their early years without some religious impressions.

"Wherefore as the Holy Ghost saith: To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts."



CHAPTER VI.

OPPOSITION AND OPPRESSION FROM OTHERS.—
PASSING THE SABBATH.—PRAYER.—READING THE
SCRIPTURES.—THE YOUNG CLERK AT THE POST
OFFICE.

I HAVE already said so much upon the subject of Prayer, the first step towards "Success in Life," that I will merely add a word of persuasion not to allow any consideration to hinder this Duty, as upon it must depend all else.

PIETY RENDERED DIFFICULT.

The difficulties on this point are chiefly two. One difficulty will, in most cases be on account of Companions being present before whom you dislike to appear to care so very much about God's favour; and though the old heathen state of things at our schools, even during the thirty-seven years since my own experience as a boy, has, I believe, greatly altered for the better, this difficulty will probably remain the same.

It is undoubtedly, preferable to be alone in Prayer; but when this cannot be, it is amazing what an effect the good example of one may have upon his companions, especially if you prove to them that you are none the less active or clever,—none the less lively and kindly, because you choose thus to remember your Creator and Preserver.

Despairing of good themselves, hopeless of, and opposed to that religious feeling which they are conscious of having neglected and despised so long that the heart is dead to every feeling of piety, there may be some of your companions who, in many ways, may have it in their power to give you great pain by their constant jests, and hatred to the least symptoms of good in others; and, in some cases, they will resolve to *suppress* them.

It is not my wish to deny the happy results which sometimes do really take place,—but still more often are made to occur, in books whose object is to create a good impression on the mind rather than to adhere very strictly to true and actual life,—that of the conversion of others following *the efforts* of very youthful believers.

Much more commonly, as far as my experience goes, the *indifferent* will remain indifferent still, caring little about you ; but it is impossible for those who are really opposed to God, long to *conceal* the *dislike* they feel : it is true, in some cases, that under that sneer and scoff there may come sad and bitter thoughts of something they have lost,—sad thoughts of what they are and what they might have been,—but these feelings are momentary, and forced intercourse with a wicked youth, or Young Man, cannot, in the nature of things, but make a good youth miserable ! His good example will only chafe and irritate. That mind, must, it is true, have gone far in Satan's cruel, wicked school, which can find satisfaction in giving pain, and, in some cases, the greatest pain, to one who,—though weak himself, and needing every encouragement, instead of hindrance,—is sincere and tender in his desire to secure the love of his God. Dispositions differ very greatly, but there are those who feel such conduct, if continued on the part of others, so acutely, that I would suggest removal, if it can be arranged, rather than needlessly exposing yourself for a length of time to such companionship ; for though you may, for a short period, keep your stand, it must, in time, tell its tale ! Even in this World, where for a time the "wheat and tares" grow indeed side by side, a feeling of separation is felt : separation in mind, in pursuits, in train of thought, and in conversation. God only knows the harm a wicked youth can do in a School, or Workshop, or Court.

While upon this subject a word may not be amiss as to your conduct in case of actual oppression, at School, the Workshop, or elsewhere. There is a resolution, a dauntless courage, and high feeling, in some boys, which intimidates others much older than themselves, and frees them always from annoyance ; there are boys with whom the bully never cares to meddle,—he knows *instinctively* that there is a manhood, a decision, about such which involuntarily cowers him : he feels that they are dangerous !

It may, however, fall to your lot to be of a different disposition. There are cases where clever and tyrannical elder boys may render a younger boy's life completely miserable, if they have taken a capricious and unreasonable dislike to him ; to say nothing of lessons of vice, taught by coercion. The same thing may occur when a teacher, or usher, is of a tyrannical or *vicious* character.

It is often impossible that the Master of the School or of the Establishment can be told of such cases ; in many

cases it would not be believed : and even if successful, the estimation in which you are held will be affected ever afterwards ; for the greatest crime of which a schoolboy can be guilty, in the estimation of his fellows, is that of tale-bearing ; and it is probably a right and worthy feeling.

WHO OUGHT TO BE INFORMED ?

But though this mode of redress cannot be resorted to, it does not in any way prevent confidence towards your Father : you owe it to him indeed ; and it is your first duty to let him know what concerns him so nearly and dearly. It is not his wish or intention in paying a premium for your detention at school or as apprentice, &c., that you should be subjected to such treatment, long continued.

What would he feel if he but knew the lessons of vice, the constant opposition to all the good and pious habits he has endeavoured to form in you, which you meet with ! Give him, therefore, now, as through life, your fullest confidence. He deserves it from you—you owe it to him. His interests are bound up in yours. He will use the information given, wisely and judiciously, and will probably be content quietly to secure you a place in another School or Establishment, where you may be in a more congenial atmosphere.

In some cases it is absolutely needful for a boy to leave. Things may be very different at School now, but formerly when "fagging" was almost universal, and the whole tone of Society coarse, things took place which would now be hardly credited. In the case investigated at Winchester of a "Tunding" inflicted on a fag, letters appeared in the papers, the writers of which had in former times seen a hundred strokes with the "Tunding stick" given ! Many a school had dark tales to tell of those old times. Even at the Government Cadet College, Woolwich, the author of the "Life of a Gentleman Cadet," speaking of those old days, mentions that a "fag" was once so "roasted" and tortured before a fire by his "Seniors," that it caused the boy's death !

The second difficulty in Piety,—that of coldness and want of real feeling and interest in Prayer—is of a different character, one over which we have not the same control. We have but little power of ourselves to *force* the affections, although we may do much to *encourage* them. I have in one or two places endeavoured as earnestly as I could to encourage you not to despair ; that there

are times that such encouragement is needed to some dispositions, it would be false and wrong to deny.

The more noble and sensitive the character, the more this may often be felt; witness the early days of Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, and others who afterwards ranked amongst the greatest in the Christian world.

Our Saviour Himself spoke several parables upon this subject, showing that the difficulty is no small one;—such as the friend coming by night to ask for bread, the parable of "the Unjust Judge," (page 498) and others, all showing what *persistence* in prayer is needed!

Without attempting here to explain the difficulty of perfect free-will combined with, and, in a degree, dependent upon, Divine assistance and oversight, we may say that though our power to compel our interests, and affections, is, at best, but limited, we may do much by outward acts, and habitual train of thought, to encourage our best feelings, just in the same way as interest, at first, and then affection and love frequently follow, towards one whom, by some outward act of kindness, you have aided.

Great stress is often laid upon the advantage of a friendship between one or more, mutually aiding each other in good, but you will be wise to expect as little as possible from others.

The following extracts from the life of that great and good man, John Angell James, of Birmingham, may interest many a Youth who reads this Book.

"The time was now near when God would draw me to Himself. My Employer, with whom I lived, being in want of money, took another apprentice for the sake of the premium. The Youth who was engaged had been religiously brought up, and maintained an external respect for the forms of godliness. The Apprentices all slept in the same room. The first night of this Youth's lodging with us, he knelt down by his bedside and prayed; in silence of course. As I looked with surprise upon the Youth bending before his God, the thought suddenly seemed to pass through me, 'See there an answer to your Prayers; there is someone to lead you into the way of Religion!' This made me very uneasy. I do not recollect that I said anything to my fellow-apprentice, nor whether I at once commenced the practice of daily prayer, but emboldened by Charles's example, I think it probable that I prayed too. After a while I observed that Charles, as soon as the Shop closed, used frequently to go out for an hour. I felt sure that the boy,

did not go into any bad company, and at length ascertained that he joined some pious people for prayer and religious conversation. I prevailed upon my fellow-apprentice to allow me to accompany him. I was kindly received, and yet with suspicion. It was what I wanted. Very sweet and sacred to me were the seasons we spent! It was the *spring season* of my religious life; religious exercises were *delightful*. My *delight* in prayer was *very great*."

AND YET CHARLES FELL AWAY.

Yet, extraordinary as it may seem, his after-life proved that Charles, his fellow-apprentice, was a very indifferent character! He fell away! Years after, his property all squandered,—reduced to misery in America, he wrote to J. A. James, begging for money, and confessed that *all the time* he had been a stranger to true Religion! One of the other youths who used to join them became an Infidel, another an abandoned Drunkard; As urged in the Introduction of this Work, these instances should prove to every Youth the *fatal* error of considering himself *safe*, merely because he has had *some* feelings towards piety. How many a youth in these days of excitement,—Revivals, &c.,—may mistake the *Awakening* for true *Conversion* and permanent *change of heart*! He mistakes the beginning of the life-long struggle, for the period when he can say, with God's aid, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the Faith." They want the *Crown*, without the *Cross*; the *victory*, without the *conflict*." "Christ has done all for us, merely believe; cast your deadly doing down,"—is only *one phase* of Divine truth! The *other phase*—equally true—is that, though Christ has done *His* part, *we* must do ours! Once gain *for yourself* belief and confidence in the love of God to you, individually, and the mire of the "Slough of Despond" will soon be left far behind, and you will have entered the narrow "Wicket Gate!" If you are but true to yourself, the faith in God gained thus early, will but grow brighter, as you proceed along that Path which will lead you safely to Everlasting Life.—(See the "Introduction" to this Work, Pages 2-6.)

PASSING THE SABBATH.

If you feel sometimes this day to hang heavily on your hands may it not be from too often spending it in apathy and indolence? I would ask you to pay great attention to the method of *passing the day*; the more so because much

misconception seems frequently to be felt upon this point.

A good and wise Christian lady once remarked that sooner than her sons should pass a whole day,—the Sabbath especially,—in folly or *indolence*, she would much rather allow them to proceed with their usual pursuits and general education; and when calmly considered, there is much sense and wisdom in her remark.

The Sabbath is a priceless boon to all classes, an entire cessation from the week-day toil: giving to all an opportunity of calmly reviewing your course of life; of marking what progress you appear to be making, what chance you have of success in life, what hopes of that still higher success which includes your best and eternal interests. But the object of the day is entirely lost if it is wasted in mere sloth and apathy.

I know that the ability to enjoy reading of any kind varies very much.

I know, too, that some of my young readers will experience more difficulty than others, in obtaining books suited for their perusal; but in these days of Free Libraries and those connected with every Sunday-school, all may probably occasionally meet with some of the following works, recommended as undoubtedly leaving a good impression on the mind, while possessing no little interest to boys enjoying any degree of intelligence and imagination. I give them without regard to particular order or classification. "The Pilgrim's Progress;" Works by the late John Angell James,—*emphatically the young man's friend*, such as his "Young Man's Guide to Immortality;" Abbott's works, as the "Young Christian," "The School Boy," &c.; books published by the Tract Society, as "Manners and Customs of the Jews," "Robert Dawson" (an *admirable* book). "The Mirage of Life," "Life's Last Hours;" the beautiful "Allegories," by the Rev. Adams, viz., "The Shadow of the Cross," "The Distant Hills," &c.; Tales written by that sweet and pleasing writer, the late Mrs. Sherwood, as her "Fairchild Family," in three parts, "The Infant's Progress," "Little Henry and his Bearer," "The Little Woodman," &c. [It is to be deplored that some of her works, such as the stories woven into the Church Catechism, with the associations of Indian life, "Fidelity and Profession," &c., are out of print, and never to be met with.] "Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds?" by Rev. T. Binney; the small volume of the "School Sermons" of the late Doctor Arnold,—the larger ones will probably be

beyond your reach; poetry of a good and ennobling tendency, as for instance, many of Longfellow's Poems, the "Elegy," by Gray; pieces by Mrs. Hemans; "Jean Ingelow's Poems, &c.

Many of these may, with advantage, be committed to memory, as their repetition will often afford pleasure to others. Nor would I have you omit such books as "Louis' School Days," by Mr. May, and the "Heir of Redcliffe," by Miss Yonge; in which, though not strictly treating of religion, the general tendency on the mind is undoubtedly good.

Finally, instead of regarding reading the Bible as a distasteful task, fix upon some character in the Old Testament, as Joseph, David, &c., and write out all you can find about his life. Follow his various fortunes; picture to yourself his age, at the different periods spoken of; the manners and customs of the people; and study the geography of the country in which the different events occurred, finding the places on the best map you can get. Large single sheets of such maps may now be obtained at very trifling cost. Amongst Commentaries of the Bible, that of Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, is an admirable one, Adam Clarke's, is another,—you will need also a "Concordance."

The same plan may also be adopted in reading the New Testament; but read with reverence, and prayer, a few sentences of Him who "spake as never man spake;" often if you will do so, one sweet sentence of Christ will attract your attention and regard, whereas, if read with careless indifference, whole chapters will be meaningless to you. (See page 491 on Bible Study). Ask your Parents or your Teachers at the Sunday School to write down a question or two, giving you the places where the answers may be found in texts from the Bible itself. As an example, I give you a few questions, hurriedly formed in as simple language as I could employ, for the use of my own Class at the Sabbath School. Do not think that places being given makes the task too easy; write down each question, and underneath write out in full the text given; you will observe how one portion of the Bible answers another, and that in its own words. There is such a power of expression and meaning in the words of Scripture that they will tell best their own tale, and often only suffer from even well-meant attempts to improve their sense and meaning.

(1) Which was the longest day ever known?—Joshua x. 13, 14.

(2) Which were the darkest days ever known?—Exodus x. 21, 22, 23.

(3) Which was perhaps the driest time ever known?—1 Kings xviii. 1, 7.

(4) Which were the days when most rain fell in the memory of man?—Genesis vii. 11, 17, 18, 19.

(5) Who was the oldest man that ever lived?—Genesis v. 26, 27.

(6) Who was the largest man we read of in the Bible?—1 Samuel, xvii. 4, 5, 7.

(7) Who was the strongest man, and how did he show it?—Judges xxi. 27, 29, 30.

(8) Who amongst men ever walked upon the sea?—Matthew xiv. 28, 29.

(9) What man ever lived who never died?—2 Kings, ii. 11.

(10) Give some verses to show how thoughtful was the goodness of God even in the olden and dark time before our Saviour came?—Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Exodus xxiii. 4; Deuteronomy xxiv. 15, 19.

(11) But how strictly was obedience to God pressed upon man even then?—Deuteronomy xxviii. 15, 17; 1 Samuel, xv. 22; 1 Chronicles, xxviii. 9.

(12) Why are we sure that God wishes us all to gain eternal happiness?—1 Timothy, ii. 4; 1 Thessalonians, v. 9; Ezekiel xviii. 25; Isaiah i. 18; Isaiah lv. 7; 1 John, i. 9.

(13) But how do we know that after all it depends upon how we act towards God?—Proverbs i. 24, 26; Ezekiel xviii. 24; Revelations xxi. 27; Hebrews x. 31.

(14) At what time might God have been almost seen by men?—Exodus xix. 20, 21.

(15) And how may we approach nearest to God though He cannot be seen?—1 Epistle of John, iv. 7, 12, 20.

(16) What do we gain by love to God and obedience to Him?—Deuteronomy xxviii. 2, 3, 6; Luke xviii. 29, 30; Proverbs viii. 17; Revelations iii. 10; Isaiah xlix. 15; Matthew xxv. 21, 46.

(17) What tempts anyone to sin?—James i. 13, 14.

(18) And why should we dread sin above all things?—James i. 15; Revelations xxi. 27; Revelations xx. 12, 15.

(19) And how may we obtain good even from temptation?—James i. 12; Revelations xxi. 7; Revelations iii. 5.

(20) What miracle shows best God's power to help those *who trust and love Him*?—Daniel iii. 23, 25.

(21) And where does God promise His care over such ?

— Psalm xci. 1, 4, 14.

(22) What description does the Bible give us of heaven ?

— Isaiah xxxiii. 21 ; Revelations xxi. 3, 4, 27 ; 1 Cor., ii. 9.

(23) Why need we not be anxious if we cannot lay up as much treasure, if we do not get as much money as we could wish for ?—Matthew vi. 19, 20, 21 ; Luke xii. 6, 7.

(24) And how can we lay up true riches for ourselves ?—Matthew vi. 33. Matthew vii. 7, 9, 11.

(25) Which is the door and way into eternal life ?—John x. 9 ; John xiv. 6.

(26) And why should we try to go in ?—Matthew vii. 14 ; Luke xiii. 23, 24.

(27) And how can we do this ?—John xiv. 21 ; Matthew xii. 50 ; 2 Peter i. 5, 7, 11.

(28) Whence did Jesus come ?—John viii. 42 ; John xvi. 28 ; John i. 18.

(29) And why did He come into the world ?—John iii. 16, 17 ; Luke ix. 56.

(30) What is all that we know of our Saviour's infancy and youth,—all that we are told about it in the Bible ?—Luke ii. 16, 31, 42, 43, 48, 49, 51, 52.

(31) How could forgiveness of sins be obtained before our Saviour came ?—Leviticus xvi. 14.

(32) And when He came how do we know that these sacrifices were useless ?—Hebrews x. 5, 6 ; Hebrews iv. 13, 14.

(33) Then how can we escape from sin and God's anger ?—John iii. 16 ; Hebrews ix. 27, 28.

(34) What power had our Saviour, and possesses still ?—John xvi. 15 ; John iii. 25 ; John v. 22 ; Matthew xxvi. 53.

(35) Then why did He give Himself up to die as He did ?—1. Peter iii. 18 ; Philippians ii. 8, 9.

(36) What was the "New Commandment" Jesus brought to us ?—Matthew v. 38, 43, 44 ; John xiii. 34.

(37) What was the "Old Commandment" ?—Exodus xxi. 24 ; Leviticus xxiv. 13, 20.

(38) How many persons did our Saviour raise from the dead ?—Mark v. 35, 41, 43 ; Luke viii. 12, 41 ; John xi. 39, 48.

(39) And where does He assure us that He has power over life and death ?—John xi. 25.

(40) Why should we be earnest in learning to love and pray to our Saviour ?—John xi. 25 ; John xvii. 3.

(41) And what lesson did He press upon us most which

we can all obey?—John xiii. 12, 13, 14; Ephesians iv. 32; John xiii. 35.

(42) Where does our Saviour tell us how precious we are in God's sight?—Luke xii. 6, 7; 1 Corinthians iii. 23.

(43) But where does He warn us against debasing ourselves with sin?—1 Corinthians iii. 17; Luke xiii. 7; Mark xiii. 35, 37.

Far better read a few sentences prayerfully, and obtain by means of such questions intelligent ideas of Religion drawn from the Bible itself, than to read whole Chapters of the New Testament, until you get so familiar with the Gospel history,—so familiar with the deep and precious words of Christ Himself,—that, slightly attended to, and imperfectly understood, the whole at length falls on dull and listless ears, as a twice-told tale, with no reality, and with no more personal application to yourself than a history of ages long past.

REVIEW THE PAST WEEK.

Above all, employ a few minutes each Sunday as a stepping-stone on your onward Path,—ask yourself how you have passed the last week? If you have offered sincere prayer to God, whether you have made one effort to check that temper so irritable, so proud, that selfishness of disposition, or that indolence and self-conceit which ruins the future of many a hopeful youth? The thought will come of faults committed, and you will make fresh resolutions for the week to come. Without this, life will slip from you in long blank periods of negligence, apathy, and ignorance, and your Character,—once hopeful,—will be the more difficult to alter; your more lovely and worthy traits will be less often seen; you yourself will feel that you are losing them. In looking back only four or five years, reckon up the whole months of hours you have had to yourself of leisure, whole weeks of Saturday afternoons and holidays; have these not slipped past almost unnoticed? Could you not have gained some acquirement, some improvement during all that time?

TAKING NOTES.

To hear the Gospel faithfully preached every Sunday will be of great use to you, if you go determined to listen, and to *retain some* part at least of what is said. Adopt the plan of writing down, when alone, any striking sentences, or remarks, in the Discourse you may have heard. In a

good Sermon there is ever some new light thrown upon a subject worth retaining. It must be done at once, for however fresh and clear it may seem to you now, let a few days pass, and it will have finally escaped from memory : the waves will have rolled on, and have effaced from your mind the ideas and impressions it received. This plan not only enriches the mind, and fills it once more, on each perusal, with good and noble images, but the habit of listening and actually *retaining*, of reproducing thoughts and words you will probably never hear again, will, of itself, prove invaluable to you in after-life.

I am aware that many conscientious, but ill-judging parents, think it their duty to demand a rigid observance of the Sunday, but they unfortunately are frequently quite unprepared to render it of real interest or use to those under their care ; the dry and dull task, or catechism, only serves to repel all feeling of pleasure, instead of directing the thoughts into a good channel ;—the Sabbath thus becomes a day of gloom. I would, therefore, in concluding this subject, ask such to reflect upon the effects, lasting and real, which this dislike produces upon youthful minds. Even the most religiously-minded are here sometimes in fault ; earnestly seeking for some sign of piety on the part of a boy, they anxiously urge the necessity of prayer, a change of heart, &c. When we consider that the feelings of Piety are in a natural, *healthy*, and youthful mind, the *most retiring*, and secret, of all feelings, we can understand how such ill-judged efforts create *feelings of repulsion*,—a feeling of being forced to think, and say, more upon such subjects than the boy naturally and *really* feels ; and this may be a key to the otherwise remarkable fact that sometimes the most *hopeless* cases of depravity have been in those who in early life were in the charge of, or were the sons of clergymen and pious parents.

When about to devote a time to Prayer think for a moment, before doing so, before Whom it is you are about to appear. He who holds this World, and the host of Worlds we see around us every starlight night, in the hollow of His hand, and yet Who, in the person of our Saviour and Redeemer, is ever pleased to bend His ear to your wants and desires, nay, even to solicit you to come to Him, loving you far more than you can imagine. Many and many a bright and sunny hour have you spent in your pursuits and amusements while His creatures supported you and ministered to your pleasures ; will you not give one

short moment in the day to the Giver of them all? I will not attempt to give you in words, however short, a prayer suitable for your use, it is much better left to yourself. Only do not imagine that the prayer given by our Lord to His disciples is the only one acceptable to Him.

Far more acceptable to Him who desires your real love, and intelligent affection, and trust,—far more useful to yourself,—will be a few short expressions in *your own words*, as they vary with the pursuits, difficulties, and pleasures of your daily life. Do not have merely stated times for Prayer;—a Christian youth should raise his heart to God in all seasons of *want* or *temptation*, *no matter* what the *time*, or *place*, may be, in the Sunshine, and in the Storm, in pleasure, or in pain; when about any difficult business. "What, when just fallen into sin? *Certainly*,—the very *time*;—return *at once*!" (See Page 572.)

The sorrows of boyhood are often very real and deep ones; a boy or youth is frequently placed by circumstances in very painful positions. Those who are naturally intelligent and sensitive in mind, may be exposed at times to much distress. Now, without being able to explain how God answers Prayer, or asserting that in every case an immediate answer will be given just as we may expect, yet this I will say, that an answer is sometimes given in a clear and intelligible manner. In the life of the late Edward Bickersteth, a touching allusion to this is mentioned in his early days. When a youth he occupied a position in the London General Post Office:—"In the Post Office, where I opened letters,"—[the dead letter department]—"I once lost one containing money, and was terribly distressed; I sought for aid in Prayer, and promised obedience if God would hear me. That evening it occurred to me to search for it once more, and I found it, almost the first thing, amongst a greater quantity of torn letters than usual, in the large chest. I have often, in similar cases, in distress in business, in fear of disgrace, &c., prayed to God, and either that had not happened which I had feared, or the neglect proved of no consequence. I could enumerate many instances."

There is nothing miraculous in this; God has certainly the power to direct the mind into certain channels, in answer to prayer. That excellent theologian, and deep reasoner, Dr. Watts,—whose sermons, though published so many years ago, are replete with interest in the present day, while his "Improvement of the Mind," &c., are most

admirable books,— mentions that he never felt such power of thought, such clearness and ability in mental effort as he did when he had sought for Divine aid in any difficult train of thought or subject upon which he was engaged in writing.

The perusal of the earlier portion of the lives of the pious and indefatigable Edward Bickersteth, Daniel Wilson, (the late Bishop of Calcutta); Henry Martyn, Kirke White, &c., and in our own times, of Hedley S. Vicars, Winslow, &c., will be of great use to you. And as you grow older, you will have such works as Dr. Doddridge's inimitable "Life and progress of Religion, in the Soul," &c.; Dean Sherlock's "Death and Judgment." &c.; Trench, Kingsley, and the works of that earnest and loving writer, Henry Baxter.

How far the profession of a soldier, as held by Hedley Vicars, can accord with the tastes and duties of a follower of Him whose life and teaching was in every way possible opposed to such a profession, I have already endeavoured to show in the chapter on "War."

Pity that a sweet and lovely character like his, with a bright future of usefulness in Christ's service, should,—and how many a noble one like him has shared his fate,—be cut off in the flower of early manhood through following that hateful, desolating, and unchristian profession, War!



War.

"What, are those French Soldiers going to throw that Train full of German Troops off the Line, and kill as many as they can?"

"Certainly they are! 'Everything is fair in War!'"

Dear Reader, do you not feel how mean, wicked, unchristian a thing War is in itself, when such atrocities are permitted?

Fine Young Men trained to kill each other! And for what? War is but *Legalized Murder*.

YORK Four Days Stage-Coach.

begins on Friday the 1st of April 1706.

ALL that are desirous to pass from London to York, or from York to London, or any other Place on this Road, Let them Repair to the Black Swan in Holborn in London, and to the Black Swan in Cow Cross in York.

At both which Places they may be received in a Stage Coach every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which performs the whole Journey in four Days, (if God please) And sets forth on Friday in the Morning, And returns from York to Stamford in two days, and from Stamford by Huntingdon to London in two days more. And the Passengers can then return.

Allowing each Passenger 10s. weekly, and the charge of a Horse.

Performed By *Benjamin Higgins,
Henry Harrison,
Walter Rogers.*

All this gives Notice that Now and the Stage Coach goes out from York every Monday, and Friday, and from Newcastle every Monday, and Friday.

*Red in Pl at 100 - of Mr. Bodingsford for
for Monday the 3 of June 1706*

CHAPTER VI.

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES."

LIGHTING,—PAST AND PRESENT. TRAVEL. STREETS.
FIRES. POLICE. HABITS OF THE PEOPLE. ARE WE
MORE RELIGIOUS?

The above, faithfully re-produced,—fearfully printed, "Way Bill" of the London to York Coach of that Period, was found during the Repairs of the old "Black Swan" Inn, York.

It appears to have a receipt, written at the bottom; but what was the nature of the business transaction on Monday, the 3rd of June, 1706, with "Mr. Bodingsford," unless it was payment for 5 Places by the Coach,—must be left to the Reader's decision.

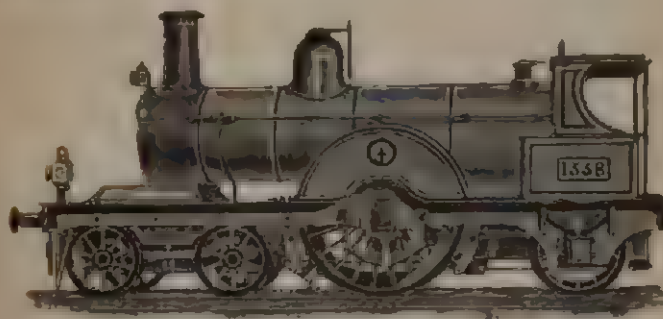
FRANCY,—dear young Reader,—this lumbering Old Coach,—(for the 200 year ago Coach was no beauty).—setting out on its four days' run,—with the Pious, and humble, Hope,—or Prayer,—that it may be permitted to reach its Destination. A Prayer *decidedly* suggestive, and ominous, as to the condition of the Roads throughout England in 1706, to say nothing of Robbers, &c.

It was not till a Century after, that MacAdam first suggested *breaking* stones for Roads, enabling Telford to construct his splendid "Macadamized" High Road to Holyhead, &c.,—which still remains to remind us of his skill.

Young describes,—even in *his* time a Century after our "Way Bill" of 1706,—the state of our main Roads as frightful,—especially in Winter! Immense Ruts half filled with large unbroken stones,—quagmires of Mud,—tremendous hills,—and danger from "Highwaymen!" How the immense, lumbering, "Stage Wagons" of that day,—the only means of hauling heavy Goods and Merchandize,—ever "got through" to our various Cities seems mysterious!

1891.—50 MILES AN HOUR.

The terrible "Four Days," and sleepless Nights,—the Highwaymen,—the Ruts,—the Hills,—have passed away for ever!



Bogie Engine.

NOTE.—"Bogie Engine." That is, having its four leading wheels on a separate "Bogie," or swivel carriage, attached to the Engine Frame by a "Ball and Socket" arrangement. By this Invention,—although the frames of our large Modern Engines, and "Cars" remain, it is true, always rigid,—the wheels under them, being on Swivels, adapt themselves to the sharpest curves, thus enabling the longest "Polinan" cars to take a curve, on a Railway, at full speed, with safety!

A Splendid Great Eastern Railway modern Locomotive, in the last Edinburgh Exhibition, 1890,—Worsell's System,—gave diagrams of speed, *actually realised*, from 5 Miles to 86 Miles an hour! This System combines a High with a Low Pressure Cylinder, the steam passing from one Cylinder to the other. Card No. 7 at 86 Miles gave a cut off of $53 \frac{1}{2}$ %, Low Pressure $70 \frac{1}{2}$ %, Boiler Pressure 170 lbs.

A huge Great Northern "Bogie" Express Engine now (1891) starts from King's Cross Terminus, London, at 9-45, a.m., for its 4 hours—(not 4 days)—Run to York!

It whirls the heavy Cars, in two hours, to Grantham,—the first and *only* stop, (12-2 Noon)—and runs them into York Station at 1-45, p.m., ($3 \frac{1}{4}$ hours!) While the Midland Company's through Express, with relays of two of their powerful Locomotives,—attached, most of the way,—leaves

"Newcastle-on-Tyne," (referred to, in the old "Way Bill") at 7-30, a.m.,—passes through Birmingham,—(usually within 5 minutes of the Schedule time,)—at 3-20, p.m., and runs into Bristol at 5-25, p.m. ! (8 hour's run.)

Defoe, in 1724, relates that he saw a tree, on a "Lorry," or "Tug," being drawn along,—what were then *considered* "Roads" in Suffolk, on its way to Chatham Dock Yards,—by 22 oxen; horses not being able to get through the mud! This tree took *two years* to reach its destination! "Near Lewes,"—Defoe also relates, "I saw, this Winter, (1724) a sight I never saw in England before; an ancient Lady of quality, going to the Village Church in her Coach drawn by 6 oxen! I assure you that the mud was so stiff, and deep, that no horses could go in it!"

It is doubtful if there *were* any real "Roads," in the Cross Country districts of many of the English Counties, at that time, and had a 1706 Coach left Newcastle, for Bristol, in Winter, it seems probable that like many a good Ship which has left those Ports,—instead of an 8 hours' run,—it would have "*not since been heard of!*"

We owe to those amazing Armies of the Romans the great Roads which, as was their wont, they cut through the Immense Forests of Ancient Britain. The description of their Army slowly passing through the Wooded Country they had conquered,—thousands of men assigned various duties, some felling the trees, others constructing the Roads,—gives us an idea of the Iron hand of Rome! Straight as a line,—undeterred by obstacles,—their Roads stretched across England, remaining to this day, Centuries after the Roman Empire,—once the Mistress of the World,—has ceased to exist, save in the Memories of the Past!

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES."

In this Chapter a strong effort is made to produce a feeling of thankfulness, and contentment, on the part of the Young,—perhaps more especially those of the Working Class,—living in 1891,—for the immense advantages we now, rich, and poor, alike enjoy, compared to those of our Ancestors in the (so-called) "Good (?) Old Times!"

LIGHT.

Let us first take,—for example,—the all-important blessing,—Light! In the next Chapter the Lamp of the Ancients is dwelt upon. It seems to our Generation,—*accustomed* to Gas, and, lately, to the Electric Light,—

almost incredible that up to about 70 years ago,—in the memory of a vast number of living men,—“Gas” was unknown, and Oil or Wax alone still used, as by the Ancients 2,000 years ago! Mankind has progressed in many respects, more, the last Century than they did for a 1,000 years previously! Fancy, dear Reader, London in 1891, lit only by feeble Oil Lamps! The principal streets only of our English and the Continental Cities seem to have used even them. The poorer streets appear to have had no lights at all!

The old Engravings represent these old Street Lamps as “Acorn Shaped,” at times slung across the Streets,—perhaps to prevent the thieves putting them out.

How they burnt,—*how long* they burnt,—and how often they *went out*, must be left to the Reader’s imagination! They must,—on a misty night,—have just made “darkness visible!”

From a rare old illustrated Book dated 1812,—on “City (London) Scenes,”—let us take the following. Do, dear Reader, try to get up a *little* sincere thankfulness that these “Good Old Times,” will never *come again*!

But one word first how they *produced* light.

THE “TINDER BOX,” AND “RUSH HOLDER.”

The “Lucifer Match,” and its later development,—the “Wax Vesta”—had not been added to the Resources of Civilization. Our Ancestors had only the Flint, Steel, and Tinder Box.

The Writer has one of these old “Tinder Box” apparatus before him, obtained this year (1891) by the investment of 5/6, and should the Reader have the opportunity of a similar purchase let him not neglect it! It is a circular tin Box five inches diameter, by an inch deep, the “Tinder” (Burnt Linen) lies at the bottom. A curiously shaped piece of Steel and a sharp Flint is also carried inside.

A tin top to this box has a socket to hold the “dip,” or tallow “Rushlight” Candle of our Forefathers, the top is loose, and can be slipped on, or off, as desired. A bundle of thin slips of wood with pointed ends, like the wooden labels used for Flowers, Seeds, and Pots,—the sharp ends *dipped in Brimstone*,—completes our Paraphernalia.

The struggle now commences! The Writer has not yet attempted it himself, but, when in a sufficiently firm, and resolute, frame of mind, hopes, some day, to use his apparatus.

The loose tin top is taken off, the "dip" candle placed in the socket, the steel is struck. "How often?" Well, dear Reader, experience alone will probably answer that query—till the sparks fall into, and ignite the "Tinder,"—the pointed end of the Brimstone label is instantly inserted,—a general "flare-up" is supposed to take place, during which it is confidently anticipated that you will be able to light your "dip" candle. "But supposing it does not do it!" Well! then, dear Reader, you must try again! All this going on in a dark room, must have given much scope for the Mental and Physical powers, especially for the exercise of that admirable virtue, Patience.

The "Tallow dip," or "Rushlight," when, at last, lit, required "snuffing" every now and then, else it would not only fail in lighting, but develope a dangerous "cauliflower" head, apt on being carried about, to fall and set the house on fire. That the house was not set on fire about once a month, in those days, seems wonderful.

THE "RUSH" BEFORE THE TALLOW "DIP."

But even now we have still further to go back into History! There was a time when *tallow* placed round a "wick," or "rush," by "dipping," had not occurred to our Ancestors: they used the pith of the Bulrush, in thin strips, for candles, without any tallow at all.

The common "rush" will not do. The Bulrush skin was stripped off from two sides, and fried in mutton fat, taking care that no salt occurs in it.

The Writer has before him,—acquired at the same time as the tinder box,—an ancient "RUSH HOLDER."

We have here a clumsy piece of wood 3-inches diameter by 4-inches high, forming a rude stand, and a base to hold when carried about. Into this rude stand is driven an iron spike, six inches long, the top terminating in a flattened end. On to this upright iron spike is rivetted a bent piece of iron working on a pivot, having one of its ends flattened to match the top of the spike when brought to it,—the other end terminating in an iron knob, or ball,—the weight of this ball brings the other flat end to press against the upright spike, thus acting like a *pair of tongues*; you strip the skin from the Bulrush, fry it, and form therewith slender stalks, or "tapers." Place one of these 4-inches long in the "tongues" of your rude "Rush Holder," tell the Maids not to burn *more than an inch*, in going to bed, (so as to rise early next morning,) and you have the "candle" used in English Farm

Houses, since? Well! let us say William the Conqueror; for Bulrushes were in England before he made his appearance. Indeed, a friend suggests, "Are you sure it was not the Ark (*Arc*) light?"

Later, the plan of surrounding the "rush,"—and finally the "cotton,"—Wick, with Tallow, was discovered.

The farthing "Rushlight" was once a well known Institution!

1812.

Returning, now to our old 1812 Book referred to, (Page 737,) it mentions, with admiration, that the old oil London Street Lamps, were "*on each side of the Way!*"

What must the *other Cities* have been, if this was considered grand? "London was," says the Book, "the best lighted City in the World." (!)

"It is said that a foreign Ambassador entering London one evening after the lamps were lighted, was so struck with the brilliancy of the scene, (!) that he imagined the streets had been illuminated expressly in honour of his arrival" (!)

What would he now say could he see the enlarged New Pattern Street Lamps,—lofty, both circular, and flower-pot shape, burning two or three jets in lieu of one,—ground glass tops, &c.,—now seen in Birmingham, and other Cities,—or the Electric Light now becoming so common! In short, could he now witness the Steam,—Cable,—Electric,—and Horse Trams, all of which Systems are running in Birmingham, simultaneously, the Ambassador's admiration of the "good old times,"—when even horse "Omni-busses" were unknown, would be *greatly* modified!

1891,—WHAT NEXT?

"Rome is to be lighted by means of the beautiful Falls of the Teverone, which have made the little town of Tivoli famous. They will supply the power for producing the electric light, which the authorities have just decided to use in the principal streets of the capital. The distance which the current has to be transmitted is eighteen miles."—*Daily Paper*.

The 1812 Book continues, "The inhabitants of London are much indebted to that useful set of men the Lamplighters; for these poor men are liable to many accidents in their dangerous occupation! In Winter the foot pavement is often slippery, and they often fall, and are maimed by the ladder sliding from under them, or, a careless passenger runs against their ladder, and throws them down. (!) But a high wind is their chief danger;—in October, 1812, a poor man, named Burke, who had been many years in this employment, as he was lighting the lamps on the east side of Blackfriars' Bridge, was, by a sudden gust of wind, blown into

the River, in presence of his son, a child of ten years old,—and, before assistance could be procured, sank to rise no more" (!)

In *our* younger days 1845-65, the present "lighting pole" had not yet come into use, but Gas and Matches *had*. It was a sight to see well-trained, active, Lamplighters, in our large Towns! These men, taught by habit, could take the Lamp-posts almost "running!" *Up* he would *come!* *Plant*

1812.

No Matches,
so a Torch



OIL LAMPS.

—
had to be
carried.

The Lamplighter.

his ladder,—*up* the steps,—two or three at a time,—open the lamp,—*strike* a Match,—*adjust* the Jet,—close the door, *down* the steps,—three at a time,—and the Lamplighter had thrown his ladder over his shoulder, and was *half-way* to the *next* Lamp-post, before a startled old lady could exclaim "Goodness gracious!" or "Well, I never!"



The "Link Boy."

But the 1812 book admits that it speaks only of the *chief* Streets,—and that vast portions of our Cities had virtually *no Street Lamps at all!* You would then employ a "Link Boy" to walk before you with a torch! For the pavements were often simply horrible! Even in 1825 many of the streets of old Paris, and London, &c., had *no side walks at all!* There were large stones,—at intervals,—*behind* which you had to *dodge* the passing vehicles to avoid being run over! Huge, jolting, paving stones, unswept, in the horse road, noisy, rude, everything dark, rough, dirty, and uncouth!

Dear Reader, in this day of luxury for rich, and poor, alike, gas, electric light,—cable, steam, or electric Trams,—Wood pavements, Asphalte side walks,—Police,—Streets swept clean, and splendid drainage, let us talk no more *nonsense* about the "*Good old times!*"

The 1812 Book says, "The Boys make rare sport (!) by putting one foot on the stream, and diverting the course of the water; it is thus driven over the passengers!" "Good gracious!" the 1891 "passenger" will say, "Where were the *Police!*"

Fancy, dear Reader, business gentlemen, &c., hurrying to their London offices, having water thrown over them by



The Water Plug.

Roughs in the Public Streets! Police? There *were* none! That magnificent success the "*Policeman,*" was invented, long after, by *Sir Robert Peel*;—hence their familiar name "*Bobbies,*" or "*Peelers.*"



The Watchman.

In 1812 they only had the Watchman. The book says,—"These men have a comfortable great coat (!) a Lantern, a Rattle, and a large Stick, to attack thieves." (!) "It would be very wrong if he went to sleep, and suffered thieves to do as they pleased." (!)

Compare, dear Reader, these poor *Old Scare-crowes* of Watchmen, asleep in their "*Boxes,*" with our Modern, *resolute, firm, irrepressible,* "*Police,*" of 1891!



"Watchman's Box."

Note. With such miserably inadequate provision for Public security, it is to be feared that the 1812 "thief" *did* pretty much as he pleased, *as it was!*



No "Water Carts!"

The Book says,— "The London streets in hot weather get very dusty, and the dust spoils the things in the Butchers, Pastry Cooks, and other Shops. Many Streets, are, therefore, watered with a Scoop. (!) the water being pent up in the kennels (gutters) on each side of the carriage way." *Grand "old times,"—dear Reader!*

NO "HANDSOME CABS, OR BUSSES."

No "Omnibusses" had then been invented, much less "Tramcars." The 1812 Book says to the Woodcut,—

A "Coach Stand," 1812.



"*This is a Coach Stand. See the busy Waterman,*"—

(Note. Yes! Busy after his sixpenny 'tip,')—"who attends on Hackney Coaches, he has got one for the Gentleman and Lady, and is inquiring where they are going." (!) (No doubt with a "Sixpenny or Threepenny grin.") Then away went the lumbering, slow old Hackney Coach of 1812, jolting over those horrible old paving stones which some of us remember at Holborn Hill (before the "Viaduct," and other Streets.

No "Asphalte," or silent,—clean,—“Wood Pavements” then!

A recent Paper announces:—

“Consequent upon the reduction by the London Tramways Company of the fare from Camberwell Green to Waterloo to one penny, the Waterloo Busses of the various companies and private owners were put upon a similar footing on Thursday, and carry passengers the same distance for one penny. It was stated that in all probability the fare by omnibus from Camberwell Green, to Wellington Street, Strand, will be reduced next Monday to one penny.”

Fancy dear Reader, that old 1812 “Cockalorum” on the box of his “Hackney Coach,”—and the obsequious “Waterman” being informed that,—in future,—the Fare from the Strand, to Camberwell Green, would be *One Penny!* He would probably have died the painful death attributed to “the Sculptor,”—who, the irrepressible American reminds us, makes Faces, and Busts. (“*Makes Faces,*”—and “*Busts!*”)



A “Fire Engine,”—1812.

“Why! It resembles a Garden Pump!” Well! dear Reader, it certainly *has* that tendency! They appear to have pulled it along by hand!

It is well that the house is Insured,—the Reader can just discern the “Fire Label” on the Wall,—for *that* “Engine” will never put *that* Fire out! *What* a contrast to our Modern English, and American, Fire System, the Splendid “Steamers,”—horses,—powerful Pumps, and apparatus,—and their rapid execution!

In the "Inventions" Exhibition, at South Kensington,—("Fisheries,"—"Health,"—"Inventions," and "Colonial,"—the *last the best*),—in the "Old London Street," re-produced, was a "Fire Engine" of 300 years ago. It resembled an oval *washing tub*, on small, solid, wooden, wheels! How the "Pump" worked, none seemed to know! Beside it were two brass Squirts, or Syringes, with two handles, or "lugs," cast on each side, to enable two men to hold it by,—while a third worked the handle of the Syringe, and sent a few Pints of Water, a few feet, on to a blazing house!

It was enacted that *two (!)* of these *tremendous* Instruments were to be "*kept in each Parish!*" What comfort now would it be to the "Parishioners" in London or New York, to know that two Metal Fire Squirts, were *somewhere* in their Parish?

They *might*, perhaps, have been utilized for Syringing *fruit trees!* Close to the old "Wash Tub" of 1620, was drawn up a Modern Fire Engine, its polished brass plugs, taps, and machinery, hose, Fire ladders, &c., &c., presenting an amazing instance of the Theory of Development, or of "Evolution."

How the narrow streets of "Old London," and other Cities,—with rubbishy old wooden sheds called "houses,"—built close together,—once alight in a high wind, did not produce the 1666 "Great Fire" of London, about *once a Month*, seems now amazing!

Although an awful catastrophe at the time, a better thing for London never happened than the Great Fire of 1666, which burnt the "Plague" for ever, out of London, and swept away its collection of old wooden Pigstyes, to be replaced by more wholesome Buildings, and Streets! Some parts of London are bad enough even in 1891.

1812. THE STAGE WAGON.



The old "Stage Wagon." $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles an hour (?)

If you were engaged in Business, dear Reader, even as late as 1812, fancy your Goods, and Merchandise, slowly

creeping across England, down "Roads" (?) with Ruts, Stones, and Mud deep enough at times "to sink a three decker!" The Cyclist of 1891 can name hills even on our modern well-made, well-kept main Roads, up which, even now it would indeed be a pull to haul these ponderous, broad-wheeled Wagons, while the coming down would be almost as difficult! Suppose these immense Wagons could take four tons, and, as we may conjecture, had fresh teams of horses ready for them, like the Coaches, at intervals, it is doubtful if they could work over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, say, for twelve hours a day. A modern Goods Train running quietly through the night, drawn by a couple of our tremendous Engines of 1891, would transport more Merchandise 400 miles in *a day* than 50 of these old Noah's Arks would have done in *a Month*!

Many of our Ancestors never journeyed many miles from their native villages during their entire life. Now, the poorest can, occasionally, enjoy a run to distant places of interest, in a few hours, in 3rd class cars, almost as comfortable as the "First" of 1839.

In the large woodcut, (next page,) we have St. Martin's-Le-Grand, General Post Office, London, in 1820.

Ten years before the Railways were opened Telford had completed his splendid Holyhead Road, and the London Mail coaches were timed to run to Holyhead in four days. The "Boat Express" (1891) takes $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours!

Before Telford's efforts the Drivers of the Night Coaches stated they were in constant danger of their lives from being jolted off their Boxes.

This Spring (1891) the Papers mentioned that the White Star, "Majestic," S.S., from New York, brought "a Record" of 860 Sacks of Mails, weighing 35 tons. The Sister Ship, "Teutonic," 586 feet long, 16,000 H.P., crosses in six days to New York. The Grandfather of the Writer, a Merchant, in 1801, after waiting weeks for a favourable wind at Liverpool, was *13 weeks crossing*, then the wind changing, the ships were equally delayed at the other end, so that *for Months*, no news of his arrival could be obtained! We may conceive the Holyhead Mail Coach of 1820, attempting to struggle with 890 Sacks of London Mails! Taking no passengers,—cramming the Bags inside up to the roof, and piling them six feet high on the top, perhaps forty Coaches might have carried them! Whereas two or three extra long Parcel Vans doubtless sufficed, and the "Heavy Mail" probably reached Euston "running on



"ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND," GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON, IN THE OLD DAYS OF COACHES, 1820.

time!" How the outside passengers of these old Coaches, by night, worn out, and overpowered by sleep, avoided falling off the top, seems a problem.

"PUFFING BILLY."

Well! dear Reader, it is *not* a Beauty, but "Puffing Billy" was the first of those "Iron Horses" which have proved the greatest blessings to Man, and, really, "Puffing Billy"



(1825) The First Locomotive.

did his "little best!" For we learn that on the 27th September, 1825, "That poor crazy man!"—George Stephenson,—persisted in trying his "new fangled" "Locomotive No. 1." "The wheels will never bite or grip the rails,"—many thought. "Two or three Wagons loaded with coal and flour,"—probably *small* ones,— "a covered wagon for the Directors,"—and one or two more filled with the "British Public,"—started, George Stephenson himself being the driver.

"Locomotive No. 1," slowly got up speed,—and finally, —amidst intense excitement,—*away* went "that poor crazy man!" *Away* went the Coal, Flour, Directors, and the "British Public," leaving the horsemen who were going to compete with that "poor crazy man," soon in the rear!



The first very primitive Railway Train in America.

Well! dear Reader! It certainly is "a caution!" But we must remember that the Americans had never seen any

coaches, or "cars," other than their "Stage Coaches," shaped as the above, with open sides, and leather flaps to "fix," in wet weather. Our English Railway Carriages were, in their "compartments," or "bodies," shaped very much like the Old Coaches, *we* were accustomed to.

The above is from the original picture in the Historical Society's Collection, Hartford. It represents the first Locomotive in America, "John Bull," made in England, weighing four tons; the Engineer was John Hampson, an Englishman. The track was 16 miles long, from Albany to Schenectady, N.Y. The first *passenger* train ran in 1831. Fifteen passengers were "aboard" the two "cars," the names of ten of these are recorded, but five were "unknown."



THIRD CLASS

OPEN "THIRD-CLASS," 1839-45.

Old Railway Travellers still remember their experience in these open "3rd-class,"—"Cattle Trucks" shall we say? No! *worse!* For "Cattle Trucks," and "Sheep Vans," all *have* a "roof!"

Even when Roofs were added to the "3rd class," they had *no glass* Windows, only Wooden Shutters.

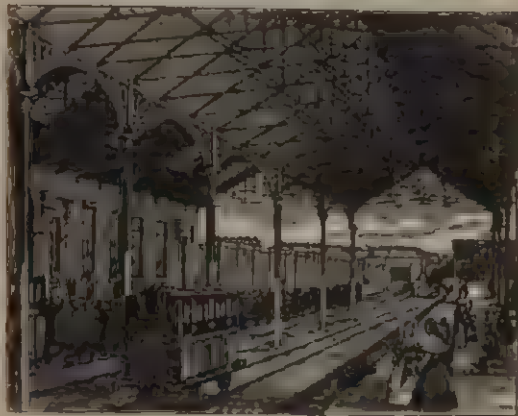
Then they *had* glass, but the side windows were placed so high up, and about *six inches* square, to make it as

unpleasant as possible for the Poor. The Midland Company by having *only two* Classes, have brought English Society more together, and we have gradually been taught that most needful lesson, that POVERTY is not a CRIME!

This Summer (1891) a gentleman of London, related to the Writer how he was riding, many years ago, in one of these open "cars," on a hot Summer's day, when a "spark," (red-hot, charcoal), from the Engine, caught a Lady's light Summer Dress, and set it on fire! They promptly beat out the flames, but had great difficulty in preventing her, in her panic, from jumping out of the carriage!

In the above woodcut, however, the unfortunate "British Public," appear to be suffering from *Water* rather than Fire!

1839.



Euston Station.

In this old drawing we see a row of these dreadful open "3rd class," cars, about to start from the Euston Station of that day, reminding one of the ominous query to an official of the irrepressible Artemus Ward,—“And pray Sir, when does this train of *second-hand coffins* start?”

What killing work to delicate folks,—when unable to pay the higher rates,—must such travelling, in uncertain Weather have been!

What a change is the splendid "3rd class" of 1891, on our leading English Railways! Cushions, Gas, large Glass Windows, Curtains, Nets, "Wall" top roofs, and, at times, a "Lavatory" at the end!

1830



A "First Class" Train (London Train).

We see here, that 14 years have greatly improved upon "Puffing Billy" of 1825. The "Rocket" of Robert Stephenson, winning the £500 Prize in 1825. Everything had been improved upon! There were, however, no "Guards," or "Luggage" Vans till 1844, or later. The luggage was put on the top of the carriage you sat in,—covered with tarpaulins, and strapped down.

Those of us who are Fifty Years old, will remember the crowd of Porters,—on the arrival of a Train, fixing wood sliders, or "shoots," to the railing on the top of the cars, while others mounted the roofs, unstrapped the covers, and delivered the Luggage down the "Shoots," on to the Platforms. The Drivers, however, complaining that so many tons of dead weight on the tops of the Cars, caused them to oscillate when at high speed, "Vans" were introduced.

In the above woodcut, the last "Car" deserves a word of notice. It was an especial kind of "1st class," called a "Mail Car." It took long to get the "Mail Coach" idea out of the English mind. The Writer saw one in use, in York Station, about 1849; there was also a specimen in the last Paris Exhibition, 1889.

It was an ordinary "1st class," but with a very narrow body, having only 4 seats,—instead of the usual six,—in the large compartments, and only 2 seats in the "Coupée" at the end.

The Guard in charge of "the Mails," sat at the back of the carriage on a seat, especially constructed, having on the top of the carriage, before him, a large black Box, fitted to the carriage top, (with a lid), to receive the Bags of Letters. It took long to get the old Mail Coach arrangements out of the English mind, so long accustomed to them.

In the early days of Railways, for instance, Passengers were allowed to occupy seats on the top of the carriages. Thus the printed directions of the Grand Junction Railway for 1839 state, "The 'First-Class' Trains consist of 1st-class coaches alone, carrying Six inside, and of "Mail

coaches" (as just described) carrying Four inside; one compartment being convertible into a bed carriage, if required." (Thus the modern "Sleeping Car" is no new idea, but was even then anticipated.) "The 'Mixed' Trains consist of 'First-class,' and also other carriages which have no cushions, linings, or divisions of the Compartments. Both the First, and Second-class, carriages have seats on the Roof for the accommodation of those who prefer riding outside."



FIRST CLASS

1839.

"The 'Mixed' trains, alone, will stop to take up and set down passengers at the intermediate Stations." "If you travel by a First-class carriage, your ticket is numbered with the Seat you are to occupy."



SECOND CLASS

"The 'Second class' Seats are not numbered, so that your ticket permits you to any one unoccupied. The Porter examines your ticket, and places your Luggage on the top of the Carriage in which you are to travel."

What these "Second-class" early "cars" were, seems to be universally forgotten. An old Railway Guide giving the Fares, and Times, has this *ominous* "Note" against the "Second-class,"—"closed at night." Clearly indicating that the Sides (?) were open by day, and probably, leathers (?) put up to the night trains.

The "Second class" passengers in the Woodcut,—evidently old "Coaching" veterans,—appear, from their apparel, *prepared* for the *worst*, but their countenances indicate a satisfaction at the new method of travelling almost amounting to Jubilation!

RIDING OUTSIDE.

Osborn's "Guide" to the Grand Junction Railway, 1839, says, "If you wish to see the Country take a place outside, You will want an extra Great Coat, and a pair of gauze spectacles to keep the dust out of your eyes, but in other respects, you will enjoy the ride ten times more than the inside Passengers!"

Imagine, dear Reader, the sensations of a naturally nervous individual thus seated,—speed got up,—and he a little uncertain as to the exact height of the next Bridge or Tunnel! While,—if a storm of rain came on, the outside Passenger, who, like Tom Bowling, has thus "gone up aloft," must have had what our U.S. cousins call a "*high old time*."

The "Grand Junction," opened 4th July, 1837. "The Public assembled in vast multitudes along the whole line," (78 miles) "for days the Stations resembled Country Fairs." It ran from Curzon Street, Birmingham, to Warrington. The first, or Pioneer Railway was the Liverpool and Manchester (30 miles) opened 15th September, 1830; it took four years to complete, and cost £36,161 *per mile*.

The "Grand Junction" only cost £18,846 *per mile*, this immense difference being caused by the difficulties of "Chat Moss," and, above all, by the experience gained by succeeding Railways lessening cost. Thus, at first, the Rails were spiked on to rigid, square *stone* blocks producing terrible jarring, obviated by the introduction of cross (or on the Great Western line, longitudinal) *wooden* sleepers. *The former* are, the Drivers say, more springy; the *latter*, with Brunel's other "Hobby" the "Broad Gauge" (6ft.) will soon become extinct. Some of us remember piles of these square stones by the side of the early Railways, all of which had to be taken up, and sold for building purposes.

The terrible expense of these experiments fell upon the Pioneer line.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES.

It is impossible for us in 1891,—life, and property so protected by our well-governed cities, to conceive the state of things even 200 years ago!

Open gutters or "Kennels" ran down the centre of the streets; the desired position of getting nearest to the wall was disputed, it being a rule of the "Bullies" not to give way; as all gentlemen then carried swords constant brawls and bloodshed ensued. Then, towards night, swarms of Rowdies, Cut-throats, Thieves, &c., of every kind issued forth into the miserably-lighted streets. As if this was not enough, the "Bloods" or Aristocracy (?) of that good (?) old time went about in Bands, terming themselves "Mohawks," "Slashers," &c., maltreating peaceable citizens, both men and *women*!

Gambling Hells, Drunkenness, Filth, Robbery, Murder, and Vice of every kind abounded.

The Pictures of Hogarth convey some idea of those heathen times! Say, at his prime, 1720-1750.

Even later, in the memory of our Fathers, there existed a midnight moral and spiritual darkness! The poor were neglected,—no Schools or Education for the Working Classes,—no Sunday Schools, no Public Libraries. "The People" were not properly "represented" in Parliament. No cheap Daily Newspapers, little Intelligence of any kind; no Public Baths; "Lavatories," &c., were unknown,—Sewage neglected,—everything filthy, coarse, rude, and brutal! Mozley in his "Reminiscences of Towns, Villages, and Schools," 1885, says, "I will content myself with one point of contrast between England as it now is, and England as it was three Generations ago. It has forced itself upon me so often that I cannot avoid declaring it. In my younger days, seventy years ago, there was heard everywhere, and at all hours, the voice of lamentation, and passion,—not always from the young, nor always from the very poor. In Towns and Villages, in Streets, in Houses, in Nurseries, and Schools, and even on the Roads, there were heard continually screams, and angry altercation, as if the hearts of mankind were set against each other! Such a picture is totally inapplicable to the happier days we live in. I leave it to any Octogenarian, to confirm my description." It has been the Revival of the Religion of Jesus

Christ, and the influence of His Followers, to which the Reform is greatly to be ascribed!

GOVERNMENT LOTTERIES.

The Writer has before him "The Observer," London Paper, published by Clement, 169, Strand, No. 1,588, Price 7d., for Sunday (!) September 2nd, 1821. It is a *single* sheet doubled; for 7d. (!) Forwarded (post-free) on the day of publication to all parts of Great Britain, and the East Indies (!), at 8½ per quarter. Europe, Brazils, Gibraltar, West Indies, and America, at 18/- per quarter. The postage of all letters must be paid, or they will not be taken in."

After stating that they do not usually notice Prize Fights, "at the particular desire of many prominent persons," (!) they have "made an exception." Then follows a lengthy Report of the Battle.

It contains an account of the terrible Scenes which took place at the Funeral of the unfortunate Queen Charlotte, for whom great Public sympathy was felt.

Five soldiers had fired, quite unnecessarily, upon the People, and a young officer had discharged his Pistols, killing two working men! Richard Honey, a Carpenter, and George Francis, a Bricklayer. The Trades Unions of that day, organised an immense Procession to give these two men a Public Funeral. The Sheriff, in risking his life to prevent a fatal collision between the Troops in the Barracks, and the immense Crowds as the Funeral passed, was assaulted by the Soldiers, and nearly killed! The Paper contains his expostulation to Earl Bathurst, and the latter's curt reply. The Paper,—though one sheet,—contains, indeed, more interesting news, than those in our less stirring times, and is embellished with a Picture of "A Correct View of his Majesty, King George the IV., landing from the "Lightning Steam Packet,"—(a most extraordinary looking craft)—Captain Skinner, on the Pier of Howth Harbour, on Sunday, 12th August, 1821." His visit to Ireland was a Politic one. The times were critical, and the Government most unpopular.

At the head of the advertisements on the first page is the following.

NOT TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.—HAZARD & Co., *Contractors* for the Present Lottery, acknowledge with pleasure the numerous testimonials of approbation bestowed upon their Scheme, which contains, Three Prizes of £30,000! Thirty other Capitals! Not two Blanks a Prize! Every Prize Sterling Money! No Classes,—no Stock Prizes! Begins drawing 30th of October. Hazard and Co. sold, and shared in the last Lottery No. 15,762 a Prize of £21,000.—No. 6,054, a Prize of £15,000, and *all* the recent £30,000 in a recent Lottery, at their offices, 93, Royal Exchange;—26, Cornhill,—and 324, Oxford Street,

where Tickets and Shares are now selling, and Schemes delivered gratis."

These Lotteries were promoted by the Government (!) Not content with taxing every possible commodity, the Government wheedled immense sums out of the People by means of these specious "Lotteries."

"Geo. IV." owed about a Million, through his life of Extravagance and Debauchery, and Money was always needed!

To avoid Scandal,—though those were *not* days of extreme delicacy,—the Government "let" these Lotteries "out" to "Contractors."—Hazard & Co.,—being prominent for Years. These "Contractors" did the "dirty work,"—sold the Tickets, —covered the Walls with Placards,—and drew large Commissions, —sharing the Plunder with the Government. The whole Scheme was a substitute for the Public Gaming Tables of Europe in that day, which ran till the "Iron" Bismarck closed them all, (save Monaco,—"*Monte Carlo*") in the Autumn of 1872. These "Lotteries" were *worse*, in the *Suspense* they kept their Victims in,—for Months! They demoralized, and ruined thousands! The Price of each Ticket was considerable, but the "entire" "whole" Ticket was subdivided into £: "Shares." If it struck a Prize, the several owners "shared" proportionately to the "shares" of that ticket they held. Add to the three great £30,000 Prizes, which Hazard's Company advertise, the "Thirty" other "Capitals," or "Prizes," (say, total, £160,000)—the *Profit* to the Government, and Contractors, probably a quarter, at least, (£40,000),—also the heavy Expenses, "Puffing" and advertising, &c.; and it is clear that the Public must have subscribed *immense* Sums to these incessant Lotteries! At "£10 to a Ticket,"—£20,000 sold, would give £200,000, and it would be *cash down*! The "Drawings" were in Public, Boys from the "Blue Coat School," were engaged to draw the numbers from the Wheels. What a moral training for Youth! The prizes *were* in, *were* paid, the drawing *was* no doubt *fair*, but the "Not two Blanks to a Prize," was a deception! Were all the Tickets actually sold before the "Drawing?" If, say, *half* the number were *not* bought, then, as *all* the tickets were probably put in (?) the chances were immensely against the purchasers of the *other* half. Again, the whole "Ticket was subdivided."

Every *not* sold ticket striking a great Prize, of course brought the Money *safely back* to the Government, to go towards the next Ballot.

For 40 years, to the Writer's knowledge,—probably for years longer,—the Agents of "Austrian State Lotteries," &c., have been sending their Schemes, several times a year, to the addresses of English Families, obtained from the Directories, asking them to forward the cash to them for tickets! *Some* unhappy, credulous, victims, *must* be taken in, else it *would not have paid* to continue "the posting" for 40 years!

Suppose the person you sent your money to,—though you know absolutely nothing of him,—*did* really buy you a genuine (not a “bogus”) ticket. *Suppose* he put that genuine ticket in, and it *did* win a Prize, do you *suppose*, (on the final supposition) that he will send that Prize to you?

The *entire System*,—as indeed is *Horse Racing*—of Lotteries, —Racing,—the Gaming Table, &c., is a *Delusion*!

PARIS EXHIBITION,—1878,—LOTTERY.

To avoid the alleged Deficit on the Great Paris Exhibition, of 1878, a gigantic Lottery, with some Millions of one franc Tickets, was organised. The Prizes and the Winning Numbers were advertised in the “Times.”

What were the chances of the “Franc” ticket taking a Prize? At the “Drawing,” 6 Wheels, each with the number 0 to 9, were employed. The first 6 Wheels gave,—when they stopped spinning,—the *six numbers* towards the “Million.” The Seventh Wheel was the “Master” Wheel, giving the *number* of the Million, to which the numbers the others gave belonged.

Now, suppose your Franc Ticket had been by chance, “No. 1.” “Utterly improbable!” *Why?* Boswell once calling a “Hackney” Coach—just then invented—for Dr. Johnson, remarked that it was *very* singular that it happened to be “No. 1.” Poor Boswell was unfortunate in his remarks! He was *always* wrong!

“*Not at all, Sir!*” thundered the tremendous Doctor,—there is nothing extraordinary *about it at all!* If there are 70 Hackney Coaches, there is nothing more remarkable in your calling “No. 1” than any other of the 70!”

Let us, then, hold “No. 1” franc ticket. A Prize is called from the List, and the 6 wheels are spun, to see what ticket is to have it. For your “No. 1” to turn up,—the first Five Wheels must *all* have stopped at 0, the Sixth Wheel at 1,—and,—lastly,—the Seventh Wheel at 0 also, indicating that you were not in the “Millions” at all!

Dr. Johnson would allow, that though there was nothing more remarkable in *one* Wheel stopping at 0 than at any other of its 10 numbers, it was *speechlessly* improbable that 6 Wheels, out of 7, all spun together, should *all stop at No. 0!*

Yet your chance of such a Miracle happening, was not more remote than that of any other number of the Millions of Tickets! Many, though buying a quantity, never got *within tens of thousands* of a Prize!

This is merely a strong effort to exhibit the folly of the Gaming, or Lottery System. The *only* Parties who *can never lose* are the *Promoters!*

Once given way to, “Gaming” becomes a Sin, and absolute *Madness!*

GAMBLING, 1891.

"Some time ago we referred in these columns to the fact that free libraries in the district were becoming the haunts of the lower class of betting men, and we understand that for some time the — Free Libraries Committee has had under consideration the question of ridding the Library and the Branch Reading room in — Road of these unwelcome visitors. It seems that of late numbers of these men have been in the habit of putting in an appearance at the Library and Branch Reading-room at nine o'clock in the morning, and, after perusing the daily papers, have remained until the London papers arrive at ten o'clock. They also make their appearance in the evening, and at certain times practically monopolise the papers. They prove themselves a nuisance to other readers, and prevent to some extent the more respectable class of readers using the room. The librarian, Mr. —, suggested that one means of remedying the evil would be to black out the whole of the items referring to betting and horse racing before the papers are issued for perusal, and the committee unanimously resolved to adopt this extreme measure, which will be put into effect on Monday. We understand that such an action is unprecedented."—*Daily Paper*.

It does seem pitiable that our splendid Public Libraries, intended to advance the culture, and intelligence of the People, should be thus employed. Why do respectable,—leading,—English newspapers advertise Racing "odds," Betting, &c., *at all?*

To please a Parisian,—who had been obliging,—the Writer,—no doubt wrongly,—accepted two or three 1878 franc tickets. One of these tickets was not far from striking a *French omnibus* as a Prize! Fancy, dear Reader, one's embarrassment at owning a Brand-new French omnibus! Another gentleman's franc ticket struck *Two Tons of Nitrate of Soda!* These he at once sold, (by letter), for a satisfactory sum. The Immorality of Gaming lies in thus playing upon *human credulity*, and *abusing* that noble, heaven given faculty. The Writer will never touch another!

Cock-fights, Bull-baiting, and Prize-fighting, and other brutal exhibitions (called "Sport") were incessant! From 1800 to 1835 the Rules of a Prize-fight were very lax. "Butting" with the head was allowed; and when the men could stand no longer the seconds were allowed to carry them up to the "mark." Thus "Dutch Sam" won a desperate Fight, towards its conclusion, by a "butt" with his head into the face of his opponent (Gaynor), who Samuel Bryne, and "Deaf Burke,"—in their fatal three hours (!) Fight,—were constantly *carried up* to "the mark" time after time! Bryne died the following day, greatly distressed in mind at having previously killed another Pugilist "Sandy McKay,"—in a former Prize-fight. When Owen, a noted Boxer, killed his opponent,—the Coroner's Jury were so shocked at the terrible sight the body presented, that they were only deterred from bringing in a Verdict of Manslaughter, from the fact that Owen's life was also, at the time, almost despaired of! As very large sums

were risked upon these "Events," and the Pugilists themselves invested their money frequently on their chance of success, they fought, naturally, desperately, *to the last*.

Thus Hickman "The Gasman,"—a formidable Boxer,—received a blow from Neat, the Bristol Butcher, which, as a Spectator said, "That blow, I fear, has cost me £100!" And so it ultimately did! He was about to fall on his face, when he received another which brought him on his back! Yet he fought several more rounds! Yet he had previously beaten four of the leading Pugilists in a few minutes, while Neat, subsequently, seemed quite helpless before "Spring" (Winter), the pupil of Cribb.

"Time! Time!"



A "Prize Fight" 70 years ago.

Captain Barclay cleared £10,000 on Cribb (whom he "trained") in his second fight with Molineux, the Elder, (The Black). An only Son of a poor Widow was killed in a Prize Fight, in which Captain Barclay was concerned, and he never attended another one!

The Aristocracy (?) of those good (?) old Times attended these Fights,—George the Fourth, of despicable Memory, was present at a Prize Fight! Swarms of Roughs, Rowdies, Thieves, and Blackguards, of every description, followed these "Fights" all over the Country, no matter what weather! There were terrible scenes! An immense Platform gave way during Spring's Fight with Langham, and numbers were terribly injured!

The men usually fought on Wooden Platforms, so that a severe "throw" upon the hard boarding was terribly felt!

The large Sums at Stake induced immense excitement towards the close of a Battle, and led to attempts at unfair play,—breaking the Ring, &c.,—in order to save their Money.

Many thousands of pounds were at stake at the last three rounds, when the brave,—but always too fat,—Josh Hudson, contrary to all expectation, conquered Ward.

So many attempts have, lately, been made to revive Prize Fighting, that the present repulsive Picture is *purposely* introduced, in order to exhibit the Brutal Scene in its *true character*! May it *serve its purpose* in disgusting the Young Reader, and letting the immorality, and *true character*, of all such exhibitions be plainly set forth!

"THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES!"

We have to thank Christian men,—the true followers of Christ, and His Precepts,—and teachings for our Reforms. It has been their Influence, Example, and *Persistent Opposition*, to all that is degrading, brutal, and evil, which has, at length, brought the Nations under the "Reign of Law,"—*Christian Laws*,—founded upon Christianity, and its Great Teacher!

It is those Laws,—and the Law, alone, dear Reader,—which forbids the recurrence of such abuses. The "baser sort" of Mankind are just as ready to have all these brutal exhibitions once more! Fallen Human Nature remains the same!

Cockfights are still (1891) carried on, in secret, as the Papers have recently described, so are "Gaming Hells," the Papers themselves, have, for 90 years, advertised Races, and thus encouraged Betting,—while,—whenever the Police can be evaded, "Prize Fights" take place.

Let us be thankful that we are under Christian Rulers, a Monarch who, for half a Century, has given "a tone" to our Nation of untold value,—and a Government ever on the side of right, and of Reform, desirous of making it *easy*, for those who choose, to *do right*,—and difficult,—unless they resist the Law,—to do Evil!

CONCLUSION.

The Question remains, whether, amongst immensely improved surroundings, and vast advance made in the Conveniences, Comforts, and even Luxuries, of Life, we are so much the more advanced Morally, and Religiously, for it all, as a Nation? Well! dear Reader, it would seem when

we look around us, that true Religious Principle, Christian Life, and Practice, seem as little popular as they ever were!

Piety, and Religion, never *were* popular in this fallen World, and it would appear that they never *will* be! You may improve outward surroundings,—afford opportunities of self-improvement, hitherto unknown,—but, it is to be feared that fallen Human Nature remains pretty much what it ever was!

A *Nation* is what its individual members are themselves! Our laws being now based upon Christian ideas, rules, and practice, forbid the abuses, and horrors, of the Past. Those Times can never return! Mankind cannot *go back*! The opportunities of self-improvement, self-culture, and securing "Success in Life," were never so great as in our day, but the will, and desire, to lead a Godly Life, are too often as much lacking as they ever were! Unless the vast outward improvements of the past 90 years lead to a REVIVAL OF TRUE RELIGION, amongst the Nations, then the mere advance in "Civilization," outward comforts, and Luxury, without an advance in true, genuine,—"Christianity" will prove, after all, to be a *Sham*, and we shall not have, in that case, quite so much cause, to exult so greatly over the contrast, 1891 presents, to "THE GOOD (?) OLD TIMES."



"1805."

A "Jack Tar" of the "Good (?) Old Times. The days of the "Pigtail,"—"Three Deckers,"—"Grog,"—"Glory,"—"Wooden Legs,"—and Flogging! "Take them,—all in all, —we ne'er shall see their like again!"—*Shakespeare*.
Alas! Nor ever want to!



The "Lamps," and "Candlestick."—(Upright Chandelier)—
of the Ancients.

CHAPTER VII.

Encouragement to the Young Christian to Enter the "Wicket Gate," and to Persevere in the good Daily Habits, and Christian Life, suggested in this Volume.

THE ANCIENT "LAMP."—THE "SMOKING FLAX."—THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN DESPONDING.—THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," THROUGH THIS WORLD, THE SAME, AS IN GOOD JOHN BUNYAN'S TIME.—SINS FALL BEFORE THE CROSS.—SIN, LIONS, AND "GIANT" DESPAIR, ALL GIVE WAY BEFORE PRAYER.—SAFE AT LAST.

"A Bruised Reed shall He not break, and SMOKING FLAX shall He not quench."—*Matt. xiii, 20. Isaiah xlii, 3.*

"And God said 'Let there be Light,' and there was Light."—*Gen. i, 3.*

"Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet, and a Light unto my Path."—*Psal. cxix, 105.*

"I am the Light of the World. He that followeth Me shall not walk in Darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."—*John viii, 12.*

"That is the True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the World."—*John i, 9.*

"A Light to lighten the Gentiles."—*Luke ii, 32.*

"Let your Light so shine before men!"—*Matt. v. 16.*

"Light is sown for the Righteous, and gladness for the Upright in Heart!"
Psalms xcvi, 11.

Note. The Reader is asked to peruse in the Previous Chapter,—the description of our Forefathers' struggles with the Flint, Steel, and "Tinder Box." (Page 737.)

TO the Genius of that splendid man,—Prince Albert,—we owe,—as a Nation, that now, most valuable Land upon which are already built, (others will probably follow) the noble "Albert Hall,"—the New British Museum, "Natural History Section," (Cromwell Road), and the "South Kensington Museum," London.

This gifted Prince,—never properly appreciated by our Nation, until we had lost him,—appeared,—during his indefatigable life,—to be actuated by one noble Thought and Desire,—namely, that of securing the Welfare, and Happiness of this Country, and of us, his Subjects.

We owed to his genius that Splendid Scheme, and amazing Success, the First "Great Exhibition," in Hyde Park, 1851. The great Tree enclosed in its lofty Nave is presumed to be still in Hyde Park uninjured by its nine Months' enclosure, while the Huge Glass Palace itself,—re-erected as the "Crystal Palace," Sydenham,—after 40 years,—still affords innocent pleasure to Millions.

Those of us who have since visited almost every Great Exhibition, including Vienna, Philadelphia, and even Australia,—and hope to see the coming one at Chicago,—still look back wistfully to that grand sight in 1851! It was the first of its kind! *Once seen, never to be forgotten!*

With the Proceeds of the Exhibition of 1851, the Land above alluded to,—*now* worth an immense Sum,—was purchased from the Blessington Family.

That magnificent Terra Cotta Edifice,—the "Natural History Museum,"—has relieved the Old British Museum Building, of its prodigious Natural History Accumulations, thus making room for other Sections. The eye is actually wearied with the Rows of Glass Cases, containing a Collection of Birds,—Butterflies,—Insects,—Shells,—Geological Specimens,—&c., &c., now at the Cromwell Road, Museum, such as the World has never before seen!

Relieved, thus, of one Section of its vast accumulations, the "old" British Museum Building, has been enabled to *utilize its Rooms*,—thus set at liberty,—by bringing forth

more of its priceless treasures to Public View. We now pass from "Vase Room No. 1," to many others, filled with Ancient Greek, and Roman, relics,—a Collection second to none in the World!

Indeed, those of us familiar with the Naples Museum,—although the latter has been, for generations, upon the very spot, for obtaining the buried Treasures of the Ancients,—must nevertheless give the palm to our British Museum!

Amongst other treasures the Visitor is struck with the number, and variety, of these Ancient "Lamps," in Bronze, and Earthenware. Presenting as they do, an infinite variety of ingenious, often graceful, frequently fantastic designs, these "Lamps" of the Ancients are all constructed upon the same system.

All of them possess—at the furthest extremity from the handle,—a small,—circular, hole, to receive the Wick, which was, usually, of Flax. In the centre of the Lamp, at the top, a circular, but somewhat larger opening, received the oil, which was poured in from a small earthenware jug, or vessel. It was this needful supply of additional oil which the foolish Virgins neglected to take with them.

"They took no oil with their Lamps, but the *Wise* Virgins took oil in their vessels, with their Lamps. — *Matt* xxv, 4.



"The Wise took oil with their Lamps."

These Ancient Lamps were of every degree of excellence, from the small, rude, fabric of burnt clay, up to the often elaborate, elegant, tasteful Lamp in Bronze, with, at times, two openings at its extremity so as to burn two wicks, instead of only one. "But what a poor, dismal, feeble light these lamps would give at best!" No doubt! But, in the houses of the Wealthy, also in Public Buildings, there would be "Candlesticks,"—or what we should now term

upright "Chandeliers," having branches terminating with shelves upon which a number of these Lamps would be placed. These Lamps, if kept constantly trimmed, and properly filled with oil, by the Servants,—would give a certain amount of Light.

MANKIND CONTENT TILL THEY HEAR OF SOMETHING BETTER.

We must remember, dear Reader, that the Ancients could be *contented* with very poor substitutes for our Modern Luxuries, because they had never known, or heard of the existence, of *anything better*! Let us apply this to ourselves! We, Christian Believers,—dear Youth, who read this Book,—would have remained *quite* contented with grasping the poor, unsatisfying, things of Sense, and Time,—the Gains, and passing Pleasures of a transient and dying World,—its feeble Lamps, —and delusive joys,—had not,—God one day,—sent a new Light to *our* Souls! Every Young Christian,—impressed with Religion,—has heard a Heavenly Music,—sweet voices not of *this* World,—which have spoken to him of his Heavenly Home!

We must needs hear that blessed "call" of the Supreme,—those heavenly sounds,—once more!

No more *contentment*, dear young Christian, for you, or me, with the dim lights of *this* World,—the Lamps of "Vanity Fair,"—of the "City of Destruction,"—this World, with its poor Candles, must go! We have seen a *better*, a more glorious Light,—the Light of our Heavenly Home!

When the Worldly speak to the Young Christian of the good things of this life, and "Worldly Wiseman," urges the necessity of seeing *very* carefully to the things of this World, "getting on" in life,—plenty of time for religion "later on" in life,—*"time enough yet,"*—the Young Christian feels that he has *something better*,—now!

"These things were all to me at one time! But, in my early Youth, there came a day,—it was a day of days to my soul,—when a Heavenly Visitant came knocking at my door! I did not seek Him! But He came! He spoke words to my Soul,—sweet music,—such as I had never heard! This World,—its gains, its pleasures,—do not seem to me as they *once* did! Seek them those who will, but, as for me, I heard a sweeter Voice than I had ever heard, Who said, "Will you be Mine?"

It came,—a precious music to my dark soul; I said,—*"By Thy help, I will!"* I must hear that Voice again! *This World* must pass! I must begin my Journey to the

Bright Home above ! I must *away* ! "The BRIDEGROOM was so SWEET."

Thus our Lord,—speaking of us Christian Believers,—says, "Ye are the Light of the World," and warns us against inconstancy, or being untrue to our Profession. "Men do not light a candle,"—(one of these Ancient Lamps, used in our Saviour's time),—"and put it under a bushel, but *on a candlestick*, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house."—(*Matt. v., 14-15*)

"Let your light so shine before men !"

"What ! Dear young Reader ? A Young Christian,—a Sabbath School Teacher,—and *seen in the Theatre* ! Surely there are numberless innocent recreations you can join in, consistent with a Christian's life ! Do avoid bringing discredit to the cause you have espoused !

There is another allusion to these Candlesticks (*Rev. v., 5*),—and a solemn one it is, too,—addressed to a "lukewarm," sleeping, and indifferent, Church !

"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love : remember from whence thou hast fallen, and repent, else I will come quickly, and remove thy candlestick out of his place !"

Dear Reader, if, as Christians, we are inconsistent, and give no light, shall not we also be "removed ?" "Ye are the *Salt of the Earth*,"—our Blessed Lord assures us Christians,—"*But*,"—He adds,—"*If the Salt have lost his savour*, wherewith shall it be salted ? It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out."—(*Matt. v., 13*). Dear Christian Reader, you cannot live unmarked, unnoticed, as do others ! You must either cease to be a Christian, or you must "shine." However feebly, a light, every true Believer *must* give to a careless,—irreligious World !

THE SMOKING FLAX.

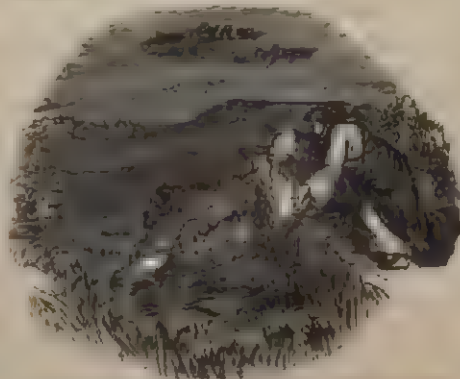
Here comes the *deep meaning* of those words "Smoking Flax will He not quench !"

These Ancient Lamps required to be replenished from time to time with fresh oil, if this was neglected the Flax Wick would not go out *suddenly*, but the flame would gradually become feeble,—then dim, and, finally, the *flame* and the *light* disappear, but *still* the "smoking flax" wick, would smoke for some time longer,—and *even now*, if the wick was *blown* quickly, and gently, *upon*, the smoke would increase, a faint returning spark of light would appear, and this continued, and the needful *fresh oil* added, the Lamp would light, and give as much light as ever it did !

So it is with the flame of grace in the heart of every

Christian Youth! There are times,—you know it as well as I do,—when that precious flame *burns very, very low!* Ah! That "smoking flax!" The "light" we give, (our example as Christians), does, *indeed*, seem a feeble one! So much so, that the Young Believer is at times quite discouraged in the "Slough of Despond," and is apt to fear that his Light has gone out altogether! Of course Satan takes every advantage of our falls, and inconsistent conduct, and discouragement, to drive the Young Christian to despair! "*There, I told you so! I told you that you would never be a true Christian! I told you that it was no use your trying! Look at your character, your inconsistency, your example! You a Christian? Be persuaded! Give it all up! Remain my servant! Live for this World only! Give up prayer! Devote your time to yourself, and getting on in the World, like other people, then you will be one day a wealthy and successful man!*"

The Youth who is "called" by the Blessed God to the happy life of a Young Christian, knows that what I say is true! He knows that the "Slough of Despond" is not far from the "Wicket Gate!" That inspired, and holy man of God,—John Bunyan,—knew Satan's artifices *well!* Many a sore conflict he had gone through before the once evil-living, and Christless, Tinker, became the honoured, devoted saint of God, whose wondrous Book the "Pilgrim's Progress," has become perhaps the best known book to English Speaking Nations, next to the Bible itself! John Bunyan knew where to put the "**Slough of Despond**,"—he knew the dependency into which many a Young Christian,—loved by God, falls; that it is at the *commencement* of his Journey to his Heavenly Home, not far from the "**Wicket Gate!**"



Dependency.—The "Slough of Despond."

Pliable fell into the Slough with Christian, but Pliable had had enough of a Christian life!

"Let me but get out again with my life," says he, "and you shall possess the brave Country alone for me!" He struggled out, but it was on the *wrong* side; *he* got out on that side nearest the "City of Destruction." He dropped the life of a Christian! "And Christian saw him no more!"

Not so with a Christian Youth! He struggles with his despondency as good Christian did; always endeavouring

"To struggle to that side of the Slough that was nearest the Wicket Gate, the which he did, but could not get out because of the 'Burden' (*his past sins*) which was upon his back." A good man named Help, however, came up, and asks,

Help.—"But why did you not look for the *Steps*?"

(The great, and precious *Promises* of the Faithful God, sure, and steadfast, through Jesus Christ to every Young Christian.)

Christian.—"Fear, and despondency, followed me so very hard, that I did not think of the Steps, I did not see them, and so fell in!"

Then said Help, "Give me thy hand."

(We must do *our* part, by prayer, and the use of the means of Grace, we must give God, and the precious Saviour, in this way, "our hand.")

"So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him on *sound ground* (Belief, and trust in Jesus) and bid him go on his way!"

"Then I stepped up to him that plucked him out," continues Bunyan's Dream,—and said, "Sir, since over this place is the way to your Wicket Gate, why is it that this place is not mended that poor travellers might reach it with more security?" And he said to me, "This miry Slough is such a place as *cannot be mended*! The scum and filth that attend *conviction of sin* do so continually run into it! When the sinner is awakened, there arise in his soul so many fears, doubts, discouraging apprehensions, and these all settle in this place

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers for hundreds of years have been employed about it: there have been swallowed up millions of wholesome instructions, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and ever will be. There are, however, STEPPING STONES placed through it, but men hardly heed them, and fall in."

YOUNG READER.—"Give me a few of these '*stepping stones*,'—God's promises,—to help me out of my despondency!

Well!

"My sheep *hear My voice*, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them *Eternal life*; and *they shall never perish*,—neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand!"—*John x., 27-28.*

You, young Believer, have heard that Voice,—that priceless "call" of God! Unless you desert *Him*, He will never again desert *you*!

"For I am persuaded that neither death; nor life, nor angels, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other

creature, shall be able to separate us,"—(Paul of course, is addressing Christian Believers),—"from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*Romans viii.*, 39.

"For Sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."—*Romans vi.*, 14.

"Let not your heart be troubled ; in my Father's house are many Mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."—*John xiv.*, 1-3.

"If a man love Me, he will keep My words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—*John xiv.* 23.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you, for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."—*John xvi.* 23-27

Note.—The YOUNG READER will note that all these Promises are to Believers in our Lord. If you were not yourself a young Believer, and near the entrance of the "Wicket Gate," you would not be asking for "Stepping Stones," nor would you be concerned at all about Religion !

"Neither pray I for these alone," (the immediate followers of our blessed Lord,) "but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which thou hast given Me : for thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—*John xvii.*, 20-24.

"I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me,"—*Proverbs viii.* 17

"I do remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals"—*Jer.* ii. 2.

Good "Stepping Stones" these, dear Reader !

Are you honouring either the eternal God, or our blessed Lord, by doubting either His power,—or His willingness, —to be true to His promises in *your* case, as in all others, when sincere applications are made in His own appointed way ?

"Ah !" says the Young Believer, "brave words ! Precious promises these truly ! But I fear not for *me* ! I have such a very indifferent character naturally, I fear that I shall never get through,—never become a real, true, self-denying Christian."

"How faintly my lamp burns,—if it burn at all ! It seems as if my faith in God was gone ! I am tempted at times, do you know, to give up prayer altogether !" Well ! dear Reader, the flame of grace,—our "Lamp,"—*does* seem to flicker at some period of the Christian's "Progress,"—usually at the beginning of the Christian course,—our example, it may be, seems such a poor one before others,—our sins so frequent,—our increasing consciousness of our own worthlessness, humbling, and depressing ! But, this is the very sign of a child of God,—to be *emptied of yourself*, that *dependence upon Christ*, may come in ! Let there but be on

our part but the Habit of Daily Prayer,—steadily continued,—and humble, but *firm* "belief," faith, and reliance on God's faithfulness and promises only exercised, and *He* will see to the rest! Yes! the undoubtedly *mysterious*, but most sweet and blessed influences of God the Holy Spirit, *shall blow* upon the "smoking flax" in your flickering lamp of faith! Under His divine influence, and priceless,—inestimable,—breath, the feeble flame of that expiring lamp of yours shall revive! Our blessed Lord will add fresh oil! And, when you are emptied of *yourself*, and *leave all to Christ*, then hope revives,—peace returns,—and lo! your lamp,—thus placed under the *Divine care*,—burns brighter than ever! It would be more gratifying to our pride, dear Young Reader, if we could *do all ourselves*, apart from Christ, be in fact, *our own* Saviour! But we *cannot*! Come to Christ we *must*!

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—*John xv. 5.*

THE WICKET GATE.

Young Reader, "But such difficulties in my Path! Evil Companions,—Derision,—Bad Example,—Sin,—all around me! And, do you know, my Parents and Relations do not like so much piety and religion! My own Sins too! I shall never weather it all out!" Well! Satan *does* make it very difficult to enter into the "strait" (difficult) Wicket Gate! *Why?* Because he knows that once a Youth gets in, the Christian life begun,—he will probably continue in that "narrow way that leadeth unto life," and his reign will be over! You will remember that as the worthy Porter was opening the Gate to good Christian, the Gate Keeper, "Goodwill," *gave him a Pull!*

The Commencement of a Christian, pious, prayerful, life. "Strait" (difficult) is the Gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."



The "Wicket Gate."

"And with that he opened the Gate; but as Christian was stepping in, the other *gave him a pull*. Then said Christian, "*What means that?*" Goodwill, the Porter, told him,—"*A little distance from this gate is erected a strong Castle, of which Heelzebub is the Captain; from thence they that are with him shoot arrows*,"—(these may be taken to be Sceptics,—Unbelievers,—with their doubts and cavils, *show-ers* like *arrows* on the young Reliever, or irreligious persons with their *dislike*, *meers*, and *scoffs*)—"at them that come up to this Gate, if haply they may die," (viz., that their Faith, Belief, and Religious feeling may be destroyed),—"before they enter in." "Then said Christian, 'I rejoice, and tremble.'"

Dear young Reader! You do the same! Jesus opens to you also the door, and draws you also! Good Ministers,—pious friends,—good books, all give you *also many a pull! Push in! Away with your fears, and despondency! Away with Sceptics, and the scoffs of the ungodly,—heed them not! Push in!*

You do well to distrust *yourself*, but never distrust God!

"But I am past the Wicket Gate, says the older Youth, or Young Man,—I have prayed for years,—but, do you know, it goes terribly hard at times! Such opposition! My path seems stopped! There seem to be "*Lions in the Way!*" So Christian found! It was so in 1680,—for John Bunyan spent 12 years in jail, and "Kirke and his Lambs," were then abroad! Fancy, dear Reader, giving this good and holy man a term of Imprisonment,—(merely for preaching the Gospel)—three times as long as we bestow upon Burglars and Criminals in 1891! The Lions in your Path are, at any rate, less severe now! Lions there certainly still are, but Christian forgot to have faith in God's faithfulness! "He did not know that *the lions were chained!*" He ought to have known it.



"Lions" in the Way of the Christian

"Now he had not gone far before he entered into a very narrow passage; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way! Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by! Then did Christian think also himself that he must needs go back after them. But the Porter of the Lodge, whose name was Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, "Fear not the Lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith, and for the discovery of those that have none,"—(and we may add, *do not ask for it*), "keep in the middle of the Path, and no hurt shall come unto Thee."

He went on, therefore, trembling, for he heard their roar, but they did him no harm!"

"Yes!" says the young Believer, "but it is not so much outward opposition which daunts me, it is *my own sins* which stop my Christian course." *There they are!* almost as bad as ever! *Always* coming up! Well Christian's "burden" on *his* back was his sins, and you can get rid of them as Christian did. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus" (Saviour in the Hebrew) "for He shall save His people from their sins." That is our Lord's mission, and prerogative!

Our Sins fall before the Cross of Christ.



Christian loses his burden (of Sin) and sees the three "Shining Ones."

"The highway up which Christian was to go had, on either side, a Wall called Salvation." (The "strait and narrow" way.) "Up this Way, therefore, he went, but not without great difficulty because of the load upon his back." (We all feel bitterly our sins, and the hindrance they are to us). "He went thus till he came to a place where stood a Cross. And a little below it, I saw, in my dream, was a Sepulchre. And, just as he came up with the Cross, and looked steadfastly thereon, his Burden began to loosen from off his back, and began to tumble!—And tumble it did, and continued so to do, till it came to mouth of the Sepulchre, into the which it fell, and Christian saw it no more!"

"All his transgressions that he hath committed *shall not be mentioned unto him*, he shall surely live, he shall not lie."—*Ezekiel* xviii, 22.

"None of his sins that he hath committed *shall be mentioned unto him*, he shall surely live."—*Ezekiel* xxxiii, 16.

"Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back!"—*Isaiah* xxxviii, 17.

"*Why?*" He is a Sinner like the others!"—Justice cries!—"True!"—says the all Just, and yet indulgent Lord God,—"*But he took Me at my Word,*—he came to Me in My own appointed way,—claimed an interest in the Sacrifice of his Saviour,—and *what is this* that I see upon that once sinful soul? *Surely* it is the blood of My dear Son! I am reconciled! I shall not strike, for *I see no Sinner there!*"

Dear young Believer, what have *you* to do with your past sins? Come you to Christ! Let *Him* see to *that*!

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is *Christ* that died!"—*Romans* viii., 33, 34.

"Yes! But I am an older person than those for whom you wrote this Book, and I am almost despairing! To tell the truth I fear I am as sinful as I was twenty years ago! I am full of doubts,—can get no certainty."

Well, but that is no sign that you are not a Christian! The *love* of sin is certainly no longer what it once was, else why does it give you such grief, and discouragement? An unregenerate soul never grieves over sin!

Remember too that Christian, and even his companion "*Hopeful,*" when *well on* their Christian course both fell, for a time, into Despair!

That grim Tyrant,—"*Giant Despair,*"—caught them *asleep* (prayer neglected) on his Grounds,—(where they ought *never* to have been) took them to his Castle, and to a "very dark Dungeon, nasty, and stinking"—Then the Giant, "getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel," fell upon them, and beat them "fearfully," and counselled them to make an end of themselves, either by knife, halter, or poison!"

CAPTIVE TO GIANT "DESPAIR."



The Dungeon in Doubting Castle! (Unbelief.)

"Well, on Saturday, about Midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day." (Note =The Reader must remember that the holy man John Bunyan who wrote this Book, had himself to go through terrible assaults of the Devil before he became a Christian.)

"Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: 'What a fool am I,' quoth he, 'thus to lie in this stinking Dungeon, when we might walk at liberty; I forgot that I had a key in my bosom called 'Promise,' (Like the 'Stepping Stones,' dear Reader) that will I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.' Then said Hopeful, 'That's good news, brother! Pluck it out of thy bosom and try!' It opened their dungeon door,—it opened the outer door to the Castle yard,—lastly,—(for *Despair* is a fearful state to get into!) they tried the Iron Gate, but that lock went *desperately hard*,—nevertheless the Key *did* open it! But that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked the Giant, who, hastily rising to pursue them, fell *into one of his pits* (for Giant Despair, has, sometimes, *Pits*,—in *Sanshiny Weather*)—and so they escaped 'rom his reach!"

Dear Reader! Older, or Younger, follow their example! Never "Despair" in God's Power to change, and Save! Pluck His Promises out of *your* Bible, and apply to the Saviour while Time, and opportunity are yours!

What do *we* know of the Resources, and Changing, Saving, Grace of our God?

THE TRINITY.

Young Christian. "I am willing to live a Life of Prayer, like a good "Christian," being convinced that Salvation must be a work of Almighty God alone,—and am willing to seek for that saving and changing grace which He alone can bestow,—but I have a difficulty as to which person of the Trinity I am constantly to pray to, whether God the Father,—the Son,—or the Holy Spirit!"

It is well ever to remember that, though the Eternal God has thought fit, to reveal Himself to Mankind, in the relationship of (1) our Creator, (2) our Saviour, (3) our Sanctifier, the connexion is so intimate, that, it is impossible for a sincere Young Christian to pray to,—believe in,—and "wait upon"—one person of the blessed Trinity, without obtaining the approval and love of God. In these points, God the Holy Spirit,—if asked,—will undoubtedly enlighten the mind,—it is indeed, His office to do so. The Young Believer may rest assured that this will be the case;—his place is to patiently ask, and wait upon God, for all things,—Wisdom,—Faith,—Change of Heart,—Love,—Gratitude, Guidance,—Implicit confidence in His faithfulness, &c.,—all are most certainly and freely, to be had for the asking!

Let us, however, endeavour to apply in the way the Supreme has clearly indicated to be pleasing in His sight. Let our prayers be made to Him in our Saviour's name,

without Whose sacrifice all would have been hopeless; to honour the Son, is ever the way to acceptance with God the Father! Again, let our prayers to our blessed Lord, be for His continued presence and blessing upon our lives, especially for openings of usefulness in advancing His cause.

Once more, let us ever approach God the blessed Holy Spirit, with deep reverence, and *persistence*, for every Christian knows well *how dependent*, we, believers, are upon God the Holy Ghost, for all spiritual things!

It is, indeed, the presence, in his heart and life, of God, in the third Person of the Trinity, which distinguishes the "Christian" from the "Unbeliever,"—the "Regenerate" from the "Worldly,"—the "Children of the Kingdom," from the "Children of the Evil One,"—the "Wheat" from the "Tares!"

The Young Christian cannot too frequently solicit the aid of God the Holy Spirit,—always in Christ's name. It is His especial office to act as our Sanctifier, and, if the Young Believer is discouraged by his own very feeble efforts at Prayer, let him solicit the effectual Prayers, in his behalf, of God, the Blessed Holy Ghost, Whose intercessions, we are told, are of a character which "cannot be uttered," and are to be desired far, by the Christian, above all things upon Earth! Our Saviour bears emphatic witness as to the Dignity, and Power, of God the Holy Spirit, and the absolutely fatal character of Sins against God the Holy Ghost.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"All manner of Sin and Blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men,"—(if the proper means are employed, and God approached in contrition and repentance.) "but the Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man" (of course that is if the means God has provided for reconciliation, as before indicated, are employed) "it shall be forgiven him. But whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this World, neither in the World to come!"—*Matt. xii., 31 and 32.*

Keeping the Eternal God in our view, as God the Father,—"dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, —Whom no man hath seen, nor can see,"—the difficulty of Prayer to each of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity felt, by the Young Believer, will be removed.

As God has thought fit thus to reveal Himself to Mankind, let us thankfully seek the aid alike of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, whose united, and Blessed, Offices are undoubtedly equally needed to secure *our Salvation!*

"I and My Father are one! As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also *may be one in us!* And the Glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."—*John* x., 30; xvii. 21-23.

Amazing Words!

(1) GOD, THE FATHER.

First,—then,—let the YOUNG BELIEVER accustom himself, habitually, to think of God the Father, as the Supreme,—as Almighty God.

He "Who alone hath Immortality,—dwelling in the Light which no Man can approach unto; Whom no man hath seen, nor can see; to Whom be Honour, and Power Everlasting! Amen!"—*1 Tim.* vi., 16.

"Christ, the First Fruits,—afterwards they that are Christ's at His Coming. Then cometh the End, when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father;—when He shall have put down all Rule, Authority, and Power. For Christ must reign till He hath put all Enemies under His feet."

"That,—at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, and every tongue confess,"—(either in Judgment, or in Mercy),—"that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father."—*Phil.* ii., 10.

"And, when all things shall be subdued unto Him, *then shall the Son also*, be subject unto Him that put all things under Him."—*1 Cor.* xv., 23-28.

"Who only hath Immortality." That is,—Who only hath, or possesses Immortality in Himself,—in the Past,—from all Eternity, from the Beginning. He has it of Himself, and can therefore *impart* it, in the Future, to his Creatures. We know that He *has* done so!

"Then shall the dust (our Mortal Bodies) return to the Earth *as it was*, and the Spirit shall return *unto God Who gave it!*"—*Eccle.* xii., 7.

"For this Corruptible must put on Incorruption,—and this Mortal must put on Immortality." (*Must* do so, from the very Nature of the Soul.) "For the Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised Incorruptible, *and we shall be changed.*"—*1 Cor.* xv., 52, 53.

The Delusion of the "Christadelphians" is the old one of denying the Immortality of the Soul of all men, limiting the Gift of Immortality to "the Good,"—the "Saved,"—only. Denying that God has already irrevocably given this Immortality to all men, "good" or "bad" alike.

They "wrest" the above Text,—amongst others,—to suit their Delusion. By carefully picking isolated texts, any error may be supported if *all others* inconvenient to their purpose and *all Christ's warnings*, as to Eternity, are *carefully excluded!*

Because God "only hath Immortality,"—*in the Past*, is that any reason, when He created the Human Soul, why He has not bestowed it to His Creature Man, for the Future? Assuredly He did! Our Souls will *now exist as long as God does!*

No *true* Christian,—that is,—Believer in Christ,—ever existed,—or ever will exist, who denies the Teachings of our Lord in regard to the Immortality of the Souls,—both of the "Just" and the "Unjust!" This is indeed the Solemn part of Religion!

The "Christadelphian" contends that God has not created all

men with Immortal Souls, but *will* bestow that Gift only upon the "Saved." The "Christian" maintains that the Almighty *has already*,—irrevocably bestowed Immortality upon *all Men*,—and that He will never withdraw that Gift,—that it is "part and parcel" of our very creation, from the time when,

"God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life : and man became a living soul"—*Genesis* ii., 7.

Thus Paine, the Infidel, held the convenient view that the Wicked "would be dropped altogether," to use his own words. But the Word of God *tells a very different tale!*

The New Testament *teems* with allusions to our Immortality,—and warnings as to the coming Eternity for the Wicked, as well as for the Righteous.

"For the Hour is coming in the which *all that are in the Graves* shall hear His voice, and shall come forth : they that have done good unto the Resurrection of Life, and they that have done evil unto the Resurrection of Damnation."—*John* v., 28, 29.

Well ! dear Reader, you have eyes to see for yourself the teachings of our Lord on our Immortality extracted from the New Testament, with every "Reference" clearly given, on pages 284, —also 326.—Book I.—and especially, the "Sermons Criticised," in this vol. (Book II.) upon the "Eternal Hope Delusion."

What do Christ's Words mean? Are they false? Was our Blessed Lord,—*mistaken or insincere?*

You may deny His teaching as to the Immortality of the Wicked, and remain a "Christadelphian," or a follower of Thomas Paine, but if you persist in ignoring Christ's solemn warnings, you cannot remain a "Believer" in Him! *Why?* Simply because you do not, and *will not* "Believe" His express words!

"And I saw a Great White Throne and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the Earth and Heaven fled away : and there was found no place for them."

(The *Spiritual* World, and Life, had begun).

"And I saw the Dead,—small and great, stand before God, and the Books were opened. And another Book was opened which is the Book of Life, and the Dead were judged out of those things which were written in the Books according to their Works."

"And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it, and Death and Hell delivered up the Dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their Works. And Death and Hell were cast into the Lake of Fire : this is the second death ! And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire."—*Rev.* xi. 11-15.

Awful words, dear Reader ! But surely not awful if we accept now the Solemn Warnings of God, and Christ, and instead of cavilling at the Solemn Truths of Revealed Religion come heartily to Christ ourselves ?

(2) GOD THE SON

Secondly, we should habitually think of our Blessed Lord,—"God the Son,"—as the only "Saviour," or "Redeemer,"

of Mankind Who alone could have procured for us "Reconciliation," or Redemption, or have opened to fallen man the way to Salvation.

Therefore, although Believers are in the habit of asking rather in "Jesus' Name," and for "Christ's sake,"

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—*John xvi. 24.*

there cannot be anything inconsistent, or wrong, in praying also to our Blessed Lord direct.

"Who, being in the form of God, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every Name! That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father"—*Phil. ii., 6, 8, 9-11.*

"Lord,"—said Philip,—"Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me Philip? He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father. Believeest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me?"—*John xiv., 8, 9.*

"I and My Father are one!"—*John x., 30.*

"We must all Stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ."—*Romans xiv., 10.*

"For the Father hath committed all Judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father; he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him"—*John v., 22, 23.*

(3) GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

(3.) Thirdly. No Christian Believer can adequately express his constant sense of dependence upon the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, —God the precious Holy Spirit,—as our Sanctifier, Solace, and Guide, through Life!

The Christian's dependence here is complete. "Without Me,"—(Christ's Holy Spirit),—our Lord assures us,—"*Ye can do nothing!*" For a time there may be great outward results,—greatly admired,—but unless *owned*, blessed, and *sustained*, by God the Holy Spirit, all will, in the end *come to nothing!* This Book has never wavered in urging the speechless importance of earnest application to, and waiting for the assistance of, the mysterious, but blessed Influences of God the Holy Spirit. Those gentle suggestions, and persuasions,—as many a Christian knows to his, or her, cost,—resisted, or neglected, are easily repelled, and may be withdrawn!

Then Farewell all Grace,—Happiness,—Comfort,—or Piety! Without the presence of the Comforter,—"*Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father (John xv., 26),*"—all is lost!

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever. Even the Spirit of Truth, Whom the

World cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. But ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—*John xiv.*, 14-15.

"What? Know ye not, that *your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost*, Which is in you, Which ye have of God, and that ye are not your own?"—*1 Cor.* vi., 19.

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the *Spirit of God* dwelleth in you?"—*1 Cor.* iii., 16.

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of Redemption."—*Ephesians iv.*, 30.

"No man cometh unto Me," says our Blessed Lord,—"except the Father, which hath sent Me, *draw Him!*"—*John vii.*, 44.

And, dear Reader, how does God the Father "draw" any Soul to Christ? Surely only through the Power, and softening Influence of the Third Person of the Trinity,—Blessed God the Holy Spirit,—or, as the Scripture frequently says, the Holy Ghost?"

THE YOUNG READER when painfully conscious how feeble, wandering, and weak *his own* Prayers, too often, are, cannot too frequently apply to this Blessed Source!

"Blessed God,—the Holy Spirit,—Thou knowest how faint, and weak are my Prayers! Grant me, then, Thy *effectual*, and *powerful* ones in my behalf, for Jesus' sake! Never again leave me for His sake, but, having begun Thy blessed "drawing," lead me *from Self* to Christ,—to true Repentance, Change, and Redemption! Be Thou my Guide, henceforth throughout my Life, and be Thou especially near me at my death!

"Abide with me from morn to eve,—for without Thee I cannot live!"

"Abide with me,—when Death is nigh,—for, without Thee I dare not die!"

"Lead Gentle Light! Lead Thou me on!"

"If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

Good "Promises," these, dear Reader! They ought to be "Keys" sufficient to open *any* "Lock" in the "Castle" of "Doubting," Unbelief, or Despair!

"Christian" and "Hopeful" got safely to *their* "Heavenly Home,"—and, dear Reader, why should not *we*? The Blessed Gospel is the same, as in good Bunyan's time,—it is offered to *us*, as to all! God's faithful "Promises" are the same now as then,—the "Bridegroom is as Sweet!" "I will make all things new,"—in that lovely, Spiritual World of Bliss, our Blessed Lord assures us He has "gone to Prepare!"

"I go to prepare a Place for you!"

Once past this World of Trial, we "Christians" shall

know somewhat more of our God, as a Being of untold Goodness and Love!

God grant that both the Reader, and Writer, may meet safely, at last, in that "Celestial City,"—for Christ's sake!

PROMISES.

"For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath,—but to obtain Salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—*1 Thess. v., 9.*

"And the Spirit and the Bride say 'Come!' And let him that heareth say 'Come!' And let him that is athirst 'Come!' And *whosoever will* let him take the Water of Life freely!"—*Rev. xxii., 17.*

"Fear not little Flock for it is your Father's *good pleasure* to give you the Kingdom."—*Luke xii., 32.*

"I go to prepare a place for you."—*John xiv., 2.*

With the custom, or habit, which Weeks, and Years, will bring to the Young Christian, his difficulty of addressing Prayer to God,—as He has chosen to reveal His Being to us,—in the Three Persons of the Trinity, will soon disappear! *There can be no Religion without Mystery!* It is utterly impossible for the Finite Creature, to grasp, or understand, his Infinite Creator! Common-sense tells us so! But, before long, the Young Believer will see the "oneness" of God in His Revelation of Himself to Mankind, and that the *only conceivable* way in which He could draw near to us Mortals, was by coming amongst us as the "Son of God." Partaking of our nature, and thus bringing Man near to his God.

The Young Reader may be assured that the older Christian,—probably aided by the Holy Spirit,—accepts the Revelation of the Trinity of God, without difficulty, or cavil.

Note.—The above subject is treated upon,—it is feared,—with an almost wearisome persistence! But consider, dear Reader, how practically important it is to our Christian life, to have clear, sound, views upon this solemn Truth of God's own revelation of His Being!

We see,—in the case of our Friends the Unitarians,—the Fatal Error of exalting one Person of the Trinity so as to exclude the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ altogether! Leaving them with a "Christianity" without Christ!



CONCLUSION.

THE DARK RIVER (DEATH) PASSED.



Safe, at last !

Their "Pilgrimage" over, and all Dangers past, you know that the two "Christians," crossed the River of Death, and were met by two lovely, and friendly, "Shining ones," sent by the Great King to escort them to the "Celestial City." These were soon joined by a Host of other Angels, who accompanied them with joyful songs to their Heavenly Home ! May their happy end be ours also, dear Reader, and it certainly will be if we also keep near to God by a Prayerful Life !

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life ; but I will confess his name before My Father, and His Angels."—*Rev. iii., 5.*

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."—*Rev. xxi., 7.*

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more Death, neither Sorrow, nor Crying, neither shall there be any more pain ;—for the former things are passed away !"—*Rev. xxi., 4.*

"As I live, —saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but that the Wicked should turn from his ways and live !"—*Ezekiel xxxiii., 11.*

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all,—how shall He not, with Him, also freely give us all things ?"—*Rom. viii., 32.*

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out !"—*John vi., 37.*

"Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost, they that come unto God by Him !"—*Heb. viii., 25.*

"I am the Resurrection and the Life ! Whosoever liveth, and believeth in Me shall never die !"—*John xi., 25.*

"For God so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have Everlasting Life !"—*John iii., 16.*

Let us, then, dear Reader, also hasten to GRASP these "Promises" of the Faithful God *for ourselves*,—and come to Christ, while Time and Opportunity are ours !

Note. — John Bunyan died in his 60th year, in 1688, a time of Darkness for England, which,—please God,—we shall never see again! He was imprisoned in Bedford Gaol *for 12 years (!)* and *for what?* For “not conforming,”—(Heaven save the Mark!) —“to the National (?) Worship of the Church of England!”

We must picture to ourselves what the “Gaols” were in those days! No doubt like the “Stinking Dungeon” Bunyan speaks of in Doubting Castle. It probably shortened the good man’s life!

Whether the *then* “Church of England” was the *true* “Church” of *Christ*,—and whether it is the *only* true Church of Christ *now*, Millions of Englishmen beg respectfully, to doubt.

“By their Fruits ye shall know them!”—*Matt.* viii., 20.

This holy man was seized whilst preaching to an open air Assembly of good People.

Those were, indeed, “harsh times” for Englishmen!

A “Church” sunk into a deadly sleep to all her duties! Her “Ministers” Worldly,—Pleasure loving,—desperately attached to their “Tithes,” rigid in their demands upon the People, but giving them little indeed in return!

“Livings” went by interest,—were “negotiable!”—the “Church” became a “Business”;—totally unfit persons entered “the Church,”—without the Congregation having any say in the matter!

The people became dissatisfied with such Teachers, the lives of “the Clergy” were often a “disgrace to their cloth!” The Country People wanted to hear the Gospel properly preached, and open air gatherings addressed by “Dissenters” were frequent.

They “Entered not in themselves, and they that were entering in they hindered.”—*Luke* xi., 52.

The interiors of the old “Churches” throughout this Country presented the following amazing exhibition of how the Clergy of that dark day followed their Master’s injunction to “Preach the Gospel to the Poor.” The Pews for the Rich were surrounded by high boarding, and doors, to shut the wealthy “worshippers” who owned them, in.

“The Poor,”—“Hodge” the Country Labourer,—who was doing the *real work* for *his Country*,—while the others “toiled not neither did they spin,”—was, habitually “left out in the cold,” on a few benches, at the back of the church; how could he expect anything better from the then “Church” of Christ (?) without *paying* for it? His duty was to starve on “10/- a week,”—thankful, after 50 years

weary toil, that the Parish Workhouse would receive him ; meantime let him keep from picking and stealing, prevent his sons from taking "the Game" of the rich Proprietors, —and,—sitting humbly at the extremity of the church,—listen reverently to pompous harangues as to the duty of the Poor towards the Wealthy, but never much about the *Duty of the Rich towards the Poor !*

"Well ! well ! We admit the darkness of those selfish, Christless, days of Hypocrisy, and Humbug, but things are altered now !" Thank God they are ! It was about time ! Plenty of Tithes, Fox-hunting Parsons, and Lawn Sleeves, but very little Religion ! Those dark times are gone for ever ! We all recognise thankfully that we have now some splendid men in the Church of England, Heart, Mind, and Soul devoted to the Work of the Good Master,—Liberal, warm-hearted men, mixing with the Ministers of other (Dissenting) Christian Churches, in the good Work of Temperance, Education, Piety, and Religion. But what an opportunity had the "Church of England" once in this Empire ! Everything in their favour ! The Prestige, the Power, the National Resources ! What might not have been done had the "Church" been true to its Mission ?

And even now in 1891, how hampered is the Church of England in really getting at the Masses of this Country. Her long, cumbrous, service,—needing an education of a lifetime, and a training from childhood, to stand its never-ending, wearisome repetitions, gabbled over by well-dressed fashionable Audiences for the Millionth time,—in our beautiful churches.

Where are the Poor ? Why, you know, dear Reader, that the Working Classes are not there ! You know that you could not introduce a party of worthy Bricklayer's Labourers to the good seats of that fashionable Church of Christ !

Why ? Because they are poor ; they cannot appear !

The Followers of Christ, in 1891, are too fashionable, and too well-dressed, to allow the Poor to attend ! "I deny it, indignantly !" *Do you ?* Then look round your church next Sunday ; *where are they ?*

They are at home, if home it can be called,—wasting the Sabbath, waiting till the *Churches close*, and the *Public Houses open* ! Take the Population of your own Town, go round to every church and chapel in your locality, *count every seat* ! Hundreds of thousands could never get in if *they came* ! But they do not come ! The Service is totally

unsuited for the capacity of the uneducated Masses ! It was the production of man, of the "Traditions" of "the Church," not of God !

Let "the Church" *come out* like their Master did,—and as John Wesley did, and *go amongst the Poor*, have open-air Preaching during the Summer, as the Early Christians did, and let the pure "Gospel of Jesus Christ" be simply "preached to the Poor."

What a pitiable spectacle does "the Church" present, drawing its "tithes" from a desperately reluctant People,—as of late in Wales,—who, poor people, have enough to do to support *their own* good Ministers,—whom they love, and find devoted to their flocks,—without having to provide for the Preachers of a Church which they never enter ?

"The Church" merely claims her own ! "Indeed ! What does the word "*Endowment*" then mean ? *Who* endowed "the Church ?" "The State." And what *is* the State ? The People !

Those Endowments were bestowed by the Nation for certain purposes,—the training of the People in the Christian Religion. Look around at the Masses, and say have the immense Sums placed in the hands of the Church of England by the Nation, for Centuries, produced adequate results ?

"You are an enemy to the Established Church, evidently." *Not a bit !* Many of us entertain the greatest respect for the Church. John Wesley was at first a Minister of the Established Church. But the day is coming,—our Common Sense tells us that it *must* come,—when Dissenters will equal in number,—as they almost do already,—the Church-goers, and that they will require a Reform !

In America, a "State Church" would be impossible,—not a Religious Denomination exists there who would not think shame to ask other Sects to support their Ministers ! Let every Christian Body worthy of the name, see to their own Ministers themselves !

John Bunyan, lived in evil Times ! "Kirke and his Lambs" were abroad,—lawless Ruffians used by the so-called Church of Christ of that dark day ! At that time also, the notorious "Bedford Justices,"—(Justices ? Say rather Wretches far more guilty than their unintelligent, ruffianly subordinates)—were in Power !

"You are prejudiced. You are a Member of the Body

John Bunyan was attached to!" Dear Reader, we do not *even know*,—never *did* understand,—*what* Religious Sect the good man *did* belong to!

Certain Woods, and Fields, are still pointed out, near Hitchin, where John Bunyan was wont to Preach to the People.

His last illness was brought on by a severe Cold taken, while the good man was on a Last Errand of Love, and Mercy, in (successfully) reconciling a Son to a Father. The day was a terribly wet one, and the good man, though in failing health, weak and getting old,—had to ride on horseback from Reading to London! His mission was successful, but he caught a deadly chill, which killed him!

But the Godly man still lives! His Immortal Book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," has been translated into more Languages than any other Writing, save the Bible!

The Annexed curious, quaint, old "Map," or "Chart"—exhibiting all the Incidents of the "Pilgrim's Progress," at one View,—may interest the Young Reader. Fifty-four years ago it was,—rarely,—to be met with in the Form of those "Dissecting Maps," once popular.

The pieces being well mixed, and then "put together," with the aid of the "Map," or "Chart."

Even in 1847,—however,—old folks spoke of an older, former, Edition, when *they* were young, of superior execution.

Although given on a reduced Scale, the Young Reader will be able,—by referring to his "Pilgrim's Progress,"—to follow the various Incidents of that Wondrous Tale!

The size of "Giant Despair,"—fallen in the fit at the Door of his "Castle,"—seems to render the Interior Accommodation of "Doubting Castle,"—apparently somewhat *inadequate*! Many other Curiosities in Perspective, and Proportion, will be noticed in this quaint old Map, or Chart.

THE PRACTICAL, AND THE IMAGINARY.

Why the "Pilgrim's Progress" so far surpasses Milton's "Paradise Lost," is that it is *practical*. It deals with the actual Trials, Hopes, Fears, and,—on the whole,—Blessed and Happy experience, of every true Believer.

Milton's Works *do not*! On the contrary, the Poems of Milton deal with Subjects of which he *knew no more* than you, and I, dear Reader, do; that is, practically *nothing*,—nor is it intended that we should! In fact, though Milton's Poems contain fine Poetical ideas, they have, unfortunately, filled the English Mind with a vast amount of inflated,

CURIOUS OLD MAP,—OR CHART, OF THE
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



unscriptural, nonsense,—which has too often, been accepted as "Gospel truth" by the unwary !

The keen wit of the Sceptic, Voltaire, at once detected the fatal defect, and false tone, of the "Paradise Lost." "Why Milton has made *Satan* the *Hero*!" he exclaimed,—and so he had ! The imaginary conversations between God the Father, and His Son,—and the objectionable, and totally false, interest given to that Loathsome, Horrible, and Hateful, Existence, and Power, we Mortals, call "Satan," or "Sin,"—every sensible mind will admit, does not give any a proper idea of the Divine Majesty of God, or of His Infinite Counsels,—and are calculated to lower the tone of our Faith, and even bring into contempt the speechlessly *solemn realities* of our Holy Religion.

So false a tone has been imported to our Minds by the perusal of Milton's Works, that there are not wanting thoughtful Christians, who *heartily* wish that Milton had never written his "Paradise Lost" *at all* !

Probably,—as a matter of fact,—Millions,—in our busy days,—never *have* read them, having something else to do ! They are not great losers ! For though England would have lost a great effort of Poetical Romance, objectionable ideas upon our Christian Religion, would, certainly, have been spared us !

The days we live in require stern Reality, not delusive Poetry.

One Week's careful study,—not mere careless reading,—of good John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"—and grasping the *deep* lessons to the Believer, it contains,—will be of more practical benefit to a Young Christian than he will obtain by reading fanciful, imaginary, Poetry for Years !

There are Poets,—and there is Poetry,—which deals with Reality ; and have, indeed, left behind them "Footprints on the Sands of Time !"

Longfellow is one of these, and we will conclude our Chapter upon Lamps with the true words of the great American Poet :—

"We see but dimly,—through the Mists, and Vapours,
Of this Earth's damp,—
What seem to us but dim,—funereal,—Tapers,
May be **Heaven's distant Lamps !**"

A PRECIPICE.



After Sea Birds' Eggs. —Shetland Isles.

CHAPTER VIII.—PART I.

PRELIMINARY TO THE NEXT CHAPTER ON AGGRESSIVE
 ATHEISM.—ATHEISM IN 1891 AN ABYSS.—TWO KINDS
 OF UNBELIEVERS.—DOES THE CREATION EXHIBIT
 THE GOODNESS OF GOD.—THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

A PRECIPICE.

READER! There is a PRECIPICE far more terrific than the one in the Picture,—over which the Fowler is suspended by the Rope upon which his Life entirely depends!

That Precipice is *Atheism*! The wilful,—Obstinate,—Deliberate,—Rejection of the God Who made him, by His intelligent, and responsible Creature,—Man. Call it Freethought, — Secularism, — Unbelief, — Agnosticism, — Theosophy,—any Name you choose,—they are but modern,—insidious,—Phrases for "Atheism." "*There is no God!*" —is at the Root, and at the heart of every "Freethinker!" "*I hope that there is not!*" I do not *want* a God! I will endeavour to believe,—and encourage others to believe,—that there is *not* one!"

That is the "Gospel of Unbelief!" It ever *has* been, ever *will* be,—till the Great Judgment Day tears asunder the Veil of Unbelief,—its Refuge of Lies!—(Isaiah xxviii., 17.) —*once*, and *for ever*

No "Unbelief," or "Unbeliever," can exist, by possibility, beyond *this* World! Although,—to secure the "Freewill" of every Intelligent Being, the Almighty permits "Unbelief" in *this* World,—that object *being accomplished*. He certainly will not permit *one moment's* "Unbelief" in the *next*! At the Stroke of Death all "Unbelief" will end *for ever*!

The "Sure," and "Stedfast" Rope which preserves the Believer from this Precipice,—this Abyss of the Soul,—is "Faith." Faith in the "Unseen!" Faith in the Blessed God,—and His Son Jesus Christ,—which is an "Anchor to the Soul,—*sure*, and *stedfast*."—Heb. vi., 19.

"Faith,"—(and Christ),—says,—

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength!"

Why? Because it is to God we owe *everything*! Every breath we draw,—the Food we digest,—our Health, our Reason, our Present, and our Future, we owe entirely to Him! In short,—it is

"In Him we live,—and breathe,—and have our being."—*Acts* xvii., 28.

"Believers,"—and "Unbelievers,"—alike,—and what is more, shall do so throughout Eternity!

"And the Scribe said unto Jesus,—'Well, Master, Thou hast said the Truth; for there is one God; and there is none other but He;—and to love Him with all the Heart, and with all the Understanding, and with all the Soul, and with all the Strength, is more than all whole Burnt offerings, and sacrifices!'"

And Jesus said unto him "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God!"—*Mark* xiii., 32.

Consequently,—in Wilfully,—Deliberately,—Obstinately, Rejecting God as his Maker,—and Scorning the Scheme of Salvation through Jesus Christ,—the Atheist deliberately *cuts the Rope* which suspends his Soul over the Precipice, or Abyss of Atheism,—and renders his own Salvation an Impossibility! "Without Faith it is *impossible* to please God!"

Rejection of God, and Christ, is in itself, so fatal, and deadly, a Sin, that *all other* Sins are dwarfed into,—(in God's estimation),—comparative insignificance! Indeed, it may be said, so to speak,—that in the sight of his Creator,—Who supports, feeds, and sustains the ungrateful creature by His Providence for Years,—the ATHEIST HAS NO OTHER SIN.

The rejection of his God:—"I will not have this God to reign over me" is, *as it were*—so frightful, and fatal, a one, that it carries *all other* sins, as it were, along with it.

"Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy Heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy Mind, and with all thy Strength. This is the *First Commandment* !"

If this is the very *first* Commandment, what is the position in God's sight of that wretched being who sets himself,—as a life work,—to destroy Belief in, or Reverence for,—his Creator? The following distinction has been drawn,—already,—in Book I. (Page 526), but,—as it is an important one,—it is once more repeated.

TWO KINDS OF ATHEISTS,—THE QUIET SCEPTIC.

There are two distinct Classes of Unbelievers ;—the *Silent*, and the *Demonstrative*. It is of the *latter*,—alone,—it is proposed to speak in this, and the next, Chapter.

Thus we have the private,—quiet,—silent,—thoughtful,—Sceptic,—and there is the "Aggressive,"—open,—avowed,—"Secularist,"—or Public Infidel Lecturer.

The quiet Unbeliever, not unfrequently a fine, but invariably deeply prejudiced mind,—claims the right of private opinion in matters of Religious Belief,—but he *respects*,—does not attempt to interfere with, the religious belief of others. He asserts his right to private Unbelief,—the right of exercising Volition,—will power,—in rejecting,—if he chooses,—the Bible,—a Hereafter,—Heaven,—Hell, a future Judgment,—Immortality, Belief in Christ,—and, finally, belief in God Himself ; according to what Stage in the Sin and Disease of Unbelief he may yet have reached. Whether such a one can stop at silent indifference to Religion, and pause at any of the above Stages of Unbelief, time alone will prove ! Experience has rather proved that, —once let the deadly Sin,—Unbelief,—get the control of an active, intelligent mind,—it will not stop until,—like the terrible Leprosy, or the fatal Sins of advanced Vice, Covetousness, or Drunkenness,—it has swept away all that is really precious to Mankind. Generally, however, the Silent Sceptic,—though thinking for himself,—does not attempt, like the aggressive Infidel,—to dictate to others, or openly, to spread the dread Disease to others.

Indeed, so far from it, many a man who will not come under the influence of the Gospel himself,—is quite willing that his children may enjoy a proper Christian education themselves. "I'm a 'Nothing-arian,'—myself,—you know,—but,—mark you, I never say a word about it to the children,—always show outward respect for Religion,—you know !"

Fatal inconsistency! He recognises the speechless blessings which Christianity,—the God-like precepts of Jesus Christ,—have brought to his Nation, and the World at large,—is quite willing that his children should have a Christian education,—but will not come to Christ himself!

As God, however, in the constitution of things, has ordained us to be Free Agents,—the quiet Sceptic's claim to private unbelief,—must, it is supposed,—be sorrowfully admitted. Nothing, therefore, in this chapter or the next is to be taken as applying to the silent, respectful, Free-thinker; it is the aggressive, scoffing, **public promoter** of the Sin, and Disease, of Infidelity, who is alone spoken of.

THE INFIDEL LECTURER, OR PUBLIC APOSTATE.

The Young Reader will see that this is a *totally* different thing to quiet, private, Scepticism.

It is one thing to be Evil *ourselves*,—it is a far worse thing to *lead others* into it!

It is one thing to have a dogged, perverted, prejudice, a Pride, and Self-conceit, which renders Submission to God,—and acceptance of Salvation through Christ,—impossible. It is another thing deliberately to use this perverted intellect to destroy the precious Faith and "Belief" of others,—to endeavour to take from Mankind the most precious things they possess, and give them **Nothing** in their place!

Consequently a tenfold damnation awaits these dangerous Public Apostates in the never-ending Eternity to which we are all fast hastening. "Harsh words!" Dear Reader, let us have no milk-and-water Delusion about "Honest Atheists,"—a mild, forgiving, God,—certainly not the God of the New Testament,—Who will,—after all,—after a slight show of displeasure,—ultimately Save all alike,—"bring in,"—the Impenitent Wicked,—Murderers,—Demon-like Men,—nay, the very Devils themselves,—and allow all to dwell with Him for all Eternity!

A Chapter or two further on, a *strong*,—and by many considered a successful,—effort is made to present that Delusion of the Devil, "The Eternal Hope," or the "Universal Salvation of all Mankind," to the Young Christian, in the plainest, and boldest, possible manner.

"*Harsh words!*" Look, dear Reader, once more at the Woodcut, to this chapter,—notice the Precipice below the Fowler, how that Rope is *everything* to him!

Then imagine a stealthy Villain,—afraid to do it too openly,—seizing every opportunity to *weaken* that Rope,—slyly,—when the Fowler, and his comrades,—are not on the watch,—cutting a strand here and there,—until the Rope, one day suddenly gives way, and the poor man,—to whom it is everything,—perishes!

So it is with these Aggressive "Secularists," "Free-thinkers," "Infidels," or "Atheists!" Constantly at work, endeavouring to undermine precious Faith,—that "rope" of the Human Soul, that only tie which connects the Human Soul with God,—with Christ its Saviour,—and its Glorious, Immortal, Future,—these public Scoffers are a Curse to their Country, Nation, and to the entire Human Race! Like everything else, they have been long foretold!

"There shall come in the last days Scoffers, walking after their own lusts, saying, 'where is the Promise of His Coming?' 'All things continue as they were from the Beginning of the Creation!'"

"For thus they are willingly ignorant of, that the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Repentance." *2 Peter* iii., 3, 4, 9.

"But be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a Thousand Years, and a Thousand Years as one day!"

Presumptuous are they, self-willed, and despise government, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." (Note. They "speak evil" of every Religious Denomination alike.)

"While they promise liberty *they themselves* are the Servants of Corruption; for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage." *2 Peter* ii., 10, 19.

"But these speak great swelling words of vanity, speaking evil of the things that *they understand not*,—and shall utterly perish in their own corruption."

"Ungodly men, turning the Grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Jude* i., 4.

THE APOSTATE.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened,—and have tasted of the Heavenly gift, and the power of the world to come,—if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance; seeing that they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to open shame. For, if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sacrificed, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace. For we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God." *Hebrews* vi., 4; and x., 26.

The Atheist denies that Creation shows the Goodness of God, or that so evil a World,—(*he is no great things himself*),—could have had a Being of Love, Wisdom, and Goodness for its Author, Creator, and Sustainer.

The "Pessimist" Atheist claims to sit in judgment upon his Maker,—to be a greater Philanthropist,—more feeling,—than the Creator, and that he could have arranged things infinitely better himself!

The "Pessimist" Unbeliever claims that the all-prevailing Misery, Pain, and Sin, we see around us in this World, preclude the idea of,—or Belief in,—the Existence of a God of Love,—or even of Justice.

Shutting his eyes firmly, to the hearty enjoyment of thousands around him,—though generally taking good care to share those enjoyments *himself*,—he claims that "Life is really not worth living,"—that all is Misery, Pain, Disappointment, and Death!

One School of Unbelief claims that this is the very worst World that could possibly be, because they assert, if it was only a shade worse than it is, it could not exist at all,—a Result which they seem to think would be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

For they consider it a misfortune to have been born,—that Evil always has (?) and always will (?) prevail and dominate over the Good,—"*Wrong* on the Throne, *Right* ever at the Stake!"—and that the best thing that we can do is to die as soon as we can,—cease to be,—and go out into,—they assert—the non-existence from which we emerged!

Such a man will not consider the exquisite Creation around us,—that Storms are the *exception*,—not the rule,—and are simply beneficial,—necessary,—efforts, to restore, once more, Peace, Sunshine, Calm, and Repose! He will not admit the ceaseless comforts, and blessings, God bestows upon us,—though it is shrewdly suspected, from personal experience of his class, that no one takes *more care of himself*, or enjoys the good things bestowed, more than he does himself,—while habitually maligning,—and biting,—and snarling,—at the Giver of them!

His life seems passed in thus collecting all the evils, pain, and sorrows, of life,—in looking at, or *affecting* to look at,—all things,—through the "Spectacles" of Discontent, and Unbelief!

He will not recognise the immense Improvement,—Advancement,—and Vastly increased Comforts of Modern Civilization, yet he sees thousands around him enjoying life heartily,—often for seventy years,—and secretly enjoys life himself!

Dear Reader, it is not the wondrous Sympathy, or

Enthusiasm for Humanity which causes all this dogged, chronic, discontent! It is the "Evil heart of Unbelief in departing from the Living God," the Pride, and Conceit of the Atheistic Heart, of the Self Idolater, wishing to dethrone a God Whom he dislikes, which is at the bottom of it all!

Finally, he grumbles at the shortness of Human Life,—how all is Vanity,—and yet turns resolutely away from Belief in Christianity,—and treats the Blessed promises of God, and the "certain hope of a joyful Resurrection,"—through Christ,—with Weariness, and Contempt!

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

The "Pessimistic" Atheist points to the unceasing, prevailing, existence of Suffering,—Pain,—the World over; the Destruction of Mankind by Wars, Wrecks, Earthquakes, Railway Accidents, Diseases,—and perhaps the Unbeliever will permit us to add, the Drink, Wilful Sins, Unutterable Folly, and Obstinacy of Mankind.

He also draws our attention to the "cruelty of Nature," the unceasing Pain, inflicted by Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Insects, preying upon each other,—the stronger destroying the weaker,—thus securing the "Survival of the Fittest." How can such a Creation be the product of a God of Love and Goodness?

THE "CHRISTIAN," *versus* THE "PESSIMIST."

The Christian Believer, replies by pointing out to the "Pessimist" Unbeliever, that where *one* person suffers Sickness, and Pain, thousands live, for years, in perfect health, and enjoyment. That the destruction of Mankind by Wars, is merely the outcome of their own folly, and pride, in going to War at all. That to one Sailor drowned in a Wreck, countless thousands have never been wrecked at all! That Statistics upon Human Life prove that the *safest place*,—drawn from the irresistible logic of facts,—in the World, is the Cabin of an Atlantic Steamer.

[Always provided that you are not addicted to playing Cards, Poker, &c.]

That Earthquakes,—though they destroy *Thousands*,—are the Safety Valves to which alone *Millions* on this Earth, owe their preservation!

In the great Earthquake a few years ago in the Sunda Straits, the Waves of the Ocean were affected for 15,000 Miles; indeed the Instruments of our Observatories proved that the agitation caused, passed *three times*

entirely round the Earth, before it finally subsided! This World still contains forces which,—were it not for Safety Valves,—would blow it into atoms!

To *one* person who has suffered from an Earthquake,—*Millions* have never noticed them; except as a *half-minute* wonder, not again occurring for Years!

The Christian claims that to *one* Railway Accident,—countless Millions travel,—for a lifetime,—and never meet with one! The Writer travelled once with an Engine Driver, up to London, who had been a Driver of Passenger Trains, and Goods Trains, for *forty-one* years, and never had an accident, nor saw anyone injured!

But the Christian has seen multitudes ruined in the past,—and ruining *themselves* Body and Soul at the present moment,—by *their own* Wickedness, Atheism, Drink, Vice, Godlessness, Dishonesty, Prayerlessness, and Sin!

THE BRUTE CREATION.

Here again, the Believer replies, that the Creatures around us enjoy themselves up to the moment that they are killed; they have no reflection, no anxiety, no looking forward to an evil day. Where one bird is killed by a Hawk or Sportsman,—thousands live happily for years in peace, breed,—migrate to Sunny Climes,—and enjoy life quite as much, or more, than we do! If they do not, why do they Sing like they do?

To *every* Mouse caught by a Cat,—*thousands* get fat and die in peace, without ever having seen a Cat in their lives!

To *every* fly taken by the Spider, millions flit in the Sun, sip the Flowers, and enjoy a Summer's life without ever having any "Interview" whatever with a Spider!

Darwin, himself,—than whom a more patient Student of Nature,—never probably lived,—admits that,—amongst the World of Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Insects,—enjoyment and pleasure *vastly preponderate* over Pain! Thus flatly contracting the "Pessimistic," or Schopenhauer School, and,—one little word,—dear Reader, a little Bird has whispered that, though this is such a dreadful World, Schopenhauer manages to enjoy *himself* remarkably well! Seneca, the Ancient Stoic Philosopher, discoursed with *wondrous* power on the wisdom of *having little*,—being contented with the necessities of life. "Why," he would teach his Pupils, "does a man want a Silver Goblet to drink out of, when the Water is just as sweet taken from the hollow of his hand?" Words of Wisdom! Yet

History relates that Seneca filled *his own* house,—though a "Stoic,"—with such a collection of Treasures,—that it is shrewdly suspected that his wealth excited the cupidity of others, who compassed his death, in order to obtain it.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

But the Christian approaches the subject of the Necessity of Pain, Disappointment, and Suffering, by the **Human Race**, with bated breath. He takes an utterly, and entirely, different view of this Mystery of Pain, to that of the Pessimist. To the Believer the presence of Trial, Pain, Sin, and Conflict in this World of Probation, is an absolute Necessity for the Formation of Character,—or the "Christian Life!" He cannot conceive anything more hopeless than a World of Puppets! A Race all fed by the Creator, without the necessity of the slightest Labour, Toil, Exertion, or Self-denial, on their part, all "good," because there being no evil permitted in the World,—no temptation,—nothing to try them, it is *impossible* for them to be *anything else*,—whether they *wanted* to be so or not! It would be a "goodness," (?) of a World of perfect Machines, *all going round for ever*,—a World of excellently contrived Puppets all doing the *same thing*! No discipline, no trial, no "*tried goodness*," which is the only *real* "goodness!" No Pain to educate us,—to lead us to *feel* for others,—no distress of others, to give us *the opportunities* of "doing good,"—no sorrow to induce Sympathy towards our Fellow Men!

Of course God *could* have constructed such a World,—but Millions of the best,—the wisest, the holiest of Men,—the "God-like" men,—have had cause to thank Him for ages past that,—in His Infinite Counsels,—*He did not*!

The Mystery of Pain! What a Subject! This entire Book might be filled with it!

It has been *over-ruled* by God to produce results infinitely precious to Millions of Immortal Souls!

What would you have? A World *purposely designed* to be a Trial Ground,—a State of Probation,—and yet without Sin, Trial, Temptation, or Pain?

Dear Reader! It is self contradictory! The idea is *monstrous*! You cannot have true Virtue or Goodness without Trial. How else are they to be produced? How do you know they are there? How can you have "trial," without "temptation?" How can you have temptation without the presence of Sin, Tempters, Evil, and Evil

Men? And how can Sin, and Evil, be present, without Pain, Sorrow, and Retribution accompanying them?

We Christians believe that we owe everything to the Mystery of Pain. To it we owe the priceless Sufferings, and Death, of our Blessed Lord, upon which alone we rely for our final Reconciliation with, and Acceptance by, our God, our Eternal Salvation, and admission into a Future Life of Endless Bliss!

We look to the Mystery of Pain as an expression of the ultimate, and Eternal, Love of God to His Creature Man!

"My Thoughts are not *your* Thoughts, — neither are *your* ways My Ways, — saith the Lord!

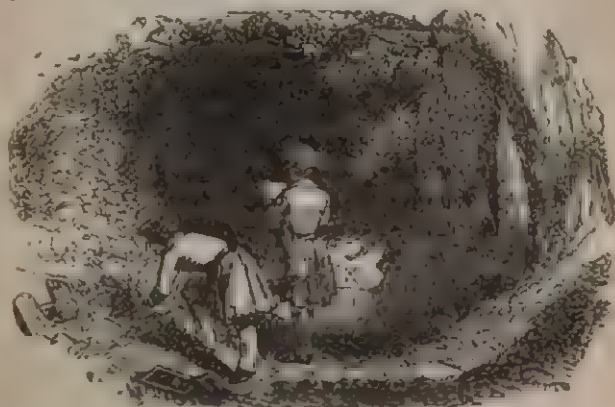
For as high as the Heavens are above the Earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." — *Isaiah* lv., 8-9.

We accept the "Mystery of Evil," and the "Mystery of Pain," as necessary, and in the case of the Believer, — (and, dear Reader, you are invited, and urged to be a "Believer" from your Childhood to your Grave). — *always* over-ruled by God for Good!

We are certain that the Good will ultimately prevail, and there we rest! We Christians do not profess to grasp the Infinite, — or to discern the Evil from the Beginning, — but "one thing we know, — whatever *is*, — is right!"

The "Pessimist" asks, "Is Life worth living?" and answers, "NO!"

The Christian Believer asked the same question, — answers, — joyfully, — gratefully, — and hopefully, — emphatically "YES!"



Go down a Country Lane in Summer, amongst the Wild Flowers, — Birds singing, Bees humming, Youths at their Cricket, &c., and, dear Reader, you will admit that the Good God gives us all things freely to enjoy!

A PRECIPICE.



CHAPTER VIII.—PART II.

ATHEISM IN 1891.—AN ABYSS.

DUTY OF CHRISTIAN BELIEVERS. THE "CHRISTIAN," AND THE "FREETHINKER,"—A CONTRAST. A "FREETHINKER" UPON AN ATHEIST. ATHEISM ON BOTH SIDES THE ATLANTIC. THE SPEECHLESS POWER OF GOD. "ALPHA CENTAURI." AN AWFUL JOURNEY. THE NUMBER OF THE LOST OBJECTION WILL NOT DO. THE HONEST PHYSICIAN.

"By their *Fruits* ye shall know them!"
 "When the Son of Man cometh,—shall He find Faith in the Earth?"

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

"The Welfare of the Community is the Supreme Law!"
 "Exhort one another, while it is called **To-day**,—lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of Sin,—lest there be in any of you an **evil Heart of Unbelief**, in departing from the living God!" *Hebrews iii. 13-12.*

Note.—The following Chapter is written under the conviction that there are Diseases of the Mind as horrible, and corrupt, in God's sight, as the most repulsive Diseases of the Body can be to us. That Unbelief, not of the mere head, or intellect, on the part of the Young needing instruction,—but wilful, resolute, Unbelief of the Heart,—determined, life-long, rejection of God, and Christ, is the

worst of these Diseases, the most Deadly,—and, unfortunately, *contagious*.

Christian Reader. "I object to the Subject of 'Unbelief,' Infidel Literature or Notions, being brought before Young People at all. I consider that,

"Where ignorance is Bliss,—'tis Folly to be Wise'!"

Undoubtedly! All Christians object to it! Ignorance of Unbelief, and of Unbelievers, *is* Bliss! It would be a happy thing for Old England if there did not exist a Sceptic, or Atheist, in our Country! The entire subject, *is* objectionable, but where are our Young People to go to avoid it? Object to it as much as we like, the subject of Scepticism,—Unbelief,—is absolutely forced upon Young People in 1891, whether they like it, or whether they do not!

They meet with Unbelief,—in our day,—*everywhere!* In the Magazines,—the Monthlies,—in the Newspapers,—in Publicly Advertised Lectures,—at School,—at Colleges,—in the Workshop,—and in the Writings, Lectures, and Views, of (so-called) "Scientific" Men!

Even in Modern Works of Fiction, the Bias, or Tendency is, too often, on the side of Scepticism. Indeed Memorials, Statues, &c., are openly proposed to commemorate noted Atheists, and the Public seem to make no protest!

There never has been a day in which there were so many things calculated to excite doubt in the Truths of Revelation, and to spread the Poison, and deadly Nightshade of Unbelief amongst Young People!

Well! Reader! Use your ears,—your eyes,—your common-sense! Look around you and say if it is not so!

Now that there is a Lull in the Wars, and Bloodshed, of former days, now that Mankind have learnt to Worship God in their own way, without any desire to Murder, any longer, those who Worship in a somewhat different manner to their own,—now that Education and General Enlightenment, has dawned upon the Nations,—it would seem that the Devil is attempting a new departure, endeavouring to persuade Mankind that he does not exist, and that there is no God! He is "shamming dead" once more,—though *never more active*,—and wherever his agents go they are instructed to whisper,—and whisper loudly too,—"**Hell is but a Fable! Heaven a Poet's Dream!**"

Then are you, Christian Reader doing *your* Part,—your Duty,—as a Follower of Christ, by simply ignoring the

existence of a Dread Disease, which is spreading,—like a Blight,—over our Country, and indeed over all other Nations!

This final Struggle with Atheism is entered into with the *firm* Conviction that the Future Contest for the Human Race will now be between Scepticism, and Faith,—Unbelief and Belief,—Piety and Atheism; that every Young Reader who peruses this Chapter, will,—before he dies,—have made his final decision by his life,—practice,—example,—and influence over others,—which cause he will promote,—either the Religion of Jesus Christ, or the Views, and Indifference, of the *practical* Atheist or Unbeliever,—and,—finally,—that upon *that* decision will rest his own Salvation,—or his own Perdition through all Eternity!

The Religion of this Empire, and also that of the vast Empire of America,—since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers,—has ever been the "Christian" Religion,—having Christ for its Central Figure. This Religion is,—and ever will be,—precious to Millions of the English Speaking Race! It has been the means of raising us to become Nations such as this fallen World has never seen!

By the year 2,000, it is believed that the English Language will be spoken by 1,700 Million People, as against 500 Million employing Continental Languages.

The population of British India, and India under British rule, has been estimated (1891) at 273,533,000; of whom 211,936,000 are in British territory. (The official return for China is 303,000,000, which is probably overstated by three millions. Russia has a population of about (in Europe) 91,861,910, in Asia 17,000,000; and Germany of 46,855,704).

Surely with all these Millions placed under our Influence, it is the duty of every true Christian in 1891, firmly, boldly, and constantly, to state, that the Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ we are resolved to maintain; that we are prepared to defend it at *all times*,—under *all circumstances*, and *against all Fors*,—with our Property,—Time,—Talents,—and if needful,—once more,—with our Lives!

The continued Public Sale of Infidel Literature,—the License now permitted for delivering Blasphemous Lectures in Public,—and the placing of notorious, 'aggressive Infidels' into offices of authority as, (Heaven save the Mark.) our Rulers, are thus legitimate Subjects for Christian Criticism, and Reprobation.

Why? Because these Persons, and this Literature are,—so to speak,—forced upon a reluctant Christian Nation,—and Christian Country,—against the wishes of the vast

majority! By all means let our Young People early make their decision! It seems a poor thing for Christian Believers in 1891,—to sing with great enthusiasm, "Stand up for Jesus!"—"Onward Christian Soldiers!"—"Hold the Fort!"—and other inspiring Hymns,—in Gatherings, where they have no Foes to meet, and can *have it all their own way*.—and then, when the Christian Religion is openly assailed,—the inefficiency of Prayer publicly taught,—God rejected,—and Our Blessed Lord openly blasphemed,—the same Christians who sung so loudly shirk their responsibilities, say how very unpleasant it may be to oppose these people—quail before the Demon of Infidelity,—and have never a word to say for the Blessed God, or His Christ!

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT.

"Choose you your part, . . . but, — *having chosen it*,—follow it to the end! Especially in the hour of Trial, and Danger, be sure that you never falter! For be certain of this, — that no misery can be equal to that of the man who is conscious that he has proved unequal to his post; who *deserted* the post his Captain *assigned to him*, and who, when men said, 'Such and such a one is on guard, and there is no need for further anxiety,' has quailed, with craven heart, before the foeman, and left his Post, to the loss, perhaps total ruin, of the Cause he had espoused! I pray God, that such misery as this, may never be yours!"—(*John Inglesant.*)

THE "AGGRESSIVE" ATHEIST.

As in previous efforts, throughout this Book, the quiet,—respectful,—silent,—Sceptic is not spoken of in this Chapter. It treats of the "Aggressive," Scoffing, Apostate; the Public Lecturer, or Writer, upon Infidelity.

It is written,—as indeed is the rest of this Work,—for the Young alone,—calling upon them—during that (to them) speechlessly important Period of Life,—15 to 30 years old,—to answer once, and for ever, for Time and for Eternity, The Great Question,—which they will be,—"Christian," or "Unbeliever?"

It is an attempt to place before them the *true character* of Infidelity, and to warn them to shun those worst of Murderers,—Immoral Teachers,—who desire to deprive Young Englishmen of the Religion of their Forefathers, to take from them everything that is truly precious to Mankind,—our Faith,—our God,—our Saviour,—our Bible,—our Future Hope,—and not stopping even there,—(in a certain School of Atheists) our Common Virtue,—Purity,—and Morality!

Wretches who desire to *deprive* us of all that is truly *precious* to the Nation, and yet to *give* us *nothing* in

exchange! Wretches who,—as Shakespeare says,—would "Rob us of *that*,—which *not* *better*s them,—and leaves us, **Poor Indeed!**"—(*Shakespeare*).

A CONTRAST.

THE UNBELIEVER.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Which will you be?

APOSTACY COMMENCED.

About the year so and so, I finally determined to throw off all the restraints of God, Piety, Religion, and Religious Belief! Getting nothing in *my* opinion, from Prayer, (I never tried it for long), I decided to give it up altogether and to dismiss God, Christ,—God the Holy Spirit, and Prayer, entirely from my Life, Thought, and Practice.

I have to a great extent, succeeded! I have not prayed for years! I live for *this* World only! Religious sentiments, Emotions, and Desires, do not come to me now, as they once persisted in doing in earlier life! I now live at ease! I had long felt a secret contempt for Christ and for His People. I always disliked what are known as Pious people; and Prayer, Bible reading, &c, always annoyed, and wearied me! Not, now, being under the influence of the Gospel, I can avoid what I always detested, viz:—*Self-denial!* I can now do *as I like!* I now care nothing for Christ, nor do I expect anything from Him. In fact, I

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

About the year so and so, the Blessed God sent me "a call" to be His! It came to me unexpectedly, and in early life! At that time my ambition and desires were placed entirely upon outward things,—upon the things of Sense and Time alone! Intensely conscious of outward things,—various pleasures and pursuits were engrossing my entire attention,—when God crossed my path,—and the "call" came!

I thank God,—I shall,—I know,—thank Him throughout an endless Eternity,—that, in the struggle which followed, God, the precious Holy Spirit, prevailed upon my Soul to relax its hold upon the besetting Sin,—the empty,—hopeless,—life of frivolity,—and the grasp on the fleeting treasures of a dying World,—and induced me to give way before those priceless offers God made to me, and makes once,—and as life comes but *once*,—*once only*,—to every sinful and dying creature! I felt that for me,—at my time of life, it was

THE UNBELIEVER.

APOSTACY COMMENCED.

have long doubted His miraculous Birth, His Divinity, Mission, Life, and above all, His Resurrection!

I have, long ago, dismissed the Bible, and all belief in a Future Life, from my thoughts, and life.

It has taken many years to do all this,—chiefly by reading only works on Infidelity, listening to "Secularists' " Lectures, while avoiding all Religious Bodies, or People, Prayer, and all places of Worship. This I term "honest Unbelief." I shall live in future for *myself* and for my friends *alone*, and will prove that a man may do his part to others, and perform his Social duties towards his fellow creatures with good-nature, and humanity, without either Religious "belief," prayer, "faith," God, Christ, or any belief in a Hereafter. To me,—as they have no practical influence over my life,—"Hell is but a Fable,—Heaven,—a Poet's Dream!"

My attitude, and example, shall, in future, be one of entire indifference towards God, and practical Piety, with a contemptuous unbelief in Christ, the Bible,—Heaven, or Hell. In fact, I cannot express more clearly and precisely my unbelief in the God of the Christian,—the God of the Bible,—than in the

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

now or never! I thank God that I gave way to those priceless convictions! They were to me a Heavenly Music to my Soul, such as I had never heard! It was the Call, I knew, to my Soul, of Almighty God! It was the voice of the precious Saviour calling me to my Heavenly Home! I, at once, commenced the daily habit of Prayer,—I read with pleasure, and happy thoughts, Books of a Religious tone, and sought the company of good, pious, young men of my own age. I gave up the Theatre, and the company of loose, irreligious, companions. I read the Bible, daily, with prayer, and understand better the significance, and meaning, of that amazing Book! Resolved to leave Mankind the power of Freewill, Freechoice, and Resolve,—God chose to give us that wondrous Bible *through human agency*,—thus, as in everything else pertaining to the Unseen, to the Spiritual World, and to our Holy Religion, God has permitted, everywhere, loopholes for Unbelief for all who *desire* to reject the Truths of Revelation. No wonder that the Unbeliever cannot understand the Bible, he will not use the only means of doing so! Thus the Sceptic is ever asserting that Prayer is useless,—never answered.

THE UNBELIEVER.

APOSTACY COMMENCED.

following extract from the late Bradlaugh's Paper for Oct. 26, 1890, shortly before his death; it is an Address of an Unbeliever to the Deity.

"If you are such a Being as your alleged report of yourself depicts you, I must tell you that I, for one, will not worship you, and shall never cease to denounce your cruelty, and wickedness. You do evil and pronounce it good. You appear to have the characteristics of the worst, and most dangerous of men! Why do you stand so persistently *behind* the veil,—*behind* the fleeting show of things,—*behind* phenomena, and matter?"

(Note The Christian could have given Bradlaugh the reason, only he would have never have listened to it.)

"Your supporters claim that you often came to the front of the veil in ancient days when *credulity* was *plentiful*. Why do you persistently hide yourself from trustworthy, and impartial witnesses, now Scepticism is so prevalent among educated men, and a manifestation of your presence, and your power, is more needed than ever?"

Note.—The Christian declines to believe that an Unbeliever can be an "impartial or trustworthy witness" of a miracle; even if he was permitted by God,—(which he never will be),—to see one,—he would not believe it!

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

On the contrary, in my experience,—and in the experience, I find, of all my fellow Believers,—Prayer is *everything*!

That it is constantly answered is proved by Prayer altering our whole lives, ambitions, and characters!

Ever since I commenced a life of Piety, and Prayer, and daily dependence upon God,—everything seems to have gone happily, and well, with me. My "faith" has been confirmed,—my character, (by no means naturally a good one) has already,—thank God,—been greatly changed!

Sinful, and hurtful pleasures, upon which my Heart was once firmly set, I now see clearly could never,—under any possibility,—have led me to true happiness!

This enlightenment and change must be in answer to Prayer!

I really care nothing now for those hurtful things! The *very taste*, and *desire* for such delusions, *seems, happily, gone!* I have got *something better* now! I am beginning to look upon all sin, both in myself, and others, with disgust!

Now this change *must* have come,—Blessed God, from Thee! And in answer to Prayer! For I never,—to have saved my life,—could, myself, have effected it,—

THE UNBELIEVER.

THE CHRISTIAN.

APOSTACY COMMENCED.

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

"Neither would they believe though one rose from the dead!"—*Luke xvii., 31.*

"Your only answer is unbroken silence!"

(Note.—*Certainly, a dead, unbroken, eternal, silence towards the Unbeliever! Why? Because he refuses to approach his God in the only way God can ever be approached, namely, by humble prayer!*

"You are a creature, like Echo," who, in simpler times, men sought for as a real being, but whom a larger experience has shown to be but a reflection of, and repetition of what merely emanates from ourselves!

I fail to see why you require me to believe in you, except so far as you choose to convince my reason by such evidences, and influences, as you provide."

(Note. The Christian claims that those evidences, and influences, have all been obstinately, and wilfully *rejected*, instead of being *sought*, and prayed for, by the Unbeliever.)

"Freed from its bias, (!) and instructed in facts, (?) the human intellect must dismiss you as unproven! And so in one of the many words, and ways, in which the doctrine of souls, and spirits has faded,—as it is fading (?) from the whole Sphere of modern thought,—I bid you "*adieu*,"—once more,—as I bade you "*adieu*" long years ago, when you faded from my life, and became to me a mere figment of human

should never even have *desired* to effect it but for Thee! I see, and feel most deeply that Salvation from first, to last, is from Thee, and due to Thy saving Grace alone! But I see also, that this Saving Grace is, as a matter of fact, sought by me,—and must be sought by every living creature,—by habitual Prayer! *Prayer never answered? Why I owe everything (under God) to Prayer! So does every "Christian" who has ever lived, or ever will live!*

It was Prayer which opened to me a Life of usefulness, and a Prospect of a glorious Future of endless progression, and untold felicity! The answer to Prayer is a peace, a happiness, a hope, which I never knew before! That "Peace of God which passeth all understanding!"

I shall continue it as long as I breathe! I employ it in everything I attempt! I will, in future, do nothing without it! Blessed God! I owe,—I know,—everything to Thee,—shall do so through Eternity! I accept Thy priceless offer of a full Reconciliation with Thee through the Atonement of Thy dear Son!

Let me have my part in that precious Sacrifice, and I then care little, in comparison, for the passing, fleeting, show of the things of Sense and Time! Thus I, for one, grasp Thy priceless Promises, and Thy now

THE UNBELIEVER.

APOSTACY COMMENCED.

imagination, the sublimest product of Superstition,—and the greatest hindrance to Mental freedom, and material Progress!"

Note.—The "Bid adieu," is evidently taken from Renan's recently re-published experiences of his Apostacy in 1848. (See Vol. I., Page 484.)

Note.—The above extract is from the late Bradlaugh's Paper, which he started in Sheffield "long years ago" (1859 or 60), for October, 1890, shortly before his death.

For thirty years, under the Editorship of this dreadful man, this Paper was the (*then*) leading organ of Infidelity and Atheism in this Country, under the Title of the "National" (save the mark!) No! Thank God! *not* National! "Reformer" (*Reform?* dear reader? Say, rather, Apostacy!)

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

proffered Salvation, through Jesus Christ! Thy Promises are never broken, and I claim, and feel sure that I shall enjoy, Thy Saving Grace, and Guidance, through my remaining life, and Thy Presence, as a God of Love, and Mercy, when it comes to my turn to die!

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.—THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

"Again,—the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Merchant man, seeking goodly Pearls; who, when he hath found one Pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—*Matt. xiii., 45-46.*

Let us lose everything rather than Christ.

"Let me die the Death of the Righteous,—and let my *last* days be like *his*!"—*Numbers xxiii., 10.*

"*Precious*,—in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints."—*Psalms cxvi.*

The above Article—given in the left hand Column—appeared in his Paper, a few weeks before Bradlaugh's death.

It not only presents the views he taught through life,—but well illustrates the career of an Apostate! Some of us well remember his earlier efforts in 1860-75,—his terrible blasphemies *roared* out, when excited, (it was presumed to drown opposition,) loud enough to injure the ears of an unfortunate Audience! The Working Class,—ever apt and ready in criticism,—said that his lectures "smelt of Brimstone." Why an *Atheist* is to roar, and scream, louder than a *Bishop*, we never could understand! Very plain speaking upon this man's *public teaching*,—(with the man himself we have nothing to do)—is rendered *imperative* from the delusive, amazing, articles which have appeared in some of our

presumably "Christian" Papers, Reviews, &c.,—on the occasion of his death

No word of horror, or reprobation,—at such a life ;—the real facts not stated,—articles, in short,—calculated *entirely to mislead* the Younger Generation, who are not acquainted with the true history of the past.

Ridiculous stories (introduced probably by the Free-thinkers) laying the blame of his life (save the mark !) upon some unfortunate Clergyman, who, it is alleged, failed to allay his doubts "when young!" Those who know the facts, smile at such nonsense! They know well that Bradlaugh "when young" could "roar down" six Bishops, and frighten an equal number of poor "Clergymen" into fits! Bradlaugh says himself in a review of his own career, written in March, 1891,

"In 1849,"—(when a mere youth,)—"I had debated the Inspiration of the Bible, with James Sanger, in Philpot Street, Commercial Road, (a small hall at the corner,) and a new Hall at the corner of Warner Place, Hackney Road, were, in 49-50, the scenes of my earliest and our Freethought speaking. My commencement as a public speaker, was, before this, on the mounds of earth in the far famed Brouwer's fields." ("Before" 1849! No wonder the mythical Clergyman had not been successful!) "In 1850 I made my appearance in type. It was in 1855 that I first spoke as a received Freethought advocate, in the old John Street Hall, and in the old Hall of Science."

"Allay" all *his* doubts! Dear Reader! he was much more likely to destroy the faith, and produce "doubts" in others!

In the newspaper articles not a word of warning to the Young have these precious reviewers! Little notices are slyly inserted in the Papers to "lead" Public opinion, and *make Atheism respectable*, thus, "Among the Subscribers to the Bradlaugh Portrait" (!) (Good gracious!) "in the—Club, are two Clergymen of the Church of England,—Canon —, and Canon—; a Peer, and a considerable number of M.P's."—(*Daily Paper*). Our Young People would be deluded into thinking that a really great, and good teacher was gone! The *real* facts are *suppressed*! The real character of Atheism *disguised*! It certainly shall not be disguised in this Book! When we consider his ceaseless Lectures on Infidelity, employing the "Talents," God had bestowed upon him, to mislead others, carried on up to his last illness, and his shocking views upon social morality, we must allow that a more dangerous man to Society, has not appeared since Voltaire! "But he had changed his life greatly!" He had done *nothing of the kind*! In his Paper for January 11th, 1891, he advertised himself to Lecture on *Infidelity*, thus,—(Note.—He never gave any of them. The

last attack of the heart, came on January 14th, Coma set in January 28th, he died January 30th, and was buried by the 3rd February).—"January 18, Tyneside; 25, Bradford; 28, "Borough of Hackney," Workmen's Club; February, every Sunday morning and evening at the Hall of Science, London;—March 1, Wolverhampton, &c."

Under the title "My Heresy now, and thirty-six years since," he writes to his Paper:—

"From the beginning of 1855 till 1868, all my Lectures and Writings were done under the name of 'Iconoclast,' ('Image Breaker.') For Thirty-six years my position has been Atheistic, and I am totally unaware of any foundation for the rumours,—recently very industriously circulated,—alleging modifications by me of these views. From 1854 to the present time, there has been, so far as I am conscious, no material change in the propositions advocated. My position has always been that the word 'God,' is either undefined, or, that the attempted definitions are self-contradictory, or incoherent. To me existence is sufficient for all Phenomena! I can understand the habit of using the words 'God,' 'Spirit,' 'Soul,' &c., by those whose training has excluded them from submitting those words to close examination and analysis!" (Fancy, dear Reader, a Prayerless Apostate, and God-forsaken Atheist, subjecting God, and the Holy Spirit, to "close examination and analysis!" What untold conceit there is in us, poor, deluded, Insects.) "At present the closest re-examination of my Atheistic position does not enable me to detect one weak link in the chain," &c., &c. (Signed) C. Bradlaugh."

This appeared a few weeks before his death.

The very *last article* he sent to his paper, (continued in two weekly numbers), the *last effort* he ever made,—appeared on January 11, 1891,—headed "Doubts, in Dialogue, on Jesus," by Charles Bradlaugh. Really one wonders at an intelligent man taking the trouble to write an absurd *supposed* dialogue, *he* doing all the work himself. His opponent is *supposed* to be an "orthodox Christian," whom Bradlaugh makes to ask questions,—or to attempt to reply to the Sceptic. But as Bradlaugh writes *the whole himself*,—pretending to answer in a way a "Christian" certainly *would not* do,—what such "ex parte,"—"hocus-pocus,"—childish tricks of Essay writing could be supposed to effect is unintelligible? How a Lawyer, like Bradlaugh, could descend to such absurdity seems amazing? It is merely given as the last Public Teaching,—or expression of his Atheistic views he ever wrote. Toward the close, the supposed "Christian" is made to ask the Sceptic, at length,—the direct (but quite unnecessary) question:—

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

(*Unnecessary*,—because he knew perfectly well that the Sceptic did not.) The Sceptic,—is made by Bradlaugh to *answer* this question,—(like a Lawyer, or a wary Quaker,) by asking *another*.

"Which Jesus?"

And then we have the old, old, objections of Unbelief "trotted-out" at length once more,—objections answered a Million times! *Even the Atheist* seems weary of them, for he makes the "Christian" say,

"Putting aside these mere verbal quibbles,—which have been answered *many times*" (*They have indeed!*) "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" Sceptic,—"The antiquity of the objections does not weaken their force. On what authority do you ask me to believe that Jesus is the Son of God?"

Then the objections begin all again! Surely this shows the terrible waste of time involved in discussing with adult Infidels,—time which might be usefully spent in instructing the Young. The following, however, is instructive as the *last paper* Bradlaugh ever sent to print during his lifetime. The discussion ends thus:—

"The Orthodox 'Christian' is silent. He Believes,—but does not explain."

But as Bradlaugh wrote the whole Paper, and signs it, the chance of the "Christian" being allowed to "explain" anything was exceedingly remote! Then follow these remarkable,—concluding,—words, striking in their truth,—and as the last words Bradlaugh, during his lifetime, ever contributed, on the subject of Religion.

Note.—It is indeed a solemn commentary upon those memorable words of our Blessed Lord:—

"No man can come unto Me, *except My Father draw him!*"

When we consider the "many" who are "called,"—infinitely less guilty souls,—who, if they have done no good,—have not at any rate,—wilfully gone out of their way to do much harm to others,—when we consider how many far less wicked, and dangerous, persons are "called," but their lives too clearly prove, that they are certainly not "chosen,"—why Almighty God,—*passing by so many*,—is to go out of His way, and suddenly bestow His *choicest*, and *most precious* gifts,—true repentance,—saving Grace,—interest in Christ, and entrance into the abode of the

Blessed, upon a wretched, wilful, *Infidel Lecturer*, at the close of his life,—when,—thank God!—he is unable to do any more mischief to Mankind,—appears to be utterly unintelligible,—monstrous,—and totally inconsistent with all His Teachings and Warnings! We cannot have our common-sense abused! “As the rotten Tree falls,—rotten for ‘long years,’—there,—surely,—a rotten Tree it lies.”

The “Christian” having been made by Bradlaugh to suggest that it was *safer* to Believe in Christ,—the “Atheist” replies,

“It is not a question of safety,—it is a question of *possibility*. The alleged life of Jesus is, to me, *impossible*. I simply cannot believe it!”

These were Bradlaugh's *last words as a Teacher!* *He never spoke truer words in his life!* After such a life it *was* impossible! He had put his own Soul to death long years before! The faculty of Believing had been lost! Faith had been wilfully murdered! How many unstable, and wilful, souls he had helped to murder, *besides his own*, in 35 years, Eternity will disclose! No doubt *God had gone* years, and years, before! Saving Grace, Saving Faith, in such cases, are no doubt “*simply impossible!*” This book has never faltered in the assertion that, “He limiteth a time.”—“To-day—while it is called to-day,—harden not your hearts.”—That time *once* passed, Salvation, and Belief, becomes impossible.

“He shutteth, and no man openeth.”—*Rev. iii., 7.*

These were Bradlaugh's last words *as a Teacher!* The next week's number announces, “A severe attack of the heart, and lungs, compels me, with great reluctance, to abandon my Tyneside Lectures!”

The last short paragraph he ever sent to his Paper appeared the following week, 25th January, 1891;—the day it appeared in print, he sank into Coma, and became unconscious. It describes the attack, thus:—

“This time it came with terrific suddenness, the heart being the weak point, so that about Midnight, on Tuesday, it nearly finished my chequered career.”

Alas! It reminds the “Christian” of the solemn words of our Lord,

“At Midnight there was a cry made, ‘Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!’”

God grant that when that “Midnight Cry” comes, dear Reader, to *you* and *me*,—(as come it most certainly will,)—

it may not find us "Atheists,"—to whom to believe in Jesus Christ is "simply impossible!"

"It would be needless,"—wrote the relative who attended his last illness,—to say that he died, as he had lived, a consistent, and conscientious Atheist,—were it not that the infamous word "recantation" has already reached my ears. Knowing as I well do by bitter experience, that there are certain Christians who are utterly unscrupulous about what they say about an Atheist, I have taken the precaution to procure signed testimony from independent, impartial, witnesses, that during the last few weeks, he was never heard to utter one word either directly, or indirectly, bearing upon religion, or any religious subject."

Died in fact, without Hope,—all religious feeling, and belief extinct,—God bid adieu "long years ago!" *All* lost, and for *what* in exchange? Eternity only, will disclose, all the evil which this man's *example* did during those "long years" 1855-90. Employing the Talents, God gave him, going Lecturing about this Country encouraging others to scoff, wilfully distorting God's Word, *emboldening* younger men to *blaspheme*,—and forming those horrible Societies of Atheists, Sceptics, and Infidels, in our English Towns, which are alike the curse,—danger,—and disgrace, of every Christian Country, and Nation! Now, in the never ending,—never failing,—Epochs of a lost Eternity, that wretched soul, (and all like him) will have,—has already had,—the "Veil" torn from his Unbelief, and the "Unbroken Silence" he once *complained* of—while the "long-suffering" of an indulgent God waited those "forty" years,—exchanged for the Unknown, Unimaginable Terrors of that "Wrath of God and of the Lamb,"—which, like His peace,—"*passeth all understanding!*"

Unbelieving Reader! You smile at all this *now*,—wait till it comes to *your own* turn to *go out alone* to meet your God! You will then understand the matter better!

The *amazing* thing to the Christian is *what* the Atheist gets for it all? What reward does the Unbeliever obtain? What are his wages?

A few fleeting years of indulgence in the Sin of Pride, Irreverence, and Blasphemy, leading precious Souls astray, —heaping upon his head the aggravated Ruin, and tenfold damnation, of the man, who,—not content with consigning his own immortal spirit to Eternal misery,—must needs for nearly forty years, strive to hinder others from believing the Gospel, and to hinder as much as a finite insect is *permitted* to do, the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

SOME ABILITY, AND GIFTS OF NATURE, NEEDED TO
PRODUCE A REALLY WICKED MAN.

"Take, therefore, the Talent from him,—*Matt. xxv. 28.*

The Public,—and the Press,—instead of condemning the evil in Unbelief, persist in lauding the real (or supposed) great powers of mind of noted Infidels. They refuse to recognise the fact, that it is in the desecration and prostitution, of *such gifts*, employed in injuring Mankind,—which constitutes the guilt of the Wicked! Force of character, and great Natural Gifts, are "talents" bestowed by God, to be employed for His glory, and service. *Desecrating* these Talents to the Service of Satan, and rejecting the God Who bestowed them, constitutes the terrible guilt of a thoroughly depraved, and wicked person! For *without* these gifts,—thus prostituted,—they could not have become so dangerous, and so desperately evil! The Public do not consider this! You cannot, dear Reader, do what you will,—produce from a naturally silly, feeble, indolent, stupid person, a *very* dangerous, or an *alarmingly* wicked man! Such a one has not the natural ability,—though he often has every disposition to do as much mischief as he *can*,—to do much harm! He lacks naturally,—(*small praise to him*),—the capacity, intellect, power, and resolution to become a thoroughly dangerous character! His guilt is as great who does all the evil he can! Give him time,—no doubt, in Eternity, he will become as evil as any of them! Thus, for the Public, the Press, and Reviewers, to attempt to "whitewash" the wicked by expatiating on the great natural gifts God bestowed upon them, and which they desecrated,—throughout a long life of Apostacy,—is as reasonable as attempting to admire the ceaseless activity and powers of the Devils themselves! We may rely upon it that there is no lack of perverted intellect, talent, and capacity for untold Wickedness,—if God permitted them to employ it,—amongst *them*!

TALENTS TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING GOOD IS LOST.

There is a very deep meaning in our Lord's words:—

"Take from him" (the unprofitable servant) "the talent, and give it unto him that hath ten talents."—*Matt. xxv. 28.*

It would appear that, in the Future Life,—these "talents,"—good qualities, &c.,—which we admire, are taken from the Impenitent Wicked,—having been misused by them,—so that no really *good* things are "lost."

"From him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath," or (in one place) "seemeth to have!"

Unbelievers do not reflect upon Christ's solemn words here, and are continually asserting how monstrous it is to imagine that great minds,—great Men,—who were not, however, Believers,—can ever be amongst the lost! What if God takes away from such, those qualities, misused and discarded by them, and leaves them *entirely evil*, and *worthless*? What becomes of your "great" men then?

Freethinkers run over a list of noted men,—Unbelievers in, and rejecters of Christ,—and then triumphantly turn to Christians, daring them to say that such great men could be rejected in turn by God,—and be among the "lost!"

The Christian merely turns to our Lord's teachings,—takes his stand upon them, —and *refers* the Freethinker to *Christ's words*. The "Unprofitable" servant who had rejected his Lord as an "hard man," an "austere man,"—and had never employed the gifts—those "talents"—God had given him to use for His glory,—is addressed as,

"Thou wicked and slothful servant!" "Take therefore the Talent from him; for from him that hath not,"

(Neglected God, misused his natural gifts, never served, or loved, his Maker.)

"From him shall be *taken away even that which he hath!* And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!" *Matt.* xxv., 26-30; *Mark* iv., 25; *Luke* viii., 18; *Luke* xix. 26; *Matt.* xiii., 12.

If our Lord's words,—repeated in the above *five separate places*,—mean *anything*, they mean that, before the Judgment, those misused,—desecrated,—gifts of God, "talents," which they had misapplied,—should be *taken away* from the Christless, selfish, unprofitable, Servant! These Gifts of God made these men seem "great" in our eyes,—but

"God seeth not as man seeth,—For the Lord *looketh* at the heart!"—*I Sam.* xv., 7.

Doubtless we do well to admire those Gifts, and Talents in *themselves*, for they are of God.

"Every good Gift, and every perfect Gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father."—*James* i., 17.

But God knows that all those "talents" were, after all *His own*, His gifts, to these men,—bestowed upon them to be employed in His service, and for His glory! If He finds them misapplied,—misused,—if He finds Himself, and Christ, and His Salvation, rejected, may He not justly *take away*, or *resume*,—before the final judgment,—those

"good" gifts which were, and are, His, so that nothing really "good" may ever be "lost?" *Certainly* He may! And most assuredly *He will!* If, dear Reader, our Blessed Lord does not mean this by "take from him the Talent," &c.,—*what does He mean?*

The Freethinker, or Atheist, is very fond of hurling at the Believer a long list of what he (the Unbeliever) is pleased to call "Great and Good" (?) Men,—whom he (the Sceptic) claims to have belonged to his fraternity, and defies the Believer to say that such men can possibly be "lost!"

The Christian replies that the *rejection of Christ* is absolutely fatal to all men alike, "Great" or small! It is the "unpardonable Sin," the *deadly* Sin of all others, in whomsoever found! Almighty God is not going to alter His laws of Salvation for all the Franklins, and Jefferies, and Voltaires, Paines, Schillers, Humboldts, Robert Burns, Emersons, Dickens, David Humes, Shelleys, Morleys, and the long list of others whom the Sceptics—rightly or wrongly—now openly claim as fellow Unbelievers.

And if every "good and perfect gift,"—every talent God once entrusted to,—and misused by,—these men,—is to be taken away from the "Unprofitable Servant,"—and only *unmixed* Evil left,—what there can possibly be of the "great," or the "good," remaining in the "lost,"—now Demons themselves,—seems totally unintelligible to the Christian Believer!

"And *whosoever*,"—

(Of whatever Grade of Society, Culture, Position, or mere Worldly attainments, and Wisdom.)

"was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire."—*Rev. xx., 15.*

"I do not,—and will not believe it!" Well! Reader,—do *not* believe it,—but *there it is!* The Truth *remains*, whatever you believe, or decline to believe! As sure as God exists you shall witness the truth of Christ's words, one day yourself!

Let us now resume our Parallel Columns, and follow the Sin of Infidelity to its Advanced, and Final Stage, that of Open,—Public,—Apostacy!

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APOSTACY COMMENCED.

The state of mind depicted in the former left-hand column of "Apostacy commenced,"—this calm, deliberate, rejection of God, and Christ,—might be truly termed the *last Stage* of Religious declension !

For experience shows that there is little change to be afterwards looked for. It is that outward, death-like, calm and *total indifference*, which tells,—too plainly,—of that solemn departure of God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—which tells of a Conscience dead to Christ,—of a Religious Life, and Faith extinct ; in a word, — *God gone !*

Then often there comes a calm, a life of total indifference.

So does the strange,—deadly, calm, usher in the Tempest ! So does Pain *cease*, when once the *fatal* mortification has set in ! It is like the lethargic sleep which denotes the approach of Apoplexy and Death !

If such Persons are in Places where the Gospel is preached,—or, for a time compelled to come in contact with Christian Believers, their minds instantly rise in opposition to God's Authority, or to Christ's claim to be Divine !

It is a condition which admits of no Remedy, because the Apostate Soul can never now be persuaded that his *case is a desperate one*. That

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LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

In this day of Unbelief,—Blessed God,—Thou art,—indeed,—“a God Who hidest Thyself,”—from the wilfully, unbelieving and prayerless Soul !

True it is that,—to those who refuse to approach Thee, by the only way Thou canst *ever* be approached, —by Prayer,—there is ever ‘an unbroken Silence !’

But we, Thy People,—feel Thy Presence constantly,—every day !

“Lo ! I am with you alway, even to the End of the World.”

I have long made *my* decision,—in this day of Unbelief (1891.)—I have made it, once for all, for Time, and for Eternity.

Let *others* do as they may,—listen,—if they are Mad enough to do so, to the Jargon of (so called) “scientific” Atheists,—or the Screams of abandoned Infidels.

“But as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord !”—*Joshua* xxiv, 15.

Nothing shall ever,—with Thy Grace to aid me,—shake my Belief in the Miraculous Birth, Mission, Divinity, and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I fully believe Jesus to be the long Promised Messiah, foretold ages before. I, for one, look to Christ's atonement, as my *only* claim, or

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instead of an increase of knowledge, and "Mental Freedom," he has, in reality, in losing his Faith, *lost all*. That what he takes to be a "great increase of understanding," is really the ceasing of anxiety, and all Religious feelings, because the fatal mortification of the Soul, has set in! Once God the Holy Spirit has left, you can never alarm that man again. Soothed from all anxiety by the opiates of Satan, Unbelief, and intense Pride, and suffocating Self-conceit, these *self-idolaters* harden themselves by long years of prayerlessness, and the *habit of rejecting Christ*, and put their own souls to death! Such a one will listen to everything with a calm smile of indifference.

This constitutes the "Deadly Sin,"—the "Sin unto Death!"

"There is a sin unto death: I do not say that ye shall pray for it."—1 John v. 16.

It is not the mere "natural" sins to which all are liable, at times to be enticed into, sins not "unto death."

"All unrighteousness is sin; and there is a sin not unto death."—1 John v. 17.

But it is the calm, habitual, presumptuous sin, proceeding from the deliberate, life-long choice of a *perverse*, Will, continued *too long* against the enlightened mind; committed with deliberation, with design,

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hold, Blessed God, upon Thee for Reconciliation, and for Thy Love, and approval for all Eternity.

But, I am warned by our Saviour against merely *hearing* without *obeying*.—His Commands.

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.



The Two Builders.

"Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My sayings, and *doeth* them, I will show you to whom he is like; He is like unto a wise man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the Foundation on a Rock. And the rain descended, and the Floods came, and the winds blew, and beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a Rock. But every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and *doeth them not*, shall be likened unto a foolish man, that, without a Foundation,—built *his* house upon the Sand. And the rain descended, and the Floods came, and the winds blew, and beat vehemently upon that house, and immediately it fell,—and the ruin of that house was great!" Matt. vii. 24-27. Luke vi. 47-49.

This makes me ever anxious for Thy aid, to obey Christ's commands. Enlightened by God the Holy Spirit, my anxiety about

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—resolution,—and eagerness, against all the checks of God, and the convictions, and expostulations of God the Holy Spirit. The Lives of such wretched men as the late Bradlaugh, and his fellow Atheists, are examples of this Sin against the Holy Ghost, continued as in his case, and that of Holyoake, and others, for thirty or forty years. They will ponder upon those forty years of wilful Infidelity, throughout the ages of Eternity!

Such go *too far* !

Our Blessed Lord says clearly :—

"All manner of Sin and Blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men ; but the Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men, neither in this World, neither in the World to come."
—*Matt. xii., 31-32.*

May God save the Reader, if he has taken some steps towards Infidelity, from its Awful Termination, for Christ's sake !

THE UNBELIEVER.

ADVANCED UNBELIEF,—
APOSTACY COMPLETED.

Life, and Resolves, of the Aggressive, Open, Public, Apostate,—the Infidel Lecturer, or Writer.

THE OPEN APOSTATE.

"I heartily endorse every word of the above "Secularist," in the previous *left-hand* columns.

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH COMMENCED.

Salvation, appears to me now to be the *most reasonable* thing in the World ! I hope evermore to cherish this solicitude for myself and for all around me. Can that man be safe, who, for 40 years, — seeing others ever dying around him,—walking himself on the verge of the Precipice, never feels the slightest concern about Salvation ?

Is he a Maniac ? Or blinded by Satan ? Awful, Destructive, Indifference ! The Salvation of our Souls is the very End of our Existence,—the very purpose, I now see we were created for !

"I have no great 'Talents,'—it is true, to employ in Thy Service,—I wish I *had*,—but I will not be like the 'wicked, and slothful servant,' bury the One Talent Thou hast given me in the Earth !" *Matt xxv. 25.*



Burying his "Talent" in the Earth

What little I can do, Blessed God, that little, with Thy aid shall be done. I do not, at all, believe Thee to be,

"An hard Man, reaping where Thou hast not sown."

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I recognise in him a brother Unbeliever. He is perfectly right! A very sagacious and superior man, evidently. Let us live for this World only!

Like him, I bade *adieu* to god long years ago!"

Note.—It is now the custom of modern "Aggressive Secularists," or Infidels, to employ *small* letters, instead of *capitals* in their printed Papers, so as to insult the Deity, in their blasphemous writings, as much as possible.

"But in his Unbelief he is not strong enough, or "aggressive" enough, to please *me*. I go much further! I not only reject, as he does, all subjection to god, and christ, *myself*, and treat the Scheme of Salvation with contempt, but I am resolved to destroy,—if I can,—the Faith of others. I have some powers of Mind, I can Speak, and Write well.

For the remainder of my life I will devote my "talents," my Time, Example, Thoughts, and Energies, to bring Religion into derision, and contempt. I will spare nothing to accomplish this! I will issue pamphlets with disgusting pictures, full of misstatements, and deliberate blasphemies, gathered from the Scum, and "Vilest of the Vile," of all Nations,—in hopes that, by throwing plenty of mud some

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LIFE OF FAITH ADVANCED.

I have never found Thee so. My experience has been precisely the reverse. Instead of,

"An austere Man,"

Thou hast ever been my best and dearest Friend. It is I who was once the

"Hard man,"

Thou, the Good, Indulgent, God, Who waited long, and to Whose

"Sowing the Good Seed,"

and forbearance, I owe everything!

THE CHRISTIAN.

His Happy, Useful, Life, and Holy Resolves.

THE ADVANCED CHRISTIAN.

Learning then, a lesson from the ceaseless activity, and energy of these Enemies,—Blessed God, of Thee and Thy dear Son,—these Demon-like men ever seeking to destroy Faith in others,—let me the more consecrate my Life and Service to Thy Glorious Cause! The terrible activity of these Emissaries of the Devil,—shames a *lukewarm Christian*, and a *sleeping and indifferent Church*! I desire, — therefore, — Blessed God, to consecrate to Thee, and to Christ's Cause, the remainder of my Life, — my Time, Talents, Example, Intellect, — and the Money Thou hast given me,—ever to be used in Thy Service! A

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may stick, and that it may destroy the Faith, and Reverence of *some*!

It shall be the business of my life to do this! I will go out of my way to do it! I will lecture two or three times each Sunday, giving out all the ridicule, sneers, mis-statements, I can collect from past and present Freethinkers, the World over! It shall be my delight, and ceaseless occupation, to lampoon the Bible, to suggest every doubt, every objection to Belief in any god, in prayer, in Christianity, and all Religious faith, or belief!

I will never miss a chance of ridiculing the miraculous birth, alleged divinity, atonement, teachings, and alleged resurrection, of Jesus Christ. Especially will I do this before young, and inexperienced, persons! If I am to be lost, at least I will *endeavour* that *plenty more shall go to hell with me*, if I can influence them to follow my lead. As for the anger of god,—eternity,—and hell, I scoff at, and despise such delusions, and shall go out of this world, as other Freethinkers have done, without fear, hope, thought, for the future, or feeling of any kind. Let god do his worst! I hate and defy him, his book, his laws, and everything connected with him!

That I meet with some

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LIFE OF FAITH ADVANCED.

will endeavour to influence all I come in contact with, towards Religion. May I never begrudge the wealth Thy Providence has placed for a few fleeting years in my hands, and control, to advance Thy Holy Religion. Blessed God I owe everything I have, and am, to Thee, and shall do so, I know, to all Eternity. In Thee, I well know, I "live, and breathe, and have my being," in *this* World,—it will be *still more so*, in the World to come!

Prepare me, therefore, for that Future, Endless, Life, with Thee!

Communion with Thee in Prayer has already given me the only deep, true, lasting, happiness I have ever enjoyed.

May it be my constant endeavour to lead others to the same happy, Christian Life!

Let it be my aim to allay prejudice against Thy Holy Religion; to suggest how alleged difficulties should be met, asking ever for enlightenment and saving grace from Thee!

I hope,—with Thy assistance,—to let my Example be ever on the side of Piety, and true Religion, especially when I can influence the Young, and inexperienced!

Having,—"*long years ago*,"—made my peace,—Blessed God,—with Thee, through the

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APOSTACY COMPLETED.

success, may be seen by the following Extract from an Infidel Newspaper, Oct., 1890,

"F. W. induced his wife,—a thorough christian,—to hear Mr. — lecture on 'a world without god.'

Her faith was shaken. Reading Freethought Pamphlets, &c., finished the work! She is now, with her Husband,—a member of the — branch, and their children will be saved from a superstitious training."

The Reader will notice, from the above, what a Curse these Infidel Lecturers are to a Christian Country, and a Christian Nation! A silly woman,—instead of adopting the habit of prayer, and a Christian Life, chooses to listen to these wretches,— chooses them in preference to a loving Saviour and a Faithful God; and now, poor, innocent, children are to be brought up as Unbelievers, forbidden to read the Bible, and trained by a couple of Apostate Parents to scoff at God, and Religion. It is even suggested to establish Schools and Colleges to train children to *become Atheists*, and to scoff at Christianity! They would be veritable Schools for Devils.

Note. The sagacious Reader will also notice that the "thorough Christian" is thrown in, to magnify the triumph of the Infidel Lecturer.

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH ADVANCED.

precious, and all-availing Sacrifice of Thy dear Son, I am *not willing to go to Heaven alone!* No!—consistent with Thy will,—Blessed God, permit me to take part in, and do my little, however little it may be, for Thy Blessed Cause!

In the Sabbath School, the Mission Room, and in other good Christian work, give me Thy aid, countenance, and support.

I am weary of the society of the Irreligious, the Worldly, the Christless, and the Prayerless! I have ever had a secret love to Thee, to the Saviour, and to Thy People, and esteem the presence of God the precious Holy Spirit, above all else in this World!

I hope, wisely, and lovingly, ever to incline my little ones,—the children Thou hast placed under my care,—and for whom Thou wilt, I know, hold me responsible,—to love, and worship Thee. I hope that my example before these children may ever be that of a Christian Parent influencing them for good. I shall attend to Family Prayer, and the Reading of Thy Word in the Family;—nothing shall ever shake me from this duty. But I will ever endeavour to gain the liking, and real love of the Young, towards a Christian Life,—making it as

THE UNBELIEVER.

APOSTACY COMPLETED.

The whole anecdote is,—as usual in all Infidel Literature,—a *mistatement*.

(1.) A "thoroughly Christian" woman, would no more attend an infidel lecture than she would be seen in a house of ill-fame!

(2.) No "thoroughly Christian" woman,—short of a born Idiot, would ever have married an Infidel husband, or be "induced" by him to become an Unbeliever.

(3.) No "thorough Christian," man or woman, has ever, since the world began,—nor ever will, till this world ends,—have their faith "shaken" by a God-forsaken Atheist.

The "thorough Christian" knows what the latter *really* is too well to pay the *slightest* attention to what he says, thinks, or does!

No! It is not "thorough Christians," who attend Infidel gatherings, it is silly, empty, vain, prayerless, irreligious, souls, already strongly inclined to Apostacy, who prefer the company of these wretched creatures, to a Loving Saviour, and a Faithful God!

As our Blessed Lord tells us,

"Then cometh the Devil and catcheth away that which was sown in their heart."

With the "thorough Christian"

"The Seed is sown in good ground."

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH ADVANCED.

pleasant, — attractive, — and happy, *as I possibly can*.

Thus, I intend,—and shall daily ask with Thy aid to carry out my resolve,—to spend my remaining life. And when it is Thy good time,—which I am sure will be the *best* time for my Soul,—it comes to my turn to leave this World, give me in that Solemn Hour, especial tokens of Thy Reconciliation and of Jesus' love. Be then especially near me, shining brightly round my dying bed!

Without Thee this World would be insupportable to me. Having *once* tasted Thy love, *nothing else*, I well know, will now ever satisfy my Soul. I have felt this for years, and shall pass away, with happy thoughts of Thy goodness and mercy, which have ever followed me all through my life, and with glorious hopes of enjoying Thy Presence, and Love, through the speechless Glories of an Endless Eternity. I do not believe that one of Thy,—*true,—sincere,—dependent* Followers was ever yet allowed by Thee to "fall away," and that in Thy Glorious World of Bliss, to come, I shall join all the *really* good, and holy, of all ages and countries, since the World began. *What* a Gathering! All the truly Great, and Good and Pure and Holy, All the *really* delightful and sweet

THE UNBELIEVER.

APOSTACY COMPLETED.

No Infidel lectures, or efforts *have ever*, or *ever will*, draw away one single "thorough Christian,"—or true "Child of God!" He cannot be led away by any possibility!

"He call eth His sheep by name, and the sheep follow Him: for they know His voice. And a *stranger* will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of Strangers."
—*John* x., 4, 5.

To the Unbeliever and those wretched souls who join him, in his Apostacy, our Lord still says, in 1891, as in A.D. 33,

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of My Sheep, as I said unto you, My sheep hear My voice, and I *know* them, and they follow Me! And I give unto them Eternal Life, and they shall *never* perish,—neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand!"

"My Father is greater than all."

Note. Our Lord was here speaking in his *human* character, while upon this Earth as a man,—

("The Word became Flesh, and dwelt among us,")

and not in his Divine character as God after His ascension.

"My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I, and My Father, *are one*!"—*John* x., 26-30.

Thus a "thorough Christian," a *true* "child of God," never has fallen, and *never will* fall, through Unbelief! Omnipotence forbids it! Those who "fall away," were never His "chosen" *at all*!

THE CHRISTIAN.

LIFE OF FAITH ADVANCED.

characters, from not only our World, but from the Myriads of inhabited Worlds around us. To exist together for evermore enjoying those

"Things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,—neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive;"—which "God hath prepared for those that love Him."

THE BETRAYER.

The Sin of Judas.



Suicide, Remorse, and Despair.

"Then Judas, when he saw that he was condemned, brought again the pieces of silver to the chief priests, saying,—‘I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.’ And they said, ‘What is that to us? See thou to that!’ And Judas cast down the pieces of silver in the Temple, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, ‘It is not lawful for to put them in the Treasury, because it is the price of blood.’"

TWO DIFFERENT SPECIES.

Imagine, now, dear Reader the *immense* Contrast, these two Persons,—whose Lives and Characters have been depicted,—must,—after some years persistently following their respective paths,—present to the eye of their Creator! They must appear absolutely two distinct Species of Mankind! The one,—with His aid, —everything which God loves, and approves of,—the other everything that He despises, and “abhors!” Indeed, our Blessed Lord,—plainly tells us that it is so in actual fact;—such men,—even in *this* World, *do* actually belong to two distinct classes, namely the “Children of the Kingdom,” and the “Children of the Wicked One.”

“I object to these Views of Religion!” Do you? Well, read Christ’s word for yourself.



PARABLE OF OUR LORD. WHO “THE TARES” ARE.

“The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a Man who sowed good Seed in his Field. But while men slept,—

(Possibly alluding to sleeping, indifferent, Christians, unwatchfulness, and neglect of God,)

his **Enemy** came and sowed Tares among the Wheat, and went his way. And when the Blade was sprung up, then appeared the Tares also! Then the Servants of the Householder came and said unto Him, ‘Sir, didst not Thou sow good Seed in Thy Field?’ He said unto them, ‘An **Enemy** hath done this!’ The Servants said unto Him, ‘Wilt Thou then that we go, and gather them up?’ But He said, ‘Nay! Lest while ye gather up the Tares, ye root up the Wheat with them.’”

THE PRESENCE OF EVIL ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO VIRTUE.

Note.—As usual, there are *depths* of wisdom, in the Words, and Teaching, of our Blessed Lord. For consider, dear Reader,—you who are so impatient of the Sin

permitted in God's Universe,—the Groans, the Imprecations, the Bloodshed, the Vice, the Wrongs, and Misery of Mankind for Thousand of years, *what it all means!* Imagine, for a moment, this World without Sin,—Evil,—Trial, or any Temptation to do wrong, *where would Virtue be?*

What is "Virtue?" The resisting of Evil! *Without Trial* how would it be possible to exhibit,—or to prove that Virtue existed at all? How would you know that it was there? Trial is absolutely a *necessity* if we are to have Goodness,—tried, *proved*, Goodness! Freewill, either to adopt a religious, or an evil, life, must be allowed to all, unless you would have machinery. Would you have a World full of Puppets? Would *you*, dear Reader, like to have been created a mere perfect machine,—incapable of evil,—or good, and a perfect creature, it is true, but with no will of your own,—no choice,—no Freewill? "Certainly *not*, most men will say. I elect to have Freewill!" Then to allow Freewill to all,—and the opportunity to employ it,—Evil, Sin, and Trial, in this World, you must have! "Goodness," "Piety," "Virtue," in Mankind owe their *very existence* to the act of *being tried*, and the immediate proximity of Evil (the "Tares") is absolutely needful to produce that trial!

We may depend upon it that everything in God's ordering is needful,—and, if we could grasp Infinite Goodness, and Far-seeing Wisdom, we should see that it is right!

"Just, and True, are all Thy Ways!"

"Let both grow together until the Harvest; and in the time of the Harvest I will say to the Reapers, 'Gather ye together first the Tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the Wheat into My Barn!'"

THE END OF THE TARES. TWO SPECIES OF MANKIND.

"Then Jesus sent the Multitude away, and went into the house. And His Disciples came unto Him,—saying,—'Declare unto us the Parable of the Tares.' He answered, and said unto them, —'He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man!'"

"The Field is the World; the good seed are the Children of the Kingdom; but the tares are the Children of the Wicked One; The Enemy that sowed them is the Devil; the Harvest is the end of the World, and the Reapers are the Angels. As therefore the tares are gathered, and burned in the Fire; so shall it be in the End of the World. The Son of Man shall send forth His Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into Furnaces of Fire. There shall be *wailing*, and *gnashing of teeth!* Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear let him hear!"—*Matt. xiii., 24-30 and 36-43.*

THE "LUKEWARM." THE "TRIMMER." "NEITHER COLD NOR HOT."

Dear Reader! You may say,—“I am not a pronounced Christian,—have never ‘come out’ as one, but I am no Unbeliever! I take neither one side nor the other!” *Do you not?* Then, depend upon it, before Death comes, your decision will have to be made! *It will be made!* You may not think that you have made it, but *God* will! No human soul ever yet left this World a Nothingarian, undecided,—unbiassed,—you will either leave it a **true Believer**,—a true, not a sham, follower of Christ, or you will leave it, in reality, and practice, an **Unbeliever**: either a Christian, or an Infidel! A true servant of God, or a true servant of the Evil One. One of Two Masters shall **certainly have taken possession**. Either Jesus Christ claims you as His, or else Satan has taken up His dread abode in that provoking, long delaying, cold, selfish, undecided, Heart, never more to depart! You will have made your choice. It will have been “Christ, or Barabbas.”

“Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey—whether it be of Sin unto Death, or of obedience unto righteousness.”—*Romans vi 16*.

“But I can remain independent of either.” Dear Reader, you *never will!*

“He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad.”—*Matt. xii. 30*.

We notice this everywhere.

“But I stand quite aloof. I never broach the subject of Religion. I change the subject at once, when Religion is brought forward, as soon as possible! I do no harm.”

Do you not? You eat, and drink,—you live, and move, and enjoy God's Creation, and Creatures for years, while avoiding, and “keeping aloof” from the God Who made you for His glory, and with Whom you will have to do throughout Eternity. You see Sin around you, and you say nothing. No work for God, or Christ's cause. No pious example to your Family or those around you. Nothing to show that you are a Believer or Follower of Christ at all. And yet “*doing no harm*.” It is *false*. Satan is deluding you as to your true position in God's sight.

Which shall it be? *Christ or Barabbas?*

If you do not choose “Christ,” it will be “Barabbas,” and you certainly will in the end be found amongst the *Tares*.

AVOID UNBELIEVERS AND A LIFE OF PRACTICAL UNBELIEF.

Avoid then, dear young Reader, the company of Atheists, Freethinkers, Unbelievers, Sceptics, Secularists, or Infidels,—“Secular Lectures” and Infidel Literature,—as you would avoid Drunkenness, Immorality, Dishonesty, and Crime.

The deadly Sin of Unbelief kills the Soul quite as effectually as *they* do,—only it is not *outward*. Unbelief maintains an outward, decent, respectable appearance, but it kills the Soul, in **Secret, and by Stealth.**

Why go amongst “The Tares” at all?

If Young Reader, you insist upon neglecting God, and Prayer,—and persist in perusing eagerly every article tending to excite doubt,—while you habitually neglect the only known means of Salvation,—namely Prayer, Reading the Bible,—and Works of a Religious character,—you will have no one to blame *but yourself!*

You may call it “Honest Unbelief,” but you may depend upon it *God* will not! If you obstinately reject the only means of becoming a Christian, there is nothing “honest” about it. Much more reasonably may it be called,—

“An evil heart of Unbelief in departing from the Living God!”

God will not *compel* you to believe! On the contrary, He hides Himself, in order to permit of our Freewill, Free choice, whom we shall serve. And that choice will certainly be made by you!

THE CONTRAST.

Fancy, dear Reader, the *immense* contrast, say Forty years, of the two different Lives depicted in this Chapter,—*must* produce, in two Souls who resolutely follow out their respective Lives, and Resolves. If such Lives fully carried out do not end in producing a Saint,—on the one hand,—and a Devil on the other,—then the whole teaching of God, and Christ in the Bible is false!

“THE ABHORRED OF THE LORD.”

God says of these wretched Apostates:—

“My Soul *loathed* them; and their soul abhorred Me!”—*Zech.* xi., 8.

Imagine then, these lost Souls, who,—ever since they were born,—have “lived, and breathed, and had their being” in the God Who made them,—and *will* have to do

so still more, to all Eternity, in that Spiritual World, to which we are all fast hastening,—having to go out into Eternity, and "return," to a God Who "*loathes them*!" What must it be to be

"The abhorred of the Lord?"—*Prov. xxiii., 14.*

Surely, dear Reader, nothing can be imagined more awful than such a compulsory "return" of a Demon-like Soul to its Maker.

"Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, *as it was*,—and the Spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."—*Eccles. xii. 7.*

They would none of God in *this* World, and He will certainly have none of *them* in the *next*.

"Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared" (not originally for them, had they not become Apostates) "for the Devil and His Angels."

GOD DID HIS PART.

God did His best,—consistent with letting them exercise Free will and Free choice,—He faithfully warned them for years and years;—these warnings were rejected either with a Yawn of weariness, a Sneer, or the Smile of Unbelief.

CHRIST DID HIS PART.

Christ did His best for them also,—He sweated, and He died! The Scheme of Salvation, at one time, could have included them also, had they *willed* it. They rejected the Plan of Salvation! Disbelieved Christ's Divinity, rejected His Authority, denied His Resurrection, and did their utmost to "Crucify Him afresh, and to put Him," (and His Holy Religion), "to open shame."

Christ stood for years, barring their pathway to perdition, with outstretched arms,—as it were, saying "Do not go that way, *I have been that way* for all men once, *that awful path*." These wilful Souls *pushed past* the Saviour, treating His solemn warning with contempt.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT DID HIS PART.

"Called" them in their early days, gave them, good, Christian, friends and relations, attempted to incline their Souls towards a life of piety and prayer. But all was useless! They burst all bounds, and wilfully did despite to the Holy Ghost.

It is understood that a pious Relative never gave up praying for Bradlaugh,—a Christian duty,—*up to a certain point*,—*afterwards* a mere waste of time!

"There is a Sin unto Death, *I do not say that ye shall pray for it*,"—*1 John v., 16.*

And yet *John's* writings breathe the very spirit of love!
The *prayers*, and *valuable time*, of Christians had far
better be employed upon the *Young!*

WHAT LENGTHS BLASPHEMY CAN GO.

To show, for instance, what lengths the Devil urges these blasphemous wretches to go, an Infidel Paper produced woodcuts, weekly, under the idea that they helped to weaken Christianity! Thus our Blessed Lord is represented, *always* with *repulsive features*, in *degrading positions*, illustrating His Life,—in the very coarsest type of the vulgar so-called "Comic" prints! Again, the woodcut given on page 390 of this book, is produced as "The call of Samuel,"—with *two black cats* on the Window Sill,—to represent the "call" of the Blessed God! Thus purposely blaspheming God the Holy Spirit! And this atrocious vulgarity was called,—

"An exquisite (!) little burlesque sketch of the calling of Samuel, by a skilful (!) Artist whose name I cannot disclose."

The cuts were so execrably engraved that a School Boy *learning wood engraving* would have been *ashamed* of them.

But every word, every expression, of an Atheist seems *false!*

So far from injuring Christianity, such efforts are *deeply instructive*, and useful, to the Christian. They serve as Beacons to Mankind,—a warning to all of us how the Sin of Blasphemy, can change a Man into an embryo Devil even in *this* World, —before,—as the Apostles said of Judas,

"He goes to his own place."—*Acts* i. 25.

Infidelity changes a once innocent child into an enemy of his God, an enemy of his Species,—too vile for *this* World,—*unfit to live*, and far more *unfit to die!*

The amazing thing is that any well-conditioned English Workman,—or even English Apprentice,—with the *feelings of a Man*,—could be found willing to produce these atrocities! While the person who designed them must have been an enemy to his Species,—a cursed creature,—outside the Pale of our Common Humanity! Still,—everything is overruled by God! These horrors are *deterrent!* It is always the way! The Devil, and his followers,—left alone,—*always go too far*, and show the *cloven foot*. Satan tries to avoid it, and to *keep respectable*, but,—somehow the blasphemy *will out*. The "Image of the Beast," cannot be disguised,—and, in his followers, Satan's loathsome likeness stands confessed!

The leading perpetrator it seems,—got twelve months in the common Jail for his pains. Could he have had worthy John Bunyan's *twelve years* in Bedford Jail, it would have been a mercy and relief to Society! One of the Jury, indeed, stated that, in his opinion, the Criminal was let off far too easily, and that two years' hard labour would have been proper.

When we consider that one out of the many Blasphemies put in, in evidence, was,—

"The Freethinker scorns to degrade himself by going through the farce of reconciling his soul to a God whom he, justly, regards as the embodiment of Crime, and Ferocity!"

The Reader will probably consider that the Juryman was undoubtedly right! Society must protect itself! Our Country and Nation cannot be degraded by permitting such atrocities! But what *utter ignorance* do their very blasphemies exhibit. The idea of an Atheist, or Apostate, "reconciling his soul" to God!

The Believer holds that such a person is utterly incapable of doing *anything of the kind*! Nothing but God's Grace, the intercession of the Redeemer,—Whom these wretched creatures scoff at,—and the precious influence of God the Blessed Holy Ghost,—Whom they revile,—can ever "reconcile" *any* human soul to his God! Led on by the Devil, and their own intense, suffocating self-conceit, these persons believe that they are the most clever, and intellectual of Mankind, when, in reality, they are plunged in the very depths of spiritual *ignorance*!

One writes a pamphlet to show that our Lord was "Insane!" Were they not so crafty, and wicked, one would be inclined to think such persons were *insane themselves*! So they are! It is the "*Madness of Badness*!"

Thus one wretched creature writes addresses to our Lord. It seems to be a common trick of Atheists to write letters, and addresses, to the Deity, and to Christ,—to give them an opportunity of venting their spite, and vulgar Ribaldry!

Let us take a few sentences,—

"What has your Crucifixion done for Mankind? Worshipping dead limbs of gibbeted gods the world grew fouler."

Note.—History proves that from the moment of our Lord's death, the World grew *sweeter*! Christianity dawned upon an utterly dead, and rotten, Heathen World,—and saved it!

"The Sun of Righteousness rose with healing in His wings!"

The pamphlet continues,—

"Its mind was debased by associating images of carnage with its loftiest ideals: and History attests that the Cross never gleamed so brightly as when it rose above the fires of the Stake, or shone over seas of blood. Every red drop that fell from you turned into deadly poison with which your priests have infected humanity. Heart and mind have been alike degraded, cruelty and superstition being twin curses."

Note.—This atrocious statement is addressed to our Lord the "Prince of Peace," Who brought,—for the first time,—into this fallen World His Godlike "New Commandment" of forgiveness of Enemies, and Love!

"Ye have heard that it hath been said of old time,"—

(The old dispensation of Moses.)

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,—thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy,—but I say unto you Love your enemies,—do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you!"—*Matt. v., 38. 43. 45.*

"A new Commandment I give unto you that ye love one another; by this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."—*John xiii., 34. 35.*

"Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put again thy sword into his place."

"My Kingdom is not of this World, else would My servants fight!"

"He was led as a sheep, to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, by His stripes we are healed!"

Every drop of that precious blood opened for Mankind the way of Reconciliation with God! Yet this Writer is reported to have been brought up religiously, and to have been once a Sunday School Teacher! The only Blood our Blessed Lord and His true followers,—the early Christians,—ever shed, was *their own*! "The Noble Army of Martyrs praise Thee!"

The Pamphlet continues,

"Churches are built for your worship, while poor men die in garrets and hovels!"

Note. *Almost every effort* that has been made for "poor men in garrets," has, for ages, emanated from *Christians*,—the self-denying followers of Christ; who set them the example, for the first time, in this fallen World, by spending His short life amongst the Poor! It is the attenders of the Christian Churches and Chapels, not "Secularists," or Infidels, who devote their lives, time, and energies, to suffering humanity! The Heathens,—before Christ came with His God-like teaching and example had no Hospitals, were the most merciless of wretches, their very Public

Sports were brutal Murders, and Massacres, while they themselves were sunk in speechless Immorality,—when Christ the “Sun of Righteousness” rose at length upon a dead and rotten World!

He continues,

“Civilization advances slowly from the impulses of Science, and humanity.”

Note.—Where did it get its first lessons of “humanity,” its first impulses, from? From *Jesus Christ*.

“And while it moves forward, where are the watchdogs of Religion? Biting in front, or barking behind, filling the earth with persecution, and slander!”

Note.—On the contrary the Christians *have ever been*, and *ever will be*, the *Pioneers* in every good work to benefit Mankind. The very “Salt of the Earth,” as our Blessed Lord says of Believers.

“Ye are the *Salt of the Earth*! Ye are the light of the World! Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in Heaven!”—*John* v., 13-16.

In labours of love, education, hospitals, temperance, they are ever “to the front,” the World over. While “Scientific” Atheists are quarrelling over their fossils, and bones, and Infidels are lecturing, *the Christians* are *doing* all the *good work* for Mankind! In the Mission field,—at the bedside of the Poor, the Sick, and the Dying, where the *Freethinker* would be *quite* out of his element, with the Leper, the Outcast, in the Prison Cell, in the Slums, Christ’s true followers are ever to be found! *They* fill the earth with persecution and slander! The *Slanders* come, not from the Christian, but, from this God-forsaken Infidel!

Thirty-two pages of similar profanity, end with:—

“Last week I addressed you upon the subject of your incarnation. You have not yet replied, but, your movements were always slow. Eighteen Centuries ago you began to redeem the World, and you have made little progress yet.”

Note.—If there were many such as he is, progress would indeed be impossible! While he and his fellow Infidels are scoffing, “biting in front, and barking behind,”—Salvation is going on, and countless thousands are being brought to Christ!

He concludes,—

“Can any good come out of Nazareth? It is an old question; I repeat the question, and await the answer!”

Note.—*The answer* may come to this Writer,—as it did to Bradlaugh,—much *sooner* perhaps, than he looks for, and as *unexpectedly*!

He also addresses a letter to God, the precious Holy Spirit,—commencing,—“Dear Ghost,” &c. (!)

This sample of Infidel Literature proves how the “Secularist,” soon becomes the rank Blasphemer! Let it be a warning to the Youth inclined to Scepticism, and Unbelief! Every statement a falsehood,—every assertion calculated to mislead! The Atheist is *all false*! He is out of place in God’s Creation! He is *false to himself*,—a perverted intellect,—*false to his conscience*,—and even to his *common sense*,—*false to the teachings of History*,—*false to his fellow beings*,—and false to his God!

And does there exist a living man,—short of a born Idiot,—who can imagine that this School boy profanity, and Infidel Claptrap, this mass of falsehood, is, (heaven save the mark), calculated to “extinguish” Christianity! Dear Christian Reader, such an idea must strike you as *irresistibly* ludicrous!

What well-conditioned Englishman, above the level, and mental condition, of a vulgar, profane, Pothouse Atheist, would think of abusing,—much less satirising, with *filthy pictures*,—any acknowledged Master Teacher,—say,—for example—Gautama Buddha!

Every Schoolboy of the average intelligence, is aware that the Life, and Teachings of Buddha,—though now,—it is true—degraded, and corrupted,—merit, in themselves, the respect, and admiration of our Race!

No Christian,—though he well knows that Buddhism,—as a Religion—never did lead,—and never will lead,—to anything,—would, for a moment, think of maligning the mild, peaceful, benevolent, excellent life and precepts of Buddha!

No one possessed of the *feelings of a man*, but would feel ashamed to attempt, to sully and malign by outrageous falsehoods, and brutal malice, such a noble character, and teacher, as Gautama Buddha!

Then what was Buddha, to our Lord Jesus Christ?

What can we think of any Apostate,—attacking the sweet, Godlike Character,—Precepts,—Teachings,—and Life of Holiness, and perfect Benevolence of Jesus Christ?

Simply placing our Blessed Lord’s Life, Character, Labours, and Precepts on the Unitarian level,—as a perfect Teacher, and perfect man,—we have them,—and the entire

Human Race, with us in the Conviction, that nothing so sublime, so benevolent, so Godlike in their purity, and wisdom, as the Character, Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ, had ever dawned upon Mankind!

Had Christ not come, Mankind could never have evolved, or conceived, anything approaching it!

What Book,—the world over,—when read side by side with the Divine utterances, and precepts of Jesus Christ, does not, in comparison to them,—sound like a child's *penny whistle*,—or the noise made by striking a tin *tea kettle*?

Mankind owe their standard of Morality, their standard of Benevolence,—their appreciation of Right, and Wrong, their Laws, Philosophy, Wisdom, Philanthropy, Religious Freedom, everything that is characteristic of a Christian Nation, and admirable, and precious, to the Human Race,—entirely to the Teaching of Jesus Christ!

He is indeed, as he claimed to be,—

“The light of the World!”

Our Modern Laws are based upon Christian ideas, rules, and practice, and owe their origin entirely to Christ, and His good precepts!

THE “GREAT” (?) AMERICAN SCEPTIC.

“But,”—a superior type of “Secularist,” or higher toned “Freethinker,” may object,—“These quotations are from an unintelligent,—vulgar,—Unbeliever; you should hear our more eloquent, and able exponents!”

Well! Let us go across the Atlantic, and listen for a moment to words of wisdom, (?) and of truth, (?) from the “Great Sceptic” of America! How far the title “great” is merited is entirely a matter of opinion.

It seems from a printed oration, that an “immense” audience, alleged to have been 3,000, (though we have nothing to verify the assertion, and, as we have seen, the *assertions* of Freethinkers ever require verifying, and checking, with *extreme* caution,) assembled to hear his oration entitled “The Dying Creed.”

Note.—“The Dying Atheist,” would have been a title much more consistent with the *facts* of the case! The very *first* assertion of the declaimer unfortunately is *false*!

“It gives me immense pleasure to say to this immense audience, that orthodox religion is dying out of the World!”

Note.—If the “Great Sceptic” is thus jubilant at having

an alleged audience of 3,000, what shall we say of an audience of 6,000 to 7,000 attending one chapel alone, where for Thirty years Religion of the most *emphatically* "orthodox" kind has been *alone* preached! Here the number of the seats *can be verified*; the aisles being frequently crowded, *in addition*! And this has occurred not as an exceptional thing, but twice every Sunday, Summer and Winter, for *Thirty consecutive Years*! If this takes place in one single Chapel out of countless thousands, does this, dear Reader, look as if "orthodox" Religion was "dying out of the World?"

As this little work has been placed,—with amazing unanimity,—by "Creeds," "Religious Denominations" of all persuasions, in their circulating Libraries,—is "taken home,"—and often proves attractive to the entire Family,—it is probable that the thousands of Public and Private Libraries who now possess copies, circulate them amongst some 400,000 persons yearly. The writer has "*immense pleasure*" in saying to *this* "immense Audience," that the assertion of the "Great Sceptic" is *all stuff and nonsense*! That there never was a day in which the Religion of Jesus Christ, was so intelligently, and so successfully, preached over the entire World!

The Sceptic continues,—

"That orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world. It is a 'sick man.'" (laughter.)

What! laugh at that *old, old*, effort of one of our English Statesmen (alluding to the Turk) uttered now some Thirty years ago! The jokes of Infidelity are of *immense* antiquity, surely worn threadbare! They are repeated with the frequency and monotony of the Cuckoo!

"It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this Country."

Note *Ten Million* Students are reported attending *American* Sunday Schools *alone*. It satisfies Millions of minds infinitely more intelligent than the "Sceptic." The Noblest, the Wisest, the Best of Mankind, have found it their joy, and pride, for ages, and will continue to do so till "the Trumpet shall sound!"

"It is a religion that warps the coffin in darkness, and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear."

Note.—On the contrary, it fills the Believer with peace,—joy,—and untold happiness, while on Earth,—and with

bright hopes of a Future of Endless Bliss! It takes away the fear of Death, and reconciles the Redeemed to a loving God! "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is *Christ* Who died!"

"Oh! Grave where is thy sting?" "The sting of Death is Sin," as the "Great Sceptic" will, one day, find out to his cost. It is Atheism,—Unbelief,—Rejection of Christ,—which "warps" the Sceptic's "Coffin in darkness," that "outer darkness" our Lord speaks of.

He continues, —

"It is a Religion, that I am going to do what I can,—while I live,—to destroy!"

Note.—Of course! Every Sceptic,—swollen with self-conceit, is going, — "while he lives," — to destroy the Religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Voltaire, Paine, Holyoake, Bradlaugh, Colenso, Ingersol, Foote, &c., appear upon the Scene resolved to do "what they can,"—until they drop, one after another,—into Eternity, just when God thinks proper to remove them. Yet they all think themselves of immense importance! "I could have done without *you*!"—shrieked Voltaire on his death-bed,—apparently in a frenzy of rage,— "but you could not have done without *me*!" (*Self-conceit* to the last.)

Meanwhile the Religion of Jesus Christ goes on as happily as ever. "Let the Heathen rage!" To destroy Religion, they might as well attempt to empty the Atlantic, — "while they live,"—with a teaspoon! Never were the Scriptures read in so many hundreds of Dialects,—the entire World over,—as in 1891. Never was the issue of the Bible *so immense*! Never were the Subscriptions for Religious Work, and the extension, and promotion, of Christ's Kingdom so enormous! The "Tares," *never have* and certainly *never will now*,—choke the Wheat! The deception is, that we hear the advertising, lecturing, Sceptic, —but we do not hear the tens of thousands of God's good People quietly, but *ceaselessly*, at work, for the Good Master, in Church, or Chapel, Sabbath School, or Mission Room, the entire World over!

To one blatant, talking, public Infidel, there are hundreds of earnest Christian Men,—thank God,—wielding immense influence for good, of whom we hear little or nothing!

He continues,

"Think of the thousands of men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of Mankind." (Aimed at Christian Ministers.)

Note.—Think, dear Reader, rather of the thousands of excellent, devoted, self-denying, wise, and beloved Pastors and Ministers, esteemed and honoured by their Congregations, who are most willing to support them !

By this time the great "I" or the regal "We," appeared in the Oration ; it is always the way. No sooner does God leave, than *self-conceit*,—"the great I."—comes in,—thus, "*I* defy," "*We* assert," &c., follows.

Thus the Lecturer goes on,—

"People ask me if I take away the Bible, what are we going to do."

Dear Reader ! The idea of this miserable creature, this American "Windbag," "taking away the Bible,"—it is *too* absurd ! This is, indeed, the only effort of *true, genuine*, humour, throughout the Oration.

"They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take away the hope of immortality."

Really one would suspect that the Sceptic was having a *little amusement* out of the "3,000" who were silly enough to listen to such *nonsense*. The idea of a poor, deluded, Christless, Unbeliever, a wretched Apostate, taking away "the hope of Immortality !" Yankee "Buncombe," and conceit, surely reach their climax here ! Such a man must be mad with conceit ; a "Self-idolator."

"Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens came the beauty, and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the earth with beauty, and the other filling heaven with hatred, and injustice."—(Applause.)

Note.—And this monstrous nonsense is called one of the "great efforts" of the "Great Sceptic" of our day.

Why, the very schoolboys of 1891, are disgusted with the absurdities in their "Classical Dictionary," detailing the abominations of the "mythology of Greece,"—describing "Gods," and "Goddesses,"—as childish, and foul, as the Heathens themselves who *pretended* to worship them ! *One sentence* of our Blessed Lord, has done more for Mankind,—and Humanity,—than all the Heathen Fictions and Mythologies of Centuries !

Next we come to all the old, old, lampoons, and buffoonery about the Fall of Man.

"What did Adam do ? I cannot see that it amounted to much anyway. A God that can create out of nothing, ought not to have complained of the loss of an apple."—(Laughter.)

The Sceptic never points out to the People, that, after *one act of disobedience*, Fallen humanity was capable of *any Crime!* The very *next* development of Sin was *Murder!* The foulest of murders,—that of a *Brother!* But the Sceptic "cannot see that it amounted to much anyway!"

"Christ's miracles. Now let us be honest!"

(*Certainly*,—let us be *honest!* No living man needs, however, that advice, more than an Atheist!)

"Suppose a man came to Chicago (!) and raised one from the dead, would they crucify him? And yet we are told that this worker of Miracles was crucified by the Jews!—(Applause.) It was never dreamed that he did a miracle, until 100 years after he was dead!"

Note.—And this claptrap is called a "great effort." The "great effort" must have been to listen to such nonsense! *Chicago* 1891, and *Jerusalem* A.D. 33! Different circumstances, different times, different Nations. Why did the Jews crucify our Blessed Lord? For the very reason that He *did* work Miracles! *Because of wondrous miracles* which they could not *dispute or gainsay*. *There they were*. There was Lazarus before their very eyes!

"And he that was dead came forth * * * Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go. Then many of the Jews, *who had seen the things which Jesus did*, believed on Him."

"Then gathered the Chief Priests,—

(Very different people to the Mayors of "*Chicago*" and other U.S. cities in 1891,—and very different circumstances.)

and the Pharisees called a Council, and said, 'What do we? For this man *doeth many Miracles*'—

(Flatly contradicting the Atheists of 1891.)

* If we let Him thus alone *all men* will believe on Him, and the Romans shall come and take away *our place*,—

(Their *emoluments, position, and authority*.)

and Nation.' "

(Which,—as our Lord clearly foretold,—the Romans certainly *did* do.)

"Much people of the Jews came also, not for Jesus' sake only, but that *they might see Lazarus* whom he had raised from the Dead! But the Chief Priests consulted that they might put Lazarus to death also, because that by reason of him many of the Jews *went away, and believed on Jesus*."—*John* xii., 9, 10.

"Then from that day forth they took Counsel together for to *put Jesus to death*."

The Young Reader will see that the very Enemies of Christ acknowledged the fact of His Miracles and those of His Followers.

"And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. For the man was above forty years of age on whom this Miracle of healing showed."

"He had been lame from his Mother's womb."—*Acts* iii. 2.

He had *sat for years* at the Gate of the Great Temple,—and, of course, was known to thousands.

"And they conferred among themselves, saying, 'What shall we do to these men for that indeed a notable Miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it.' *Acts* iv., 14-16."

When they could not dispute our Lord's Miracles they proposed resorting to Murder. Why? Why is the Atheist, the "Unbeliever," in Chicago, in 1891,—quite as great a Bigot, quite as obstinate as the Unbelievers in Jerusalem in 33,—and while he lives "going to do what I can to destroy" the Religion of Jesus Christ?

Because he is the *very same* in spirit! He too wants to "destroy" what he, —and all aggressive Atheists hate,—namely Christ, and His Rule and Religion. The Unbelievers in 33 "*did their best*," as every Unbeliever has done since. They utterly failed! Jesus Christ is going to Rule.

"For the Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand."
—*John* iii. 35.

"For Christ must Reign till he hath put all Enemies under His feet."

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THIS WORLD.

"I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."—*John* viii., 12.

"And *this is the Condemnation*, that Light,"—(Christianity, Christ's Gospel),—"has come into the World,"—*never more* to go out of it,—"*and men love darkness rather than Light, because their deeds are evil!*"

"Everyone that doeth evil *hateth the Light*," (Christianity, and the Precepts of Jesus Christ),—"neither cometh he to the Light, lest his deeds be re-proved."—*John* iii., 20.

Mankind *cannot go back*. The "Light,"—Christ,—has come into this Sinful World,—never again to go out of it till the Great Judgment Day (!)

THE LIGHT,—CHRIST,—HAS COME TO STAY.

The World may not like it,—(the "Great Sceptic" and the Atheist *certainly* do not,)—may resist that Light,—but "*the Light*" *has come*,—whether they *like it or not*,—and what is more, it is *going to stay*.

"Lo! I am with you *always*,—even unto the *End of the World!*"—*Matt.* xxviii., 20.

Of course "the Light,"—Christ, and Christianity,—may be resisted, cavilled at, maligned,—you may resolutely shut your eyes to it, and go after "strange Gods" or "Atheism,"—but you do it at your Peril.

For "*the Light is there.*"

"If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost!"—2 Cor. iv., 3.

The Atheist,—wrapt up in his small self, and egotism,—refuses to understand that he is a mere, perishing, little Insect, soon to pass out into Eternity.

"Then shall the Dust return unto the Earth, and the Spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."—Eccles. xii., 7.

A Self-Idolator,—he wishes to be his own God. A dependent creature,—supported every moment he lives by God, he "poses" as an independent self-sustained being,—whereas he could not create one atom of the food God's providence supplies him with daily,—to save his life.

To such a Person the Gospel of Christ,—the speechless importance of now securing Salvation through Jesus Christ,—while God sustains him in life, and health,—seems mere "foolishness."

"For the Preaching of the Cross is to them that perish *foolishness*, but unto us which are saved it is the Power of God."—1 Cor. i., 18.

The Atheist cannot conceive of a higher Being than himself, and his fancied "Intellect" and "Wisdom."

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are *foolishness* unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. ii., 14.

"The World by *Wisdom*,—knows not God," (and never will). "It pleased God by the *foolishness* of Preaching to save them that Believe."—1 Cor. i., 21.

"Thou hast hid these things from the Wise and Prudent, and hast revealed them unto *Babes*."—Matt. xi., 25 (That is, simple-hearted people.)

This exhibits the Folly of all "Discussion" with confirmed,—abandoned,—advanced,—Unbelievers,—when they have reached the advanced stage of Atheism and desperate opposition to God.

"The *wisdom* of this World is *foolishness* with God. For it is written 'He taketh the Wise in their own craftiness.'"—1 Cor. iii., 19.

We see this constantly in the lives of Unbelievers, who think themselves so clever.

The Sceptic continues,—

"This is the trouble with the Christian Religion:—'Leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children,' leave everything and follow Jesus Christ! I will not! (applause.) I will stay with the old 'Folks.' (laughter.) It says in the Bible, I believe, 'Now is the accepted time.' I say there is no World,—there can be no World,—in which every human being will not have the same opportunity of doing right." (Applause.)

This the Believer totally denies. Once go too far the *very desire* "to do right" in a "lost" Soul is *lost*,—gone for ever. "I will not" follow Christ,—should have been "I

cannot,"—probably a solemn Truth to many an "advanced" Infidel. "Salvation,"—"Following Christ,"—"Giving up all," &c.,—is entirely of God,—*from first to last*,—the result of, and the answer to,—earnest Prayer and application, suggested to the Soul by God the Holy Spirit.

Nothing seems to exasperate the Sceptic so much as the Character, Teachings, and Commandments, of our Blessed Lord. Where the Believer recognizes the Beauty of that sweet Incomparable Life,—the Life of the "Chiefest of Ten Thousand, and the altogether Lovely,"—Godlike,—because Divine,—the prejudiced, blinded, Unbeliever, appears to see nothing at all! It is "foolishness" to him! Nay! the very word "Christ," seems to stir up intense scorn and animosity! Yet it is *very remarkable* how Sceptics seem unable to *get away* from the Subject of Jesus Christ!"

They seem perpetually at it. The Secret is, that Jesus Christ, our Saviour,—is in the Path from our childhood to our Grave,—blocks the Way to Perdition,—to every Sinner! He has to *trample* upon those *Wounds*! He must "crucify" unto himself the Son of Man afresh,—else he will never get past!

Thus Paine,—on his death bed,—is heard by the Nurse, (and also a respectable, and surely reliable, Medical Man,—in the adjoining Room,)—when he thought he was alone, exclaiming, "Oh! Christ, save me! &c.!"

Again, Renan writes a Work, "The Life of Christ."

The last words on Theology, Bradlaugh ever sent to print, while living, was a "discussion" upon "Belief in Christ!"

The dislike, may we not say, the *secret fear* of the Rejecters of Christ, *leaks out* in this *vast* attention they give to the Subject. There is a deep terror apparently in every Human Soul,—once enlightened as to the Doctrine of Salvation through Christ, as to the Awful State of being utterly forsaken by Him,—of missing the only chance of Salvation that they will ever have again for all Eternity!

This secret concern *will out*! The more abandoned by God, the more the Soul seems to hate and fear Jesus Christ!

"Art thou come to torment us *before the time*?" shriek the Devils! "We know Thee who Thou art,—the Holy one of God!"—*Mark* i., 24; *Matt.* viii., 29.

There are many amongst the Unitarians,—thoughtful men,—who profess to reject the Divinity of Jesus Christ,—

and the absolute necessity of the Shedding of that Precious Divine Blood,—who yet feel this same secret dread and anxiety as to the Future !

"Suppose the Bible is *true after all!*" "Suppose that Salvation *does* entirely depend upon Belief in Jesus Christ as a Divine Saviour!" "Suppose Almighty God does pass on with new developments in his Infinite Counsels, for Boundless Eternity, and the Day of Salvation is *allowed by us* to pass, never to come to us again!"

A Solemn thought, dear Reader !

There is a Mystery about the Gospel of Christ. What does Paul mean by the Messengers of the Gospel being,

"Unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savour of death unto death : and to the other the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?"—*11 Corinthians*, ii., 15, 16.

"No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."—*John vi.*, 44.

Note.—This Book has never failed to urge upon the Young Reader the speechless importance of attending to those "drawings," and convictions of Almighty God, in Youth.

"Ye will not come unto Me,"

says our Blessed Lord,—(exactly what the "Great Sceptic" says, "I will not.")

"That ye might have life."—*John v.*, 40.

"He that Believeth on the Son, hath Everlasting Life ; but he that Believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."—*John iii.*, 36.

"If I had *not come* and *spoken unto them*,"—

(Christ "speaks" to every intelligent being in 1891,—His Words are *everywhere*,—they cannot avoid hearing them from their Childhood to their Grave).

"they had not had Sin. But now they have no cloak for their Sin ; for now have they both seen and hated both Me and My Father."—*John xv.*, 22-24.

"I am the Way,—the Truth,—and the Life ! No Man cometh unto the Father but by Me !" — *John xiv.*, 6.

Doubtless there comes a day in the life of every sinner,—often called,—often warned,—when the "Day of Salvation" has passed by ! To every finally lost Soul, there *must* have come such a day ! It was a day like any

other day,—for it had its morning,—its evening,—and its night! And yet it was a day of days to that Soul! He will ponder upon it *throughout Eternity!* A day when the Eternal sent a final Message,—a message of love,—and yet a message of speechless solemnity!

"Provoking Creature, if thou *wilt* go to Perdition, thou shalt trample, at least, *once* more upon those bleeding Wounds!"

Yes! To many a lost sinner there came such a day. He found a dying Saviour,—dying for *his* Soul,—stretched across his wilful and dread Pathway to Perdition!

The precious One has turned aside many in this way. "I want my sins,—but I cannot do *that*. I cannot tread upon that bleeding form!" And in God's mercy the lost one stops in his career,—"*reasons*" with his God,—Repents.—and is Saved!

"Have / any pleasure in the Death of him that dieth," saith the Lord God, "and not that he should Return,—Repent,—and live?"

The Unbeliever continues,—

"Rather than the Doctrine of Endless Punishment,"—continues the "Great Sceptic,"—"should be true, I would like to see the fabric of our civilization fall into unmeaning chaos, and formless dust, and that man should shudderingly scrawl back into savage and barbaric night."

Note.—How man is to do that amidst "chaos," and "formless dust," seems obscure, but it was considered "eloquent."

"I would rather that every Planet should, in its orbit, wheel,—a barren star,—rather than that the Christian Religion should be true." (Applause.)

No doubt he would! The Enemies of Christ would destroy Him, and His Religion, in 1891, just as they tried to do in the year 33. The Christian has not the slightest doubt as to *that*!

Fortunately the "Planets" are in much safer keeping than that of Atheists, and will certainly not "roll barren," though Myriads of Unbelievers reject their Saviour, and Perish!

So we go on through the *Rigmarole of Nonsense* inflicted upon that unfortunate 3,000. Thus,—

"Missionaries! I beg of every one who hears me to-night,—I beg,—I implore,—I beseech,—you never to give another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached."

(That the "Wicked are turned into Hell.")

"Never give another cent to send a Missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land."

Note.—The Good Missionary Societies do not care *one cent* whether the Sceptic and his hearers give or do not! The Gospel of Jesus Christ, never yet lacked Funds to spread its blessed influence at home, and to foreign lands, and it *never will!* If *anything* would *sink* a Missionary Vessel, one would be tempted to think it would be the money of such a person,—Christ's cause can well do without him, or his,—plenty of money comes in from *much* sweeter sources!

Towards the conclusion, we have,—

"If Christ was in fact God, why did not he plainly say there was another life?"

It would really appear that the "great Sceptic" had never yet read his Testament!

Our Blessed Lord was constantly,—incessantly,—urging us to *look forward* to a *future life!* On nothing was Christ's teaching more clear and explicit!

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,—

(Was His habitual teaching.)

But provide for yourselves a treasure in the Heavens."

It was our Lord, indeed, Who first brought to Mankind that knowledge of a Future Life which sustains the Christian, and upon which his hopes are fixed!

"Why didn't he turn the tear stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?"

Precisely, and emphatically, what our Lord *did* do,—was continually doing!

"Fear not little Flock, it is your Father's *good* pleasure to give you the Kingdom! I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also! My Father Himself loveth you."

"Well done! Good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The Sceptic continues,—

"Why did he go dumbly to his death, and leave the world in darkness, and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and did not know!"—Applause (!)

Note.—Our Blessed Lord never left *His followers* in any "darkness," or "doubt" *at all*, nor does He *now!*

"I am the Light of the World! He that believeth in Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life!"

Every Christian feels this light which is shed in the soul

of every Believer in Jesus Christ! It is the Sceptic, the Atheist, the Unbeliever, the Freethinker, the Secularist, the Profane, who are left in "doubt" and "darkness;" and if the amazing twaddle in this "Oration" is a fair sample of the efforts of "great" (?) American Sceptics, it must indeed be a "*darkness that may be felt!*"

At length, as a climax, *what do we gain* from his 32 page, rambling, discourse? *Nothing whatever!* At its conclusion, he coolly informs the unfortunate audience that *he* has nothing to tell them. "*I do not know.*" "*We do not know.*" Of course not. Whoever expected that *he did?*

"We cannot say,"—

(the "great we" once more)

"whether death is a wall or a door;—the beginning or the end of a day. Whether it is the rising or the setting of the sun. We do not know. We cannot say."

Certainly not! No one ever expected that they could. But the *Believer* knows, because our Blessed Lord has informed us. It is a "door," for Christ says,

"I am the Door, by Me, if any man enter in he shall be saved."—*John* x. 9.

It is the beginning of a day,—an Eternal Day,—a blessed day to His true followers,—for Christ says,

"Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the World."

It is the Rising Sun, for,

"God shall wipe away tears from all faces, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—*Rev.* xxi. 3-4.

It will be the "Rising of the Sun" *decidedly* to the Redeemed. Not a shadow of "doubt" about *that*.

"Enter then into the joy of thy Lord!" "Son, *thou art ever with Me,—and all that I have, is thine!*"

And this is all the "immense audience" got! *Nothing!* And that is all they ever will get from Infidelity. Well, but those "3,000" never expected to get anything *good*. They knew from previous experience, or report, that they would hear God, Christ, the Bible, and Religion, lampooned, scoffed at, and satirized. They probably paid for their seats *with this full knowledge*. Without this, a Free-thought Lecturer would have disappointed them!

"*Let us be honest!*" The Reader would say that the Lecturer certainly gave them plenty for their money if he could read the whole. Only the mildest extracts have

been given. Then with whom does the real Guilt of these Public Lectures lie? Why, with the Audience who *encourage* them by their *Presence*, and their money! With the Public Press who *Report*, and *notice*, their Meetings, and call the Apostate who organises them,—“Our Great Sceptic.” There are Crowds who will go to anything if it is only Evil. They crowd to an Atheist’s Lecture as they would to a Prize Fight,—a Cockfight,—or a Bull Baiting,—or to listen to Indecent Songs,—or to an Immoral Play! Fallen Human Nature,—without God,—is every bit as corrupt as it was 2,000 years ago, in the degradation of the Heathen Times; nothing seems to please the Christless, that has not on it something of the Serpent’s Slime!

It is nothing but *the Law*,—the *Laws* of a *Christian Nation*, which control the Wicked. It is these Laws,—the outcome of Christianity,—these persons would fain see abolished! This renders the Atheist Lecturer a Curse and Danger to any Nation or Country!

Thus, dear Reader, you have,—in their own words, the Public Teaching of Infidel Lecturers, on both sides of the Atlantic. How do you like them?

There does not appear to be a pin to choose between them! Are *these* the men you would die with? The same old, old, profane jests and buffoonery,—the same old objections answered a thousand times, Facts of History distorted,—assertions wilfully untrue,—Truth purposely misstated,—the Common Sense of the Audience abused! The Blessed Truths of Revelation perverted, misstated, contradicted, lampooned, and reviled. Ending in the old, old, story,—the Irresistible Climax of all “Unbelief,”—the Confession of *absolute* and *total* Ignorance! “We do not know!”

ATHEISM IN 1891.

The spirit of Modern Aggressive Infidelity is not one of quiescent, hesitating, doubt,—it is rather a dark Scepticism of bitter Hatred, and Scorn, fiercely, and vindictively, active! It is not the Dream of Speculative Intellect returning from its old, old, dreary Voyage in the bewildering round of Philosophical Research, bringing home the usual freight of new Absurdities! It is rather a boisterous, loud, repulsive, dogmatism, fierce in its desire to dethrone a Deity it secretly Fears as well as Hates! Desperately resolving,—but in vain,—to banish all dread of a Future Eternity which it affects to disbelieve!

The attitude of Modern Atheism is one of Defiance and Contempt, it is certainly not the natural one of Calm and Assured Scepticism!

Depend upon it, dear Reader, there lurks beneath all this Bluster and Fury, a deathless drop of "Believing" Terror, in the recesses of that bosom which discharges the Poison of its contumely against the Awful Truths of Revelation,—grappling in proud Defiance with the Terrors of an Eternity it affects to despise, but dare not meet in the calm sobriety of reason!

The Atheism of 1891, is one of phrenzied and infectious profanity,—an "Unbelief" of grumbling, reproach, and deep resentment,—compared with which, the levity of Voltaire, and the sneers of Paine, are but as the sting of an Insect, to the rabid ferocity of a Tiger!

Let us dismiss them,—and their dangerous Teachings,—with the following Extract, from good old John Bunyan.

"Now, I saw in my Dream that they came to a very dark Lane, — where they met a Man, whom seven Devils had bound with seven strong cords,"—(The Seven Deadly Sins.)—"and were a-carrying back to the door by the side of the Hill."

(Note.—The Young Reader is referred to the quaint, old, Map of the "Pilgrim's Progress," on page 785 of this book. "A bye-way to Hell here!")

Now did good Christian begin to tremble, and so did Hopeful his Companion. Yet, as the Devils led away the man, they looked after him, and saw a paper on his back, "**Wanton Professor, and Damnable Apostate.**" And Christian thought it might be one Turnaway who dwelt in the town of Apostacy. (For this Town, see the Map, page 785). —*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS.

Note.—It must be distinctly understood that both the following "Visits" are merely Extracts from an amusing (1891) Weekly Paper. The Reader is perfectly at liberty to approve, or disapprove of them both. They are merely introduced to prove that "Secularists" are not to have it *all* their own way, or to have *all* the laugh and sarcasm on their side! The Extracts prove that these (so-called) "Lectures," evidently excite the intense amusement, of both Newspaper Critics, and their numerous Readers.

The Writer of these Articles is clearly, a man of

considerable humour—with a keen sense, not only of the ludicrous,—but also a sagacious knowledge of the shady side of "Unbelief,"—namely, that speechless **Vulgarity** which *ever seems to follow*,—like a Shadow,—the departure of God,—and the arrival of aggressive Atheism !

VISIT NO. 1.

The following account is by a Newspaper Correspondent, who lately made a round of visits to all Religious Denominations, and wrote a series of excellent articles thereon. Liberality itself to all *Religious* Sects, he evidently "draws the line" at *Atheism*.

"Fools, fools, fools ! All the Inhabitants of the Earth are fools, —except myself,—and I am the greatest, wisest, and most perfect of Mankind !" That,—or something like it,—is the speech of an amusing character in a Modern Comedy,—and that,—or something very near it,—was the sum, and substance of the Speaker's Atheistic address on "Christianity and Woman."

Perhaps I ought to explain how I found myself present. It will be said that I was off my track, that this was not a *Religious* Denomination at all. Well ! On this occasion, I fear I *did* travel a little beyond the Record, and can only acknowledge, and bewail my solitary transgression ! It certainly will not occur again.

There was a charge for admission of threepence, or sixpence, for front, or back seats. The Freethinkers are careful to eschew the voluntary system,—every brother Atheist must pay, or remain outside. It was a long, rather narrow room, with seats for four hundred, but, all told, only eighty were present, not a vast audience for a city of some 500,000. Busts of Holyoake, and John Bright, (Good Gracious ! why John Bright ?) flanked the platform, on which were two chairs, a table, with a decanter of water, which was occasionally required to enable the Speaker to swallow his own assertions,—he was probably the only one present capable of performing that *extremely* difficult operation ! On a kind of book-stall were spread out for sale, some big pennyworths of Blasphemy, offered, in easy lots, to suit purchasers. A *complete outfit* for Eternal Perdition, could be had for a shilling or so ! Various proverbial maxims were inscribed on the walls, and there was one space, by the platform, about which I speculated what further inscription would just come in, I concluded that, "The Fool hath said in his heart, there is no God !" —would suit the situation *to a nicety* ! The chairman explained that the advertised lecture on "The Dream of Immortality," would not be given ;—Immortality was, he said, only a dream, and a flimsy thing to discuss. Money would be returned at the door if any gentleman grumbled, but he would advise all to stop,—hear the lecture chosen, "Christianity, and Woman," and "have a treat !"

Before "the treat" commenced, I took a rapid glance at the Audience. Only three women were present: I noticed, with regret, some boys amongst the Men, brought by faithful (?) Fathers, anxious to improve their youthful minds, (or perhaps *early to accustom* them to Blasphemy). Only two persons patronised the sixpenny seats.

Many kept their hats on. I was surprised that they did not light up, and have a smoke, but, that no doubt, will follow in due course' *Fistina lente*,—kill the *root*, and the *branches* will die!

Abolish God, and *decency* cannot long survive!

Note.—A Reviewer never made a *deeper*, or *truer*, remark than this. No sooner do God and Reverence depart, than Degeneration, sets in. A vulgar self-conceit, self-assertion, and a sickening *low tone*, in mind, principles, ambitions, and practice, display the loss of the Spirit or Soul: Whereas the Christian in attempting to follow his great example,—Christ,—"the altogether lovely," catches,—however feebly,—a ray of *beauty* from that glorious character, and,—whatever his social position,—the *true* follower of Christ, in instinct, desires, and practice, is also a *true* gentleman.

"My impression of the Audience, although most were respectably dressed, was not altogether favourable. Their general physiognomy was by no means attractive. They were hardly the class of persons whose faces command unlimited credit, or whose fine expression induces unlimited confidence. Most seemed soaked through with a fatuous self-satisfaction, a kind of sham profundity, a perky, "I deny it!" "I know better!" "Inquire within about everything," sort of look. They seemed to say, "*Ere's* Hinterlect for you!" If you want to know anything, *we* can tell you where to apply! The lecturer was

A HALF-FLEDGED YOUNG INFIDEL,

considerably under middle age. He attempted to show that, although Women are the bulwark of the Church, yet Christianity has in all ages been their bitterest enemy(!) and that the weaker sex has recently been partially emancipated by the efforts of the Free-thinkers in the teeth of strong and steadfast ecclesiastical opposition (!) Beginning at Genesis and the Creation of man, and coming by easy stages to the present time, he tried to show that Woman had been the victim of an organised system of fraud and unfair dealing from the Creation up to date, and that Religion in general, and Christianity in particular, were responsible for it all (!) The latter he stigmatised as "the curse of woman's hopes, the barrier of woman's happiness." There was a great show of learning, and much reference to abstruse authorities, but the whole argument was so manifestly one-sided, so transparently misleading and insincere, so complete a piece of special pleading, as to be

utterly unworthy of serious attention. There was a copious allowance of blasphemy, and a number of coarse jokes, but of argument properly so called, there was none. Much of the lecturer's matter was of too delicate a nature for a mixed audience, and his reference to the conduct of "those Unspeakable Rascals, the Catholic priests," in their dealings with women, was preposterously, and egregiously improper, and scandalous!

Whenever a feeble witicism was introduced, the man near me, with eyes like a ferret, would giggle, another near him with a forehead suggestive of water on the brain, would giggle, and a "*bon-vivant*" with a bulbous nose, and a complexion which suggested an wholesale infraction of the Ten Commandments, would emit sounds, which the Wise Man terms "the crackling of thorns under a pot." Sometimes the lecturer would affect the oratorical, but his ornament was as tawdry as his case was trumpery.

His peroration was a feeble imitation of Sheridan's impeachment of Warren Hastings. "I impeach Christianity in the name of This! I impeach it in the name of That! I impeach it in the name of the Other!" roared the lecturer in simulated passion, screaming himself black in the face in the vain endeavour to produce, a hot, final, effect, but although the regular customers knocked their hardest on the floor in applause, it soon became evident that some of the listeners had *heard* something like that *before*,—had seen through the hollowness of the "arguments,"—and had little faith in the lecturer's conclusions. A speaker who described himself as "no friend of the priests," wanted to know how the awful immorality imputed to Catholic Priests by the lecturer was concealed. "Why don't we hear something of it?" he asked. "What grounds have you for the Statement!" The lecturer explained that he "referred to priests of remote ages (!)

Note.—As usual *Slander*, and *lies*, about all Religious Bodies, and then *shuffle* out of it!

Challenged also for his evidence or proofs of his suggested malversation by General Booth of the Funds of the Salvation Army, the lecturer said, "It was a matter of opinion." (!)

These replies were, very properly, characterized by the challengers, as "*Unsatisfactory!*"

Note.—They were *indeed*;—"Throw plenty of pitch, in hopes some may stick,"—is the idea of such defamers.

Another Objector, to the lecturer's statement, that polygamy was countenanced, and recommended, by Christianity,—quoted the text ordaining that "a Bishop should be the husband of one wife." This also seemed a staggerer; and the lecturer concluded, by stating that, if the Funds at the disposal of the Clergy, were in the hands of the Freethinkers, the latter would do

more good, than the entire body of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, could effect in a Century. I looked round *at the Audience*, and trembled at the bare notion ! But felt revived at the comforting reflection, that it would *ever remain* a perfectly *safe* assertion to make ; for,—although the lecturer denounced all the world as fools,—Freethinkers excepted,—the world is not *quite* so hopelessly insane as ever to trust *him*, or his *fellow Atheists*, with their *confidence*, or their *money* ? I was

GLAD TO GET OUTSIDE,

once more. The open air seemed doubly refreshing after the poisonous atmosphere of the No-God den ! And as I joyfully inhaled the ozone-laden air, I felt thankful for some residuum of Christian belief, and that I had escaped the cold and comfortless superstition of Atheism, with its shallow *quibbling* and its *unfathomable* credulity ! For I had rather be a "pagan suckled in a creed outworn," than an upholder of Eternal Nothingness ! I had rather be a Sun Worshipper, I had rather be a Buddhist, and believe that I had inherited the soul of a harmless, necessary, cat. "I had rather be a toad and live i' th' foulest corner of a dungeon," than take for my creed the Everlasting Void, with a sickening Ritual of Vulgar Buffoonery, Ribaldry, and Blasphemy !

And therefore I was glad to be "quitted of the whole *LIE*" for the easy sum of threepence, sterling in bronze coinage of this Realm of England !

VISIT NO 2.

Glendower : "I can call spirits from the vasty deep !"
Hotspur : "Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
 But will they come when you do call for them ?"
 —*I. Henry IV.*—Act iii. Scene 1.

THE SPIRITUALISTS.

An address on "Methodism, Secularism, and Spiritualism, by an Old Freethinker," was the attraction. The time should have been half-past six, but a sufficient audience did not assemble until much later. Two flights of stairs led to a class room occupied by about sixty people, of decent appearance and perfect behaviour. The sexes were about equally represented, and the audience varied in age from five to three-score years and ten. Several Spiritualists clustered round a table bearing a decanter of *Water*, but I *saw no Spirits*. I kept an open mind, but faith was lacking.

The Service was opened by the singing of a hymn from the collection entitled "The Spiritual Lyre," published in London some ten years ago. There was a little difficulty in getting into the swim, as the young lady at the harmonium did not appear to be *en rapport* with the precentor, who, however, announced one

hymn after another, until one was found with an available tune. The audience joined the "loud acclaim" as well as could be expected of such

AN OBVIOUSLY SCRATCH COLLECTION OF PEOPLE,

most of whom kept one eye on the book, and the other on the occupants of the platform, who were evidently suspected of a tendency to de-materialize or spiritualize, or, perhaps like the celebrated Cock Lane ghost, to vanish with a "a sulphurous scent and melodious twang."

After the singing, a prayer, which resembled an invocation, was delivered by a brother "on his legs." The uninitiated congregation made no pretence of kneeling, but merely retained their seats, and watched the operator, while the *illuminati* sat with down-cast eyes, gazing in trance-like rapture at their boots. There was no reading from Holy Scripture, although the Spiritualists accept certain portions which they believe to accord with their views, but instead thereof a white-haired old gentleman, with an amiable manner and a feeble voice, read a letter from a

"MR. BROWN OF AUSTRALIA,"

which contained some remarkable descriptions of Spiritualistic phenomena occurring under the writer's notice. Mr. Brown had attended a séance at the house of a Mrs. Gray, whose son, evidently a most gifted medium, had entered a cabinet in which was a chair, and, the gas having been turned down, had drawn together the curtains composing the front of his retreat, and there and then proceeded to develop the most extraordinary manifestations."

Note.—The old story,—dear Reader, "Hocus pocus!" The "Gas must be lowered!" There must be the indispensable "Cabinet." The judicious curtain must be drawn! *Why?* Because, otherwise you would *find the Trick out!* The Ghosts couldn't *come!* Given, however, these indispensable arrangements, and Maskelyne and Cook, of the Egyptian Hall, London, for a £1,000 Wager, will produce "Ghosts," "Miracles," and "Manifestations," which will beat those of the late Blavatsky into fits!" The "Cabinets," with instructions, will one day be for sale; a gentleman bought one in London recently, on "spec." for a large sum! (See page 654.)

"The spirit of a working-man who had been killed in Mr Brown's manufactory thanked Mr. Brown for looking after the spirit's wife, and a beautiful lady draped in white came out of the cabinet and confabulated with a gentleman who was accompanied by a boy of ten. The gentleman informed the company that the lady was his wife, and that he

CAME TO SEE HER REGULARLY ONCE A WEEK,

and had brought the lad, their son, at her especial request. He said they talked over family matters just as when she was in life. A whitish vapour then formed on the carpet in front of Mr and Mrs. Brown of Australia, and shortly it changed into their eldest son Archie, who had died ten years previously of typhoid fever. This spirit was a good deal stouter than when they last saw it. After some conversation he said, "I must go." and shaking hands with both parents, gradually turned again into a whitish vapour and was then absorbed in the carpet."

Note.—But this "Manifestation" was quite surpassed at the "Spanish Exhibition," London, 1889. Note.—We had the "American," with "Cody," ("Buffalo Bill") 1887; the "Italian" in 1888; "Spanish" in 1889; "French" in 1890; and "German" in 1891.

In a Pavilion in the Grounds of the "Spanish,"—Beaumont, the London Conjurer, amongst other Illusions, succeeded in "disappearing" before our eyes,—*without* the assistance of any *Cabinet* at all, and came running in at another door;—an excellent trick, without any "Hocus pocus," "Cabinet," "Whitish Vapour," to distract the attention, deceive the eye, or cover the retreat!

The performance took place twice a day, admission sixpence, and dear Reader, if shown the Method, you could probably, with practice, do it *yourself*!

"Spiritualism," "Spiritual Manifestations," are, from first to last, all stuff and nonsense!

"Mr. Brown of Australia thought these manifestations 'very remarkable,' and in this opinion I most cordially concur. I am sufficiently credulous, but, like Herodotus in Egypt, I make a distinction between what I am told and what I see. This extraordinary letter evoked no comment or criticism. Indeed, the Spiritualists seemed to regard it as quite an every-day document, and listened with the apathetic indifference of a church congregation hearing the Lessons."

THEN ROSE THE "OLD FREETHINKER."

"The Lecturer was a tall, stolid-looking person, with grizzly hair and a billygoat beard. He commenced by reading a long extract from the autobiography of the once famous Methodist New Connexion Minister, Joseph Barker. The passage selected merely related to the writer's experiences among the Spiritualists, but the lecturer affirmed that no sect could keep its best men; that intellect and the Christian religion were sworn enemies, and

that Barker's final career as an Atheist proved the point. Herein the speaker was

DELIBERATELY DISINGENUOUS,

for the book in his hands tells, in Barker's own words, of his re-conversion, and how, as a Primitive Methodist local preacher, he endeavoured in his later years to repair the evil he had done in the former. After the reading, the Lecturer favoured his audience with a totally unnecessary account of his own origin. We were informed how his mother came from Cheshire, his father 'kum from Shropshire,' and his grandfather from somewhere else. His ancestors were yeomen who tilled broad acres, 'wot they call'n farmers now,' he exclaimed with a brogue as broad as the acres themselves. Brogue with brains I rather like, brogue with bunkum I dislike. He said: 'My hancesters—an' min' ye, oi'm ruther proud o' this—my hancesters fought wi' All-of-a-Crumble!' (Oliver Cromwell). That was an interesting statement, but nothing to what he'd 'got inside.' Methodism was a 'Curse and a Pestilence,' and had 'pizened an' blasted' his young life! The four great plagues of the earth, which were responsible for all human misery and suffering, were 'priests of all denominations, lawyers, doctors, and publicans.' The Bible was denounced as the primary cause of more wars, more injustice, more cruelty and bloodshed than all other causes combined. 'An' parsons want n to get this a-cuss-ed buke inter the schules, an' why?

COS THEY GET THEIR LIVIN' OUT 'N IT,'

roared the orator, who at this point became excited, and jabbered like an infuriated chimpanzee!"

Note.—It is remarkable how Atheist Lecturers *do* roar! The late Bradlaugh roared his blasphemies in a voice like a Boatswain in a Gale of wind! *Very* trying to an Audience! Why an Atheist should roar louder than a Bishop, we never could understand. Perhaps the present Lecturer hit the mark.—"*There's them about that affects me!*" No doubt; The Devil cannot be *very* far off!

"His 'lecture' had no shape nor system, no semblance of reason or argument. Digression arose from digression in interminable labyrinth, and the disjointed sentences succeeded each other like the aimless ramblings of an intoxicated clodhopper. He was 'not surprised at the discoveries of Newton or Edison.' Blank ignorance is not surprised at anything. He backed himself and his opinion against the Saints and Sages of all time. He seemed to believe that the collective wisdom of the Universe resided in his own empty skull. His impudence was splendid, his conceit sublime. He heaved out

IGNORANCE IN SOLID CHUNKS,

with the air of a man bestowing much fine gold. His voice was

even as the bull of Bashan ; his bump of self-esteem as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus. He spoke much of 'fools and idiots,' and no doubt is specially qualified to deal with the subject ! Twice he broke off his discourse to wipe away the starting tear and blubberingly apologise. 'You'll excoose me, but there's them about that affects me. It's quite private, but I know who they are.' You were tacitly invited to believe that certain Spirits were communicating with him. Much was made of his own 'horganism,' 'hindividuality,' and 'hintelleck,' and he endeavoured to impress you with the fact that you were listening to a speaker of the highest intelligence, and most extensive attainments. *Otherwise* you might have looked upon him as a dunderheaded, pragmatistical ignoramus, unable to correctly string together six words of his mother tongue, blinded by egregious self-conceit, and lost in the cimmerian darkness of an incapacity to realise his own ignorance ! He never reached the subject of Spiritualism, and I was glad when he said, 'I think I'll sit down neow.'

I RECKON I'VE 'AD ANUF FOR A BIT.'

"After the concluding hymn and invocation, I was introduced to the great local clairvoyante, a lady of refinement and charming manner. Several masculine adepts joined in the conversation, and expressed their strong disapproval of the lecture, which they regretted, and which they assured me was not fairly representative of their tenets and teaching. This being so, and the brethren being courteous, modest, and gentle, I propose to visit them again, when the 'Old Freethinker' shall be absent at least in body. He affected to welcome truth and criticism. If his spiritual gifts enable him to divine the opinions of his own friends, he will feel so small that it will take nine of him to cast a shadow."

Young Reader. "Do I then understand that the 'Spiritualists,'—all over the world,—are *utterly mistaken*, simply 'bamboozled' by clever and designing 'Experts,' and that from the fatal day, at Liverpool, when the Davenport Brothers—alleged 'Spiritualists'—were tied up by that Astute Seaman, by the 'Tom Fool's' knot, (which neither the Spirits, nor the Brothers, for the life of them, could undo), their pretensions to work 'Miracles,' or to produce indeed, anything 'Miraculous,'—is,—has been,—and ever will be, all stuff and nonsense ?"

Yes ! *Emphatically ! Decidedly so !* An authentic "Miracle" has never been performed by any "Spiritualist since the word came into use !" Messrs. Maskelyne,—Cumberland,—and a host of our Modern "Illusionists," will put down £1000 each, and will be supported by

Hundreds of Private Persons,—contributing the same sums,—against a similar amount provided by the "Spiritualists," "Blavatzky's," or any other known Sect,—that the latter cannot produce a "Miracle!"

Scientific Phenomena are not "Miraculous!" "Second Sight," performed by a *Code of Signals*, "Finding Pins," &c.,—"Thought Reading,"—"Cabinet Delusions," with the "Curtains" *always drawn*,—are not "Miracles."

At the same time, Edison's remarkable Invention, the "Phonograph," has proved to us that Discoveries are, undoubtedly yet to be made!

For aught we know, Scientific Research may produce Hidden Forces, in our Life and Surroundings, which we, even in 1891, as yet know nothing of! Clairvoyance, Hypnotism, Mesmeric Influences, &c.,—though hitherto mixed up with an immense amount of imposition for financial objects,—doubtless do possess certain forces capable, one day, perhaps, of expansion, and may, perhaps, be found to have their beneficial uses.

But what have all these to do with Religion, or the Real Spiritual World? They are,—ever have been,—and ever will be,—merely Physical or Mental Phenomena, obeying certain Laws, and produced by perfectly "Natural" means! Though we may not, at present, as yet, fully understand "the how" and the "why!"

Could one of Mr. Edison's "Phonographs" have suddenly appeared—without any explanation being given, *during the Middle Ages*,—or been exhibited a thousand years ago to the contemporary Monarchs of that period, Canute of England, Malcolm II. of Scotland, Henry I. of France, and above all, to the two Popes of Rome,—(they had two Popes in those days,—John 17th and John 18th,) and these astonished Potentates had heard their own speeches, with every accent and intonation, distinctly repeated to them 3,000 times, if needed,—who doubts that a Miracle would have been claimed? To *them* it *would* have been one,—the World had never seen anything like it! It would have passed the comprehension of any living person then on the earth,—*consequently* they would have held it to be a "Miracle." And small blame to them either!

Those were the childish days of Mankind, given either to Worship as Divine,—or Destroy as Witchcraft,—everything which passed their very limited powers of mind to comprehend!

In 1891 we do neither, but, as 1,800 years have now

passed, and not a single authenticated, established, — "Miracle" has been performed by any living man, since the Apostolic times, the Christian concludes that God intends His People, now to—

"Walk by Faith, — not by sight, — II. *Corinthians*, v., 7.

Essential to the Establishment of the Early Church of Christ,—in a then utterly Heathen World,—these *Divine Interferences* were permitted; but that object having been accomplished, outward Miracles have been withheld.

"Belief,"—"Faith" in God,—without outward Signs,—is evidently His will. We may *hear* His inspired Word,—the Bible,—or we may *forebear*! We may *listen* to the last words God will probably ever give to Mankind, until the great Judgment Day,—the Words of His Son, Jesus Christ,—or we may *reject* them!

But outward "Signs" and "Miracles," we certainly shall *not* have! *Why?* Because they would be *inconsistent* with that Life of "Faith" to which God calls us!

Away then with the idea that "hocus pocus" "Séances,"—"Cabinet Manifestations,"—"Magnetic Influences,"—turning tables,—finding Pins, guessing Bank Note numbers, &c., have any more "religion" in them than there was in the wonderful "Calculating Boy,"—or in Mr. Blackburn, and other "Blindfold" Chess Players!

Again, there are in this day doubtless remarkable Scientific Phenomena, which, for the present, puzzle even our Expert and Scientific Men to explain,— "There are more things in Heaven, and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy Philosophy!"—but it is sheer nonsense to say that Scientific Phenomena, Past, Present, or to Come, have anything to do with Religion.

There is no more Religion about them than there is about an Electric Car!

THE "MIRACLES" OF THEOSOPHY.

Sir,—A short paragraph on Blavatzky's powers attracted my attention this morning. It was as follows: "Among other remarkable things she could produce photographs of people far away by a sort of spiritual photography, involving no other mechanical process than the slipping of a sheet of *black paper* between the leaves of her *blottin-pad*." The italics are mine. Sir, Renau says, speaking of miracles, no credible person ever made a statement that he himself had performed a miracle. All accounts of miracles seem to come to us second-hand. Has Colonel ——— never heard of magic photography? Some of your readers may remember a few years ago small sheets of white paper being offered for sale, which on being covered with damp blotting paper displayed an image as if by magic. The white sheets of paper seemed blanks. Really, however, they were photographs, not containing gold, which had been bleached by immersing them in a solution of mercuric

chloride. The latter gives up part of its chlorine, and this chlorine bleaches the brown silver particles of which the photograph consists, by changing them to chloride of silver. The mercuric chloride becomes mercurous chloride. This body is white, and therefore invisible on white paper. Now, several substances will colour this white mercurous chloride black. Ammonia and hypo-sulphite of soda will do this. In the magic photographs before mentioned the blotting paper contained hypo-sulphite of soda. Consequently, when the alleged blank sheets of white note paper were placed between the sheets of blotting paper and slightly moistened, the hypo-sulphite of soda in the blotting paper acted chemically on the mercurous chloride in the white note paper, and the picture appeared. As this was known in 1840 to I. Herschel, Blavatzky's miracle is nothing but a commonplace conjuring experiment. Note, the above only uses the white note paper and blotting pad. I am sorry that I am not well enough versed in the extremely clever Tricks of our Modern Conjurers to explain the rose miracle. Perhaps Mr. Stuart Cumberland will. The Spiritual photography was a *Trick*, and if trickery in that, why not in other things? —*Daily Paper*, 1891.

THE STUPENDOUS POWER OF GOD.

And now, dear Reader, let us turn away from all this Nonsense, and attempt, —for a moment, —to conceive the Stupendous Nature of that Awful, and Wondrous, Power against Whom these Atheists,—these Apostate Insects,—shake their little fists, and shriek,—for a brief moment, —their,—(Well! The Christian is almost tempted to say *ludicrous*)—blasphemies.

"Let the *Potsherd* strive with the potsherd of the Earth. —*Isaiah* xlv. 9.

"He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall hold them in derision." —*Psalms* ii. 4.

"Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker. —*Isaiah* xlv. 9.

"Until I we it into the Sanctuary of the Lord,—*then understood I their evil*! How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment? They are utterly consumed with terrors." —*Psalms* lxxiii. 17-20.

"O Lord, when Thou *wakest*," —(when the long-suffering of God ends, and the "Day of Salvation" is *perpetrated*)—"Thou shalt despise their image."

"I will laugh when their *four cometh*."

The Christian Believer looks upon the "Aggressive" Secularist, and Infidel Lecturer or Writer, as upon a Maniac or Madman! Even the Devils themselves must shriek with laughter at their *unutterable* folly!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

You know that poor, conceited, self-sufficient Mankind, —the inhabitants of this small speck of dust, in God's *Stupendous*, —and *perhaps* Infinite Creation, —wrapped up in their *own little concerns*, (as Millions are, at this moment, in 1891,) —allowed themselves to imagine, (Heaven save the mark!) that *our* little speck of dust which we call our "Earth," was *immoveable* (!) —the fixed centre of the Universe (!) and that (probably to afford us amusement (!)) the myriads of other Stars (Suns and "Systems") *submissively revolved round us* (!)

Really the idea seems now, almost *too* ludicrous! But we must remember that, even *now*, Mankind cling desperately to their own fancied *immense importance*!

Science,—ever the truest, and best friend of Religion, when the *significance* of her discoveries is understood by thoughtful "Believers," and the *false deductions* of our "Scientific" *Atheists*, are respectfully, but *firmly declined*,—*once*, and *for ever* dispelled this absurd idea!

God has willed that every starlight night,—before the very eyes of "Unbelievers," and "Believers," alike, this Stupendous, and Awful, Power should be displayed. "Seeing—they shall *see*,—and not understand!" *True*, but, *see*, they certainly *must*! *There they are*,—myriads of immense Suns,—before which *our* Sun is a mere nothing,—each, we may rely upon it, with Worlds (Planets) totally and for ever, invisible *to us*, just as our small Earth, and *our* Planets, have ever been,—and ever will be,—totally invisible to them. *Planets* of any other system but our own are, and ever will be,—too small and too minute specks of dust, to be seen at such immense and awful distances. The "Suns" only can be seen!

"*It moves*, though,"—muttered the true Philosopher,—Copernicus,—(born 1473,—died 1543,) when forced to recant (!) and do penance (!) for alleging that our Earth humbly revolved round our Sun,—exploding the childish conceit, and importance of self-sufficient Mankind. Copernicus died, persecuted, exiled, a broken-hearted old Man, always in terror of the Inquisition, but his words remain! "Move," it certainly *does*! Obeying submissively, as all His Creation does,—(except His *wilful, obstinate, fallen* creature Man.)—the Laws of God, Who first, "in the beginning created the Heavens, and the Earth," when the "morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy!"

Yes, dear Reader, *move* our earth certainly does, and in another manner unknown to Copernicus. Not only do our Earth and the other Planets of our "System,"—revolve round our Sun,—but our entire System, is undoubtedly moving,—and has been for Ages,—on an inconceivably immense orbit, and at vast speed, towards one of those stupendous clusters, or "Galaxies" of Gigantic "Suns," or "Fixed Stars,"—we call "Constellations,"—far in the depths of Space.

Note.—A German Astronomer,—Herr Jäger,—has arrived at the conclusion, based upon observations made on the movement

of forty-nine Stars in the visual region that our Solar System, with reference to the relative positions of the visible Stars, is moving with a velocity of twenty miles per second, through Space ! The mean speed of the so-called Fixed Stars (other "Systems") being about twenty-nine miles per second.

Fancy, dear Reader, the Velocity with which the Planets in our system are ever whirling round our Sun,—and then in addition, the fact, that our Sun itself,—drawing all our Planets with it,—is flying through space, towards one of the Great Constellations,—where Gigantic Suns seem to be massed as it were, together,—at twenty miles a second !

The Reader will now see how the word "ludicrous," comes in, applied to the Atheist who, "while he lives," is going "to destroy" the "Religion" of Jesus Christ !

First let him begin by attempting "to destroy" God's *lower* Creation,—*infinitely* less *precious*, in God's sight, than the Spiritual Kingdom of His dear Son. How is the Atheist going to begin? And when our System is "destroyed," is he going to start on a journey of 34 Million years "to destroy" the very next System to ours? That mind must be blinded, maddened, by conceit, which does not recognise that we are all very minute little Insects whirled through space; permitted, like them, to flit for our little hour of Life in the Sunshine, then to pass on, in the solemn March of all things to Eternity! Passing on for weal, or for woe,—as we may elect by the lives we lead upon this Earth,—to the Realities of the Future Spiritual Life! Destroy "the Religion" of Jesus Christ? Why, dear Reader, this World belongs to Christ! None but Jesus can say,

"All Power is given unto Me in Heaven, and on Earth!"

The Religion of Jesus Christ is the only one found to be indigenous to all Times and Climes alike. For Christianity has proved itself to be cosmopolitan, for Christ is the Man without a Country, simply because the whole World is His!

"I have other Sheep which are not of this Fold!"

He has indeed! Christ belongs to all kinds and conditions of men. The Bible is the only Book ever published which bears Translation into all Languages, and adapts itself to every idiom. Our Blessed Lord said,

"Go ye into all the World!"

"The then 'World,' the Roman one, was, say, a World of 100 Millions. Now the entire World with its 1,400 Millions, is more open and accessible to the Gospel, than

the Mediterranean was then. A Missionary can now travel round the Earth, more easily than an Apostle could journey from Jerusalem to Spain. Now the entire Bible is printed, correctly, at the rate of ten per minute, unceasingly throughout the year, in 400 different Languages. Formerly a copy of it was slowly produced, in two Languages, by infinite labour, and, then, a Copy could only be procured by the very rich. Instead of the long, weary, journey of Timothy, to the Churches, a Mission Message from America to Asia is sent in one hour.

Instead of the slender "Collection" of the early Saints at Philippi, and Corinth,—twenty persons in America alone contributed, in one year, about £1,000,000 sterling for the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

And thus,—like the mysterious Movements of the "Systems,"—this World rolls on along the enlarging Curves of its great Spiritual Ascent, or Destiny! All things,—Science, Trade, Wealth, Art, Politics, are being used as a motive Power for the Progress of Christ's Kingdom. For this World belongs to Christ,—it was, indeed, created for Him,—redeemed by Him,—and now lies in the scarred Hand of the Great Redeemer of Mankind! For Christ "must Reign until He has put all Enemies under His feet,"—His Glory shall fill the Earth! It is Omnipotence Who hath sworn it! Well for them who now take sides with Him in his glorious Work of Rescue and Restoration,—woe to them who would madly oppose it!

The movement of the "Systems" *themselves*, towards another centre infinitely remote, had long been suspected, from certain changes which have been observed in the relative positions of the Stars to what obtained when the oldest charts were laid down. The North Star *does not occupy the position* it did 3,000 or 4,000 years ago! Astronomers point to certain specialities in the construction of the Great Pyramid of Egypt,—unquestionably built upon certain astronomical lines known to the Ancient Egyptians,—as additional confirmation of this fact! *When that Pyramid was constructed, the North Star occupied a different position in the Heavens from what it now does!*

Consider, for a moment, what this discovery involves! This *speck of dust*,—forsooth! which we call our "Earth," the fixed Centre of the Universe? Ridiculous! Dear Reader, not only are we, Planets, submissively, revolving, like clockwork, round our Sun,—unable to deviate a

fraction beyond the limits assigned to them by the Creator, but our Sun and entire "System,"—together with Myriads of other Suns with their "Systems," are all revolving on amazing, speechless, inconceivable, orbits round *some other* "Centre," in the Infinite Depths of Space!

The Human Mind being,—(in spite of its irrepressible conceit,)—finite, positively *gives way* before the Stupendous Power, and Amazing Schemes of God's visible Universe.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For, as the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are My ways higher than your ways,—and My thoughts than your thoughts."—*Isaiah* lv., 8-9.

They are indeed! Instead of the Myriad Systems in Space, all revolving round our speck of dust,—the Earth,—if God had thought proper,—as He might well have done,—instead of sending His Son to redeem those of our Race who are willing humbly to accept His Salvation,—to have allowed our corrupt, and fallen World, to have disappeared from amongst His Myriads of other Worlds altogether, the rest of the Universe *would never have known* that we had *ever existed!* We could *never have been missed*, because they have never yet seen us! They have *only seen* our huge *Sun*, as a small twinkling Star! Well, indeed may we say,

"When I consider Thy Heavens, 'What is Man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou visitest him?' " *Psalms* viii., 3-4.

In the picture we have a feeble representation of the Chief Planets of our "System," with an attempt to show their relative proportions. The Reader must kindly note that our Earth is, however, proportionably too large, and the Sun must be imagined more than four times the size represented. Let the Sun,—(diameter 865,000 miles,)—be taken as an "Association" Football, then our Earth,—(diameter 7,918 miles),—will be the size of a small shot, used for bird guns,—the proportion given by Professor Ball, Astronomer-Royal, Dublin Observatory.

The distant constellations resolve themselves into distinct Stars, whenever instruments of sufficient power can be constructed. Thus the "Milky Way," which, to the naked eye, presents merely the appearance of streaks of light clouds, drawn across the sky, is resolved by very powerful Telescopes, into a mass of "Suns," or "Fixed Stars," at distances from us inconceivably remote! And what shall we say to those "Galaxies," of immense Suns clustered together in the astounding Nebulæ of Orion, and Andromeda? Stupendous "Constellations," to the glories of which,



A German Astronomer, — from observations of 49 Stars, — concludes that our entire System is passing through space at 20 miles per second !

our sparsely filled portion of the sky offers no comparison! There are, indeed, literally millions of clusters of Stars,—("Suns,"—"Fixed Stars,"—else we could never see them,)—scattered through space. Of these,—says Sir R. S. Ball,— "A homely illustration" may be given by "taking a Pepper castor, and shaking out the pepper on to a sheet of white paper," until the centre is a mass, with grains scattered loosely around it!

Taking a certain portion of the sky where you can count, say ten stars with the naked eye, apply an opera glass to the same spot, you will find 200! A small hand Telescope of three-inch object glass has given 320,000 Stars in the Northern half of the Sky alone. A more powerful fixed Instrument will give 4,000,000, and our modern observatory telescopes give some 50,000,000!

But this is not all. Photography can, if *long exposure* is given (one to two hours,) on a plate so sensitive that a *fraction of one second* would be sufficient for an ordinary negative,—penetrate into depths of Space, into which no Telescope can follow it! In one ten-thousandth part of the Sky,—alone,—Mr. Roberts by one hour's exposure, took 16,000 Stars! We have every reason to believe,—says Professor Ball,—that, with prolonged exposure,—more sensitive plates,—and, perhaps, some day, more powerful Instruments,—*fresh Myriads* of Suns will be brought to view! Dear Reader! What a Universe! And,—remember,—this is merely God's outward, visible, material Creation,—totally apart from that infinitely higher **Spiritual World**, to which we are all,—Believers and Unbelievers alike,—fast hastening!

GOD'S THOUGHTS ARE NOT OUR THOUGHTS.

To illustrate this, let us attempt to grasp, or realise the speechless distances it has pleased the Supreme to place these "fixed Stars,"—or Suns,—asunder. To endeavour to grasp intellectually, the distance, say, of our own System and Sun, to the *very next* nearest Sun and System to our own. The next nearest Fixed Star, Sun, or System, to ours is "Alpha Centauri." Its distance from our Sun, is 20 Billions of Miles! A distance stated in a moment, but impossible, at once, to grasp! One Billion is a Million times a Million. Let us follow Professor Ball's excellent 5 - Book called "Star Land,"—(Cassell & Co.) especially written for the Young Student,—well worth your perusal,—and attempt thus to grapple, intellectually, with 20 Billions of Miles!

Force yourself to *imagine* a Railway mysteriously constructed to the very *nearest* "Fixed Star" to our Sun, also a Train mysteriously enabled to proceed along it for Ages, ceaselessly day, and night, at a uniform Fifty Miles an hour. Imagine the fare to be one penny every hundred miles; that is, one penny between Birmingham and London, instead of the present nine shillings (Third-class fare). How many sovereigns, think you, dear Reader, would you have to pay for a Single Journey ticket to "Alpha Centauri," the next "System" to our own? You need not ask for a "Return," you would only *live long enough* just to *start* upon this awful journey! For if you travelled thus for ninety-six years,—that is, if you got into the train, at four years of age, and *lived to be 103*, like good Sir Moses Montefiore, or the late Monsieur Chevreul, of Paris,—you would only have gone 56 Millions out of the 20 Millions of Millions of Miles! In 192,000 years,—you would only have gone *a Tenth of one* of the "Billion Miles," with the 20 Billions hardly yet broken into! At length, after about *34 Million years (!)* at 50 Miles an hour, you would reach the nearest Sun to ours,—"Alpha Centauri!" And now the Fare! One Penny per Hundred Miles.

Taking our "National Debt" at 700 Million Pounds,—(we pay some £60,000 *per day*, Interest upon it,) *all* would be required! Converting it into gold,—you would take it down in 5,000 carts, laden with sovereigns, to the Ticket Office. But after the Clerk had counted it, he would say, "Very sorry, Sir! But I need 107 Million Pounds more, for a ticket to 'Alpha Centauri;' its an awful journey!"

If this is the *nearest* "Fixed Star," "System," or "Sun," to ours,—conceive the *speechless* distances of those Stars which no known Telescope *can ever reach*, and which it takes *an hour's exposure* for Photography to indicate.

THE VISIBLE UNIVERSE BELONGS MERELY TO SENSE AND TIME.

And let us ever remember that these Myriads of Suns, with their Billions of Planets revolving round them, belong, after all, merely to the outward things of Sense and Time. They are, after all, merely the *material* Universe of our God. They are *perishable* objects, like our own Earth,—they are quite apart from, and infinitely inferior to, God's *Spiritual* World to which our souls are all hastening!

These visible material Worlds, and "Heavenly Bodies," all *had a beginning*, and they will, after nameless Epochs,—

speechless Time, undoubtedly *have an End!* We are distinctly *told so!*

"And the Stars of Heaven shall fall, even as a Fig Tree doth cast her untimely Figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind!"—*Rev. vi., 13.*

"They shall perish, but thou remainest! They shall all wax old as doth a Garment, and as a Vesture Thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed. But Thou, God, art the same! Thy years fail not."—*Heb. i., 10-12.*

WHAT THEN WILL BE THE COMING SPIRITUAL WORLD?

If then, dear Reader, this amazing,—glorious,—apparently infinite,—but in reality,—Tangible,—Visible,—Lower,—Perishing,—Creation of our God, which we see around us every starlight night, is after all a mere passing show,—a thing,—after all,—merely of Sense and Time,—what must be that **Spiritual Life**,—that **Heaven**,—that **World to come**, which our Blessed Lord assures us that He has "gone to prepare" for the Redeemed,—for us Believers,—for His Followers and People?

"I go to prepare a Place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."
John xiv. 2-3.

"For the Father Himself loveth you because you have loved Me and believed that I came from God."—*John xvi. 27.*

What must be the untold Glories of that "**Heaven**" where God and Christ are,—infinitely,—speechlessly,—higher, and above the passing Things of mere Sense and Time, that Future Spiritual Existence,—and Eternal Life,—to which for Weal or for Woe,—we are all,—"**Believers**" and "**Infidels**" alike,—fast hastening?

What miserably feeble ideas of the Infinite Resources of Almighty God do our small minds form of the "World to come." Desperately attached to, too often entirely fixed upon, this little speck of dust we call our Earth,—too often deeply set upon a mere Material existence,—the very notions and conceptions of that Life to come, are poor, unworthy, worldly, and feeble! Is it conceivable to the enlightened conscience of any "Child of God,"—that the Billions of happy Redeemed Souls who have been gathered in God's mercy, through Christ's death,—Atonement,—and Reconciling Sacrifice,—for Ages, from this fallen World, are all to *come back* to a *Material* existence upon this *little* speck of decaying dust in God's lower, visible, creation? Can our highest ideas of that "**Heaven**" where God and Christ dwell go no further than this poor, miserable, little earth? What! The countless Myriads of the Blessed *come back here?* No, indeed, dear Reader! Our little World has served the Divine Purpose as a **Nursery** for the

Human Race, a Trial Scene, or Testing Ground, to produce the Myriads of the Redeemed;—but when their happy Spirits are raised, and "this Corruptible has put on Incorruption," this World's mission has been accomplished!

"The Day of the Lord will come, * * * in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, —and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat, —the Earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burned up." *2 Peter iii. 8-12.*

"I will make all things new," "The former things have passed away."

"And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat upon it, *from whom the Earth and the Heaven fled away*," —(The Spiritual can have nothing to do with a Material World)—"*and there was no place found for them.*" —*Rev. xx. 2.*

"And I saw a new Heaven, and a new Earth," —(a Spiritual one)—"for the first Heaven, and the first Earth," (the present Material ones, "were passed away." (Gone for ever) *Rev. xxi. 1.*

This World, and Billions of others, shall pass away! Christians,—the Redeemed,—will have indeed somewhat more to learn of our God,—the Speechless Glories of God, and Christ! Our poor, vague, worldly, ideas of what the term "Heaven" really means, will be lost in those Glories which,

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." —*1 Cor. ii. 9.*

And, on the other hand, we may tremblingly,—add,—what *He hath prepared for them that hate Him.* All their misused "Talents," "every good and perfect gift,"—which *came from God*, and was bestowed upon them to use for His Glory,—abused by them,—taken from them,—God resuming *those good things* which all came from Him and *are his own*,—leaving the "Lost" only their own unmixed evil, vicious, loathsome, and abandoned souls with which to face Eternity!

WILL GOD EVER CHANGE HIS DECREES?

Will then Almighty God alter His Stupendous Schemes for Eternity, for *one*,—ten,—a thousand, or for *Billions*, of Impenitent, Rebellious, Worthless, Apostate, Insects?

It is *absurd, monstrous*,—to imagine that He will, or *ever intended to do so!* Certainly He will not! Let no one think it: Supposing Myriads of presumptuous, self-willed, creatures, puffed up with their so-called,—extremely doubtful,—"Scientific" knowledge,—attempt to dethrone God,—and dare to reject His proffered Salvation,—through Jesus Christ,—offered now to us all alike, *what then?* Having offered this Salvation to all, and urged it upon us

from childhood to the Grave, will God alter His Schemes for Eternity because Millions choose to neglect it? **Let no one think it!** Certainly He will not! There will be *other* developments in Eternity,—the “Day of Salvation” will then have passed! The Gospel is offered to all Mankind *once*, but *once only*! For us it is **now**, or **never**!

“Now is the accepted time. Now is the Day of Salvation.”—2 Cor. vi, 2.

Of course the uninstructed Heathen,—both before and after our Lord came,—are not spoken of here; doubtless they are judged by a different rule altogether to the enlightened, intelligent, Christian Nations.

“The times” of their “ignorance,” we are expressly told, “God winked at,” and undoubtedly does so still. But, dear Reader, what have you and I to do with them and their fate? We are called upon to attend to *our own position* in God’s sight! *We* are not unenlightened, uninstructed Heathen,—we are all, undoubtedly, *responsible* beings before our Creator, whether we will *obey, love, and serve* Him or not! He “strives” with all for many years, but He says,

“My Spirit shall not *always* strive with man.”

The Blessed God,—our Blessed Saviour,—and God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—has “striven,”—successfully,—with countless Millions of our Race who have been awakened and led to Christ, been redeemed and have passed away,—happy, and reconciled to their God,—to Endless Bliss!

He has “striven,” dear Reader, (thank God) with you and me! Let us imitate the blessed lives, and pious examples of the Redeemed, and follow them to the same Heavenly Home!

Let us leave these “Sceptics,”—“Secularists,”—“Atheists,”—Unbelievers,”—“Freethinkers,”—and Scientific (?) “Infidels,”—to answer Almighty God for their Rebellion, Contempt, and Blasphemies!

Not being on the Platform of Infinitude ourselves, it is no use their looking to us to answer their endless cavils and unbelief. It does not appear to be any great business of ours,—if they refuse to Believe God,—Christ,—and the Bible,—we cannot help it,—nor can we expect them,—if they will not believe *God’s Word*,—to believe *ours*. Let us simply avoid them. Our time is far better spent with the Young,—the Christian Believer has something else to do! The day will come when they shall certainly have their *answer*,—from God Himself!

They will find in the end,—that their Eternal loss will,—after all,—affect *no one but themselves!* How is it possible that it can? Sin, Sorrow, the Wicked, Crime, Unhappiness, Temptation, Satan, all will have passed for ever from the future Developments of our God,—in His love, and goodness towards the Redeemed; they will see, and hear, of such things *no more* for evermore! These dreadful consequences of wilful disobedience, obstinacy, and sin, will undoubtedly be *left to Unbelievers.* Let them see to it!

No doubt the Almighty,—after long patience, and long suffering, —passes Myriads of obstinate Sinners by! "*What!* This wretched creature, whom I brought into existence for purposes of My own Glory and My Service,—associated,—had he so chosen,—and I intended it should be,—with his own eternal happiness,—bid *Me* adieu?" A wretched Insect who owes every breath he draws, or ever will draw, to Me;—who,—in My Providence I fed and nourished for Thirty, or Forty, or Seventy, years,—whom,—during his years of Infancy, and Helplessness, I brought safely through the dangers of Childhood, and spared, when others around him fell victims to disease, bids *Me* adieu! A wretched Apostate to whom I gave Christian Parents,—a Christian Education,—a Christian Country,—on whom I bestowed Intelligence, ample Time, Means of Culture,—placed the Bible in his hands from Childhood, gave him Christian Relatives, and friends, nay, even the persuasions, and convictions, of God the Holy Spirit,—and yet gave all these precious, costly, things to that worthless, long-provoking creature, *in vain!* "*Bid Me* adieu?" Then I will take him *at his word.* I have *done!* I will "strive" with that soul *no more!* I have *passed him by* for others! Let that person live! I will simply leave him to *himself.* Millions around him, during his lengthened lifetime, shall be redeemed; but never again, to all Eternity, will I send saving Grace to that wicked person! For years he "*crucified the Son of God* afresh, and put Him to open shame!" For years he screamed, and printed, his Blasphemies,—danced like a Devil,—upon the wounds of My dear Son,—scoffed at, and spat upon My proffered Salvation!

Yes! He spoke the truth! I do not say when that day occurred,—it was a day like other days,—it had its morning, its evening, and its night,—but there came a day in that man's life when he *went too far,* and exhausted My long-suffering. He has spoken the truth! As a God of Love,—"slow, '*very slow*' to anger, and plenteous in

mercy,"—that wicked man has, indeed, "bid Me adieu!" There is nothing now in him of which an Angel could ever be made!"

It is easy, dear Reader, for such persons, surrounded, and encouraged by others as sinful as themselves, to give way to the delusion that they can exist without their God; but, in the speechless Epochs of Eternity, those wretched creatures will know somewhat more of God, and how utterly dependent, every living soul is upon Him, and *will be*, for ever more!

"All Thy works shall *praise* Thee, oh, Lord! and Thy Saints shall *bless* Thee!"—*Psalms* cxlv., 10.

It does not say that all God's works shall *bless* Him,—they certainly will *not*; but they all *might have*! They shall *praise*, Him,—His Justice,—His Goodness,—His Power,—either in Mercy or in Judgment, as they may elect to do!

"At the name of Je-sus every knee shall bow,"—(Not in *this* World but in *next*,—"and every tongue,"—(In Mercy or in Judgment,)—confess that Je-sus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father."—*Philippians* ii., 10-11.

"The Ox,"—(the *useful*, but somewhat *stupid*, and *obstinate* Ox,)—"knoweth his Owner, and the Ass his Master's crib, but, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me,—a People laden with Iniquity, children that are *Corrupters*; they have *foraken the Lord*,—they have provoked the Holy One of the Lord,—they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger."—*Isaiah* i., 2-4.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the Godly out of temptation, and to reserve the Unjust until the Day of Judgment, to be punished"—*11. Peter* ii., 9.

"They that walk after the Flesh, and *despise Government*, *presumptuous* are they, self-willed, they are *not afraid* to *speak evil* of dignities. But these as natural brute beasts, *speaking evil* of the things that they *understand not*, and shall *utterly perish* in their own corruption."—*2 Peter* ii., 10-12.

"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days *Scoffers*,—walking after their own lusts,—and saying 'Where is the promise of His coming? For since the Fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation.' But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But that day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night! In which the *Heavens shall pass away* with a great noise, and the Elements shall melt with *ferment heat*, the Earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that *all these things shall be dissolved*, what manner of Persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Looking for,—and hasting unto the Coming of the Day of God,—when the *Heavens being on fire shall be dissolved*,—and the Elements shall melt with *ferment heat*."—*2 Peter* iii., 8-12.

Note.—Our Scientific men have long been aware, and freely admit, that our Earth (in common no doubt with all others) has in its own constitution, and material, *hidden forces*, which,—brought together in the slightest different proportions, would blow it to atoms or melt it *into a liquid*. Our astronomers also frankly admit the possibility of our World, and others, "ending one day in a Catastrophe." Science then, once more, confirms the warning of Inspiration.

THE "NUMBER OF THE LOST" DELUSION.

This long Chapter will be read by the "Believer," and the "Unbeliever," with precisely opposite feelings and results! The "Unbeliever" will read it with a calm smile of Incredulity,—"*How instructive!*" This merely shows what Christ and belief in the Bible,—the old "narrow" "bigoted" belief leads to! The Creator will never cast away so many Millions! I don't believe a word of it! And the Unbeliever never *will*, until he *himself* comes into contact,—as he will do one day,—with the Spiritual World! The "Believer,"—on the other hand,—knows that it is the emphatic teaching of the Bible, and of Christ,—and never ceases,—in however humble a way,—to,

"Warn men to flee from the Wrath to come."—*Matt. iii. 7.*

But there will be others who cling to two or three isolated and misunderstood Texts for their Unscriptural delusions. Such may say, "I read,"

"God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain Salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—*1 Thess. v. 9.*

Undoubtedly, but this is spoken to Christians. What if that Salvation is *rejected*, or *neglected*, as it is by Millions? In the *very next* chapter the *same* inspired Writer, adds,

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with His mighty Angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that *know not God*, and that *obey not the Gospel* of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord."—*2 Thess. i. 7-9.*

"But I read, of Christ, that,"

"He is the 'Saviour of all men!'"

So our Blessed Lord undoubtedly is,—*if only*,—and it is indeed an important "if,"—if they "obey the Gospel," and permit Him to become so!

"But I read that Christ says,"

"I will draw *all men* unto Me!"

So our Blessed Lord undoubtedly *does!*

That He does "draw,"—especially in early life,—
 "all men," who doubts? But He "draws" too many
 absolutely in vain! Their Sins they *will* have, and Christ
 they will *not* have!

"Well! I cannot deny that your Book gives, in every case,
 the Bible references, and that it is undoubtedly, the Teaching of
 the Scriptures, but I boldly give up the "Scriptural" view. I
 take the simpler view of my *own intellect*, and refuse to believe
 that *so many* can be lost! I refuse belief on the ground of
Numbers. Had it been merely a few notorious Murderers,
 Blasphemers, &c., I could believe in *their* condemnation, but
 that Millions perish eternally,—many of them merely for being
 "unprofitable servants," seems to me,—no matter what Christ
 says,—simply incredible. I fall back upon the old Truth, 'God
 is love.'

It is indeed an old, and most blessed Truth, that "God
 is love!" But it is a Truth which may be misunderstood,
 and misapplied. Undoubtedly,—during our "day of grace,"
 our day of Trial, and Probation here upon Earth,—*"God
 is love."* The *present* aspect of God is Love. This is a day
 of grace and long-suffering,—*"not willing that any should
 perish,"* but that all should obtain Salvation through
 Christ's atonement. God's "love" to us all, in *this* life is
 abundantly exemplified by the Life, Death, Suffering,
 and unceasing Warnings, of our Lord, and the constant
 Persuasions of God the Holy Spirit, whom he sends to us
 as His Ambassador! But that "time of Grace" *rejected*,—
 and once gone past,—does God always continue "Love"
 to all alike? The *entire Bible*,—*God Himself*,—*Christ*,—
 all the *Inspired Writers*,—*no*,—our own *Common Sense*,
 all answer, "No!" The Believer,—the Christian,—does
 not believe a word of such monstrous,—delusive,—and false
 teaching!

"*Merely an Unprofitable Servant?*" *Is he going to stop
 there?* Rejects his God, and His Service, upon Earth, *as
 long as he can*, and *not yet* a "notorious" Sinner? He will
never stop at that stage! God knows that he only wants
 time to become as wicked as the *worst*! The "Un-
 believer,"—the Rejecter of Christ, in *this* World will be a
 Devil in the *next*!

"God is love?" Why, the "*Wrath of God*" hereafter,
 is spoken of upwards of a hundred times in the Scriptures!
 God "loves" the Impenitent, Obstinate, Wicked, if once
 they go *too far*? *It is false!* The whole Bible,—and
 Christ's solemn teachings,—teem with warnings of *quite*

another, and an awful, Phase in God's character hereafter.

"And said to the Mountains and Rocks, 'Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the *Wrath of the Lamb*, for the Great Day of his wrath is come.' " — *Rev. vi., 16-17.*

God is certainly no "God of love" here!

"Because I have called and ye refused, *I also will mock* when your fear cometh! For they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of My counsel; they despised all My reproof!"

"The Wicked shall be turned into Hell, — and all the Nations that forget God!"

"I tell you Nay! But except ye repent ye shall *all likewise perish!*"

Had it been proved that Man really *was* the immensely important personage, around whom submissively revolved the other Heavenly Bodies,—as our poor, conceited, Ancestors allowed themselves to believe; had Man proved to be a being upon whom God's Creation (so to speak,) *almost depended*,—and that he was created chiefly for *his own* pleasure, and gratification, and not for God's glory, *then* he might have some excuse for putting the *claims of God and Christ aside*. But modern Science, general enlightenment, and the researches of Astronomers *confirm*, (once more,—as *they ever will do*,) the Truths of Revelation that Man indeed is but "dust,"—living on a speck of dust, in God's boundless,—infinite,—Creation. "Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return!" The conceit of our forefathers has indeed been humbled into the dust! The naked eye can take in numberless Stars, "Suns," and Systems, every starlight night,—our opera Glass enables us to discern 20 times as many, a three-inch hand telescope advances the host to 320,000 in one portion of the Sky alone. Our Observatory Telescopes give some 50,000,000, and recent Photography presents to us Myriads more Suns, and their Systems, which no Telescope ever has, or ever will reach, dying away into the infinite depths of Space! "I do not believe that these Suns *have* Planets revolving round them!" What! The Almighty Ruler create immense Suns like ours,—only infinitely larger, for *no purpose*? "Well, I confess it would appear that Planets *do* revolve round these distant Suns, but I will not believe that those Planets *are inhabited*! It lessens our importance as a Race! I have always considered that *we*,—Mankind,—were *the* Race upon whom God bestowed His exclusive attention!" Well, dear Reader, if you can thoughtfully observe this Earth of ours,—observe how the Blessed God is resolved to permit as many creatures to *enjoy life*,—(however short that life may be it *is* enjoyment, it is better

than not existing at all,)—as can possibly be supported,—and yet allow yourself to believe that the same God creates and supports Billions of other Planets, and permits no life upon them,—you can *believe anything*; to attempt to reason with *you* is, in this case, hopeless. But if you will let Pride, Conceit, and Jealousy,—at *others* occupying the love and concern of God *quite as much* as our fallen Race does, go by,—can you contemplate this Revelation of God's stupendous Power, and Creation, and still chatter about the "Rights of Man,"—his "grand powers of Intellect,"—"vast strides in Scientific Knowledge,"—and the impossibility of "such numbers being lost?"

Also that unless Religion,—which is a *Revelation of God* alone to each individual soul,—is fully explained to the entire satisfaction of the Modern Unbeliever, (which it never will be until he begins humbly to *pray for himself*), the little Insect, Man will *really* become "very angry," and will "bid" his Maker "Adieu!"

Let him do so! What then? *Reject* God and Christ,—if you *will*. What then? Whom will it eventually, in the slightest concern, *but yourself*? It certainly will not concern the Redeemed,—for Millions will humbly,—thankfully,—accept Christ's salvation,—whether *you* do or *not*,—and will pass away to Bliss, whichever life *you* may elect to lead!

Dear Reader, the Unbelief founded upon the great number of the "Lost," *will not do*,—after these Revelations of the countless Millions of other Worlds. If a Million Worlds like ours disappeared for ever tomorrow morning, there would be *Billions* left. The Stupendous Schemes of the Eternal God will go on *just the same, without you*,—as *with you*, you may rest assured,—whatever you may "think,"—do,—"*believe*," or disbelieve. God can certainly do without *you*,—can you do without Him throughout Eternity? In God's sight, to Him, *Sin* is *Sin*, in *one* Sinner, and *Sin* is *Sin*, in a *Billion*!

What are *numbers* to the Eternal? What *can* they be in God's sight? *Absolutely nothing!* When you have sighted Billions of Inhabited Worlds, there are Billions beyond!

You, and I, all Intelligent created Beings, both in this World, and in the countless Myriads of Worlds around us, are one and all created for the Glory and Service of the God Who made us,—associated, if we choose it to be so,—with our own Eternal happiness. God, and His redeemed

can certainly do *without you*, if you elect to reject Him,—see if you can do *without God*, throughout Eternity !

UNPALATABLE TRUTHS.

Young Reader. "Well! There are some most unpalatable Truths in this Chapter, unflinchingly and unsparingly advanced." *There are indeed!*

In our day a Book extolling human nature,—flattering Man by allusions to his vast powers and astonishing importance,—(carefully disguising his true character as a fallen, perverse, self-willed, and too often speechlessly *foolish* creature),—and such a Work will be popular,—and approved of as consistent with "liberal," or "advanced" views.

But attempt to enforce the claims of God and Jesus Christ on His rebellious Creature Man, also the dread consequences of rejecting God and Christ's Salvation, and you are at once termed, "unfeeling," "callous," "narrow," and "bigoted!"

THE WISE BARONET.

In the doubtfully "Good (?) old days,—when George the Third was King,"—a Country gentleman,—a Baronet,—otherwise a worthy man, had indulged, —as was only too frequently the case, in those days, in the "pleasures of the Table." What with Gluttony, over-feeding, and *the Drink*.—then so common amongst the Upper Classes,—he had brought himself into a very critical condition. He had been advised to call in a Physician,—an able man,—but afflicted with that peculiarity sometimes seen, known as "thinking," at times "aloud," in a perfectly absent and unconscious manner.

The Doctor came, and listened with great politeness, and respect, to the Patient's symptoms. As usual,—with clever Physicians,—the Client might have spared himself the trouble, for,—in two minutes,—the worthy Doctor had seen everything, and knew far more about the Patient, than the latter did about *himself*.

Like too many of us, unable to see himself as others saw him, the Baronet had the fixed idea (save the mark!) that he was a "Victim of Consumption!" In this delusion,—in order to please him,—he was encouraged by his false and obsequious Relatives, and Dependents, who cared far less about the wealthy man, than about the Money he would leave behind him!

The Doctor, seeing at a glance, the true state of the case, gave advice,—prescribed certain remedies,—and prepared to leave. But, as he turned to take up his hat, stick, &c.,—just as he was leaving the Room,—he said to himself in a perfectly absent, and yet perfectly audible "aside,"—"That Gentleman suffering from *Consumption*? Then it is the "consumption" of *good living*! He'll be dead in a Month if he goes on! He's got the constitution of a Horse, if he would only give over stuffing himself like a Pig!" So saying, apparently perfectly unconscious of having uttered a syllable, the Doctor bowed politely, and left the Room!

The Rich Man was *thunderstruck*! For the first time his *true Character*,—his *besetting sin*,—were brought home to him, in a way he could not evade or mistake! There was a struggle with wounded pride, self-respect, and self-conceit;—but the Baronet was a deeply *sagacious* man! During the silence which followed he had made his decision! He saw, in a moment, that, for him, at his age, it was *now or never*! He threw wounded feelings, and everything else aside! He recognised the *immense importance*,—in his critical state,—of securing the aid of an honest Physician, who had already taught him the best lesson he had ever had conveyed to him!

So that, when his false friends,—mistaking the Rich Man's silence,—strongly advised him to "dismiss so rude a man!" "*Dismiss him?*"—roared the Baronet,—"What! Dismiss my *best*, and *truest Friend*? *Not* for a thousand pounds!"

And, acting *very carefully* under the good Doctors advice, he learned to deny himself, gradually recovered his health,—lived some years longer,—and when he died did not fail to remember his faithful, though eccentric Physician, in his Will!

"THE GOOD PHYSICIAN."

Reader! You have had in this exhaustive Chapter,—as in others in this Book,—some most unpalatable Truths urged upon your attention.

You may give, as it were, an uneasy turn in your life of apathy towards God, Christ, and the Eternal Scene towards which you are most certainly hastening,—and say, "Oh, I have my business to attend to! I have no time for these Thoughts of a Future Life with God! I have got on,—and so have countless Multitudes around me, *fairly*

well in this World without God,—or any pronounced Piety,—or any efforts made to serve Christ, or advance His cause,—I am *no worse* than the others, so I am prepared to chance the Future, and can only hope for the best, or fall back upon Unbelief!"

Well, dear Reader, if the Warnings in this Chapter against the Sin of Practical Unbelief (in which Multitudes in our day of Sin and Licence, are plunged) *are not* the Solemn Warnings of the "Good Physician of our Souls," then *neglect them!* But if they *are*—neglect them at *your peril!* Neither this Chapter,—nor indeed is any part of this Book written for the Confirmed Adult Sceptic,—who may have put his Soul to Death by long years of wilful Prayerlessness, Prejudice, and Unbelief. It is written for the Young,—tempted it may be to Scepticism, and the Sin of Unbelief,—at the critical time of their life, say between fifteen and thirty-five years of age. To such the "Good Physician" comes,—like the visitor to the Baronet,—with some most unwelcome Truths. The worthy Doctor informed the Rich man that he was persisting in a course which would cause his death, so God sends you warnings that you are *not* the good, wise, and perfect, character you thought yourself to be. On the contrary, that you, too, are a dying, sinful, creature, utterly dependent upon God for Saving Grace, and that for you, too, it is *Now or Never!*

You will either decide for Christ, and commence a Pious, Christian, course during the next few years of your life, or you will, in all probability, never commence it *at all*.

Let the Youth who reads this Chapter follow the example of the wise and sagacious Baronet,—and discern your *true*,—but unflattering,—friend from *false* ones. And when the latter tempt you to "dismiss" worthy pious People,—good Books,—God, Christ,—and the Bible, from your Thoughts and Life,—do you also exclaim,—with the worthy Baronet, "**What!**" Dismiss my **best, and truest, Friend?** Not for a Thousand Pounds!"

Persevere in the Remedies prescribed by the "Good Physician,"—**suggested in the next Chapter**,—Prayer and the Study of God's Word,—and it will not be long before He will impart to you that Divine Wisdom and Saving Grace,—which,—mark you,—God *alone* can bestow!

Then will come to your Soul that Dawn, **it will be the Dawn of an Eternal Day!**—when "difficulties" disappear,—Prayer becomes welcome,—and will find yourself,—one day,—a happy, useful, and confirmed, Christian!

You will then be able to answer all the attacks of Infidelity, *thus*, "I will not attempt to answer all your countless objections, and sneers at God and Religion, for, to tell the truth,—I have *something better to do*. Believe, or not Believe, as you like! You go *your way*, I will go *mine*!"

"I know in Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day!"

That day to which both the Reader,—Christian or Unbeliever,—and the Writer of this Book, may all be much nearer than they imagine to be the case! *That day* to which the Great Apostle continually refers, when all Unbelief shall pass away from every Soul *for ever*, for,

"Now we see as in a glass darkly,

and, therefore, (may harbour Unbelief)

"but then *face to face*!"

That day,—

"In the which all they that are in the Graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth,—they that have done good unto the Resurrection of Life, and they that have done evil to the Resurrection of Damnation!"—*John* v., 29.

"For the Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed, for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality!"—*1 Cor.* xv., 52, 53.

"And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat upon it,—from Whose face the Earth and the Heavens fled away! And the Sea gave up the dead which were in it, and Death and Hell delivered up the dead that were in them, and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened; and another Book was opened, which is the Book of Life. And the Dead were judged, out of these things which were written in the Book of Life according to their works. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire!"—*Rev.* xx., 10-15.

"Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God, and not that he should return from his ways and live?"

"If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed,—all his transgressions that he hath committed *shall not be mentioned unto him*. He *shall live*!"

"Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but that the Wicked turn from his way and live! Turn ye! Turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?"—*Ezekiel* xxxiii., 11.

"I am the Resurrection, and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me shall never die!"—*John* xi., 25.

"And this is the Will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting Life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

"No man cometh unto Me *except* the Father Which sent Me *draw him*: and I will raise him up at the last day."—*John vi., 40, 44.*

(Showing the necessity for constant Prayer for this "drawing," or saving, prevailing, Grace.)

"For God so loved the World that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"For God sent not His Son into the World to condemn the World, but that the World, through Him, might be saved!"—*John iii., 16, 17.*

(*Might be*, if they would perseveringly use the means.)

Dear Reader!
Which is it to
be? Morality (so-
called) without a
Saviour? Phil-
anthropy (so-
called) without
God? Your choice
for Time and for



Eternity? Will
you use the means
to obtain Salva-
tion? Which is
it to be? "Christ-
ian,"—or "Unbe-
liever?" Heaven,
—or Hell?





KEEPING OUR LAMPS BURNING.

"While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at Midnight there was a cry made, 'Behold! The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!' And the Foolish Virgins said unto the Wise, 'Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.' . . . And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with Him, to the Marriage: and the Door was shut! Watch,—therefore,—for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh" *Matt. xxv., 5-10.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONTRAST THE CHRISTIAN LIFE PRESENTS TO ONE OF UNBELIEF.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"DIRECTIONS FOR MAINTAINING CONTINUED COMMUNION WITH GOD, AND LIVING IN HIS FEAR ALL DAY LONG." "THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL." SAVED OR DELUDED? WHICH? RELIGIOUS HUMBUG.

Note.—The Young Reader must not feel discouraged by the following suggestions towards attaining to a daily life of Faith and Piety.

They are only suggested "to be followed as far as they properly suit his age, capacities, and circumstances in life.

If you cannot reach them all,—come as near to the most important of them as you conveniently can.

I wrote them for a young Friend to whom I was greatly attached,—a Youth of eminent Piety,—(now I doubt not with God)—about sixteen years ago,—who,—to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him,—died only a few Months after receiving my letter.

I can assuredly say that the experience of each of these Years has confirmed me in these views,—and in the persuasion that **one day** thus spent, is preferable to **whole years** spent in sensuality, indolence, and neglect of Religion.”—Dr. DODDRIDGE, 1745.

IN Order to present to the Young Reader the speechless contrast between the habitual, daily, life of the true Christian with that of the prayerless Atheist, the following “Directions for maintaining continual Communion with God, and living in His fear all day long,” by the excellent Dr. Doddridge, of 150 years ago, are given.

They occur in that remarkable Work, “The Rise, and Progress of Religion in the Soul”. Messrs. Ward and Lock, London,—to whom we are indebted for so many excellent books, at a price all can command, - have published a One Shilling Edition of this Work, still obtainable.

It seems that Dr. Watts had long felt a desire to compile such a work to assist the Christian life of his Generation, but he felt that his failing health, and the infirmities of his great age, precluded him from the task.

He, therefore, besought Dr. Doddridge,—then in his 40th year,—to attempt it. It was with great reluctance, and diffidence, that the latter, at last, was prevailed upon to undertake the task. The first Edition appeared in 1745.

What was the state of English Society,—Religion,—and this Country generally, at that dark Period? The Pictures of Hogarth,—(say 1720-1750,)—give us some idea! Even the few Theological Works of that dark day,—read by few, and understood and appreciated by fewer still,—were, too often, bitterly controversial. *Practical*,—*Evangelical*,—literature seemed to be almost unknown.

Thus, this remarkable Book came,—like a ray of Sunlight amidst the prevailing Gloom! Passing through countless Editions,—from 1745 to the present year (1891.)—it has,—for 146 years—been read with incalculable benefit to tens of thousands, and has been translated into several Continental Languages.

The Young Reader will note that the excellent author died in 1751,—only six Years after completing his task. Therefore, if the Rules given for the Daily Life of a Christian appear to him to be too strict, or too difficult for our attainment, we must remember that they were the outcome of a Life,—entirely devoted to God,—of an eminent, and *advanced* Christian, nearing the close of his life upon

Earth, and about to enter upon the untold Glories of that Future Life in Heaven, upon which Dr. Doddridge, had,—from a Youth,—fixed his hopes, heart, and ambitions.

That there has come over the Christian Church a change in their estimation of the speechless importance of Personal Consecration, and daily "Walk with God," since Doddridge's day, there is little doubt.

During the International Congregational Council this year (1891) one of the Papers, read upon the occasion, seems to have dwelt upon this fact under the title "Changes in Social Piety."

"He," (the Speaker) "said they had experienced some losses which were not less to be regretted because they were inevitable. (?) He referred chiefly to the fact that the personal consecration of life to the service of Religion was less marked,"—(*It is indeed*)—"and that personal spiritual culture was less distinctly aimed at. But still they had gained much. They had a wider and nobler conception of human brotherhood," &c. (Newspaper Report).

What is to compensate the Christian Believer for the loss of "personal spiritual culture,"—and "consecration of life to the service of religion,"—certainly seems to be *unintelligible*.

All the "Wider and nobler (?) conceptions" in the World, alleged to have been gained, will prove, it is to be feared, one day, as nothing to that *fatal* loss,—the lack of "Personal consecration" to God!

Well, dear Young Reader, use your own common sense! You are as certain as you read these words that,—one day,—you and the Writer, shall leave this World to meet our God! No two words about *that*! Are we to meet Him as an entire Stranger, Whom we have *habitually neglected*,—avoided,—and shunned,—as long as we could possibly continue to do so? As One on Whom we have lived,—eating and drinking His provisions,—supported for Years by His creatures,—receiving all with no thankfulness, no recognition, no sentiment of gratitude, love, or any feelings of duty or respect?

If so, how, dear Reader, can we possibly or reasonably expect to live with Him throughout Eternity? "Heaven" would be no Heaven at all to such persons. They have, *by neglect*, put their spiritual faculties, aspirations, and sentiments, as it were to death. They go out into Eternity totally unprepared to meet their God!

Dr. Doddridge's Rules for a Christian's life, addressed,—

sixteen years before his Book was published,—to a Pious Youth who asked his aid,—and who, "to the inexpressible grief of all who knew him" died a few Months after receiving the Letter.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS ATTAINING TO A DAILY
LIFE OF FAITH AND PIETY.

1. I am about to suggest a Life which I fear will seem to some of my readers so hard a task, that they will want courage to attempt it; and indeed, it is a life in many respects so far above that of the generality of Christians, that I am not without apprehensions, that many, who deserve the name, may think the directions, after all the precautions with which I have proposed them, are carried to an unnecessary degree of nicety and strictness. But I am persuaded much of the credit and comfort of Christianity is lost, in consequence of its professors fixing their aims too low, and not conceiving of their high and holy calling in so elevated and sublime a view as the nature of Religion would require, and the word of God would direct. I am fully convinced, that the expressions of "walking with God," of being "in the fear of the Lord all the day long," and, above all, that of "loving the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," must require, if not all these circumstances, yet the substance of all that I have been recommending, so far as we have capacity, leisure, and opportunity: and I cannot but think, that many might command more of the latter, and perhaps improve their capacities too, if they would take a due care in the government of themselves; if they would give up vain and unnecessary diversions, and certain indulgences, which only suit and delight the lower part of our nature, and (to say the best of them) deprive us of pleasures much better than themselves, if they do not plunge us into guilt. Many of these rules would appear easily practicable, if men would learn to know the value of time, and particularly to redeem it from unnecessary sleep, which wastes many golden hours of the day: hours in which many of God's servants are delighting themselves in Him, and drinking in full draughts of the water of life; while their brethren are slumbering upon their beds, and lost in vain dreams, as far below the common entertainments of a rational creature, as the pleasures of the sublimest devotion are above them.

2. I know, likewise, that the mind is very fickle and inconstant; and that it is a hard thing to preserve such a

government and authority over our thoughts, as would be very desirable, and as the plan I have laid down will require. But so much of the honour of God, and so much of your true happiness, depend upon it, that I beg you will give me a patient and attentive hearing while I am pleading with you, and that you will seriously examine the arguments, and then judge, whether a care and conduct like that which I have advised, be not in itself reasonable; and whether it will not be highly conducive to your comfort and usefulness in life, your peace in death, and the advancement and increase of your eternal glory.

3. Let conscience say whether such a life as I am about to suggest be not in itself highly reasonable. Look over the substance of it again, and bring it under a close examination; for I am very apprehensive, that some weak objections may rise against the whole, which may in their consequences affect particulars, against which no reasonable man would presume to make any objection at all. Recollect, O Christian, and carry it with you in your memory and your heart, while you are pursuing this review, that you are the creature of God, that you are purchased with the blood of Jesus; and then say whether these relations in which you stand do not demand all that application and resolution which I would engage you to. Suppose all the counsels I have given you reduced into practice: suppose every day begun and concluded with such devout breathings after God, and such holy retirements for morning and evening converse with him and with your own heart: suppose a daily care, in contriving how your time may be managed and in reflecting how it has been employed: suppose this regard to God, this sense of his presence, and zeal for his glory, to run through your acts of worship, your hours of business and recreation: suppose this attention to providence, this guard against temptations, this dependence upon divine influence, this government of the thoughts in solitude, and of the discourses in company: nay, I will add farther, suppose every particular direction given, to be pursued, excepting when particular cases occur, with respect to which you shall be able in conscience to say—I waive it, not from indolence and carelessness, but because I think it will be just now more pleasing to God to be doing something else, which may often happen in human life, where general rules are best concerted;—suppose, I say, all this to be done not for a day, or a week, but through the remainder of life. whether

longer or shorter ; and suppose this to be reviewed at the close of life, in the full exercise of your rational faculties—will there be reason to say, in the reflection, I have taken too much pains in religion : the Author of my being did not deserve all this from me : less diligence, less fidelity, less zeal than this, might have been an equivalent for the blood which was shed for my redemption ? A part of my heart, a part of my time, a part of my labours might have sufficed for Him, Who hath given me all my powers ; Who hath delivered me from that destruction, which would have made them my everlasting torment ; for Him Who is raising me to the regions of a blissful immortality. Can you, with any face, say this ? If you cannot, then surely your conscience bears witness, that all I have recommended, under the limitations given, is reasonable ; that duty and gratitude require it ; and, consequently, that by every allowed failure in it, you bring guilt upon your own soul, you offend God, and act unworthy your Christian profession.

4. At length Death will come : that solemn and important hour, which has been passed through by so many thousands who have in the main lived such a life, and by so many millions who have neglected it. And let conscience say, if there was ever any one of these millions, who had then any reason to rejoice in that neglect ; or any one, among the most strict and exemplary Christians, who then lamented that his heart and life had been too zealously devoted to God ? Let conscience say, whether they have wished to have a part of that time, which they have thus employed, given back to them again, that they might be more conformed to this World ; that they might plunge themselves deeper into its Amusements, or pursue its Honours, its Possessions, or its Pleasures, with greater eagerness than they had done ? If you were yourself dying, and a dear Friend or Child stood near you, and this Book should chance to come into your thoughts, would you caution that friend or child against conducting himself by such rules as I am about to advance ? The question may perhaps seem unnecessary, where the answer is so plain and so certain. Well, then, let me beseech you to learn how you should live, by reflecting how you would die, and what course you would wish to look back upon, when you are just quitting this World, and entering upon another. Think seriously ; what if Death should surprise you on a sudden, and you should be called

into Eternity at an hour's or a minute's warning, would you not wish that your last day should have been thus begun; and the course of it, if it were a day of health and activity, should have been thus managed? Would not you wish that your Lord should find you engaged in such thoughts and in such pursuits? Would not the passage, the flight from Earth to Heaven, be most easy, most pleasant, in this view and connection? And, on the other hand, if death should make more gradual approaches, would not the remembrance of such a pious, holy, humble, diligent and useful life, make a dying bed much softer and easier than it would otherwise be? You would not die depending upon these things; God forbid that you should! Sensible of your many imperfections, you would, no doubt, desire to throw yourself at the feet of Christ, that you might appear before God adorned with His righteousness, and washed from your sins in his blood! You would also, with your dying breath, ascribe to the riches of His grace every good disposition you have found in your heart, and every worthy action you had been enabled to perform. But would it not give you a delight, worthy of being purchased with ten thousand Worlds, to reflect, that His grace bestowed upon you had not been in vain; but that you had, from an humble principle of grateful love, glorified your heavenly Father on Earth, and in some degree, though not with the perfection you could desire, finished the work which He had given you to do? That you had been living for many past years as on the borders of heaven, and endeavouring to form your heart and life to the temper and manner of its inhabitants?

THE LETTER TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—"A YOUTH
OF EMINENT PIETY." 1727.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since you desire my thoughts in writing, and at large, on the subject of our late conversation, namely, "By what particular methods, in our daily conduct, a life of devotion and usefulness may be most happily maintained and secured;" I set myself with cheerfulness to recollect and digest the hints which I then gave you; hoping it may be of some service to you in your most important interests, and may also fix on my own mind a deeper sense of my obligations to govern my own life by the rules I offer to others. I esteem attempts of this kind among the pleasantest friends, and the surest cements of friendship; and as I hope ours will last for ever, I am persuaded a mutual care to cherish sentiments of this kind will add everlasting endearments to it.

The directions you will expect from me on this occasion, naturally divide themselves into three heads: how are we to regard God—in the beginning, the progress, and the close of the day. I will open my heart freely to you with regard to each, and will leave you to judge how far these hints may suit your circumstances; aiming at least to keep between the extreme of superstitious strictness in trifles, and of an indolent remissness, which, if admitted in little things, may draw after it criminal neglects, and at length more criminal indulgences.

ON AWAKING.

"When I awake, I am still with Thee!"—*Psalm cxxxix*, 18.

In the beginning of the day, it should certainly be our care, to lift up our hearts to God as soon as we wake, and while we are rising; and then, to set ourselves seriously and immediately to the secret devotions of the morning.

For the first of these it seems exceedingly natural. There are so many things that may suggest a great variety of pious reflections and ejaculations, which are so obvious, that one would think a serious mind could hardly miss them. The ease and cheerfulness of our mind at first awakening; the refreshment we find from sleep; the security we have enjoyed in that defenceless state: the provision of warm and decent apparel; the cheerful light of the returning sun, or even (what is not unfit to mention to you,) the contrivances of art, taught and furnished by the great Author of all our conveniences, to supply us with many useful hours of life in the absence of the sun; the hope of returning to the dear society of our friends; the prospect of spending another day in the service of God, and the improvement of our own minds; and above all, the lively hope of a joyful resurrection to an eternal day of happiness and glory;—any of these particulars, and many more which I do not mention, may furnish us with matter of pleasing reflection and cheerful praise, while we are rising. And for our further assistance, when we are alone at this time, it may not be improper to speak sometimes to ourselves, and sometimes to our Heavenly Father, in the natural expressions of joy and thankfulness. Permit me, sir, to add, that if we find our hearts in such a frame at our first awakening, even that is just matter of praise, and the rather, as perhaps it is an answer to the prayer with which we lay down.

MORNING.

For the exercise of secret devotion in the morning, which I hope will generally be our first work, I cannot prescribe an exact method to another. You must, my dear friend, consult your own taste in some measure. The constituent parts of the service are in the general plan. Were I to propose a particular model for those who have a quarter or half an hour at command (which with prudent conduct I suppose most may have) it should be this:

To begin the devotions of the day with a solemn prayer, offered to God on our knees, and generally with a low, yet distinct voice; acknowledging the mercies we had been reflecting on while rising, never forgetting to mention Christ, as the great foundation of all our enjoyments and our hopes, or to return thanks for the influences of the Blessed Spirit, which have led our hearts to God, or are then engaging us to seek Him. This must be done attentively and sincerely; for not to offer our praises heartily, is, in the sight of God, not to praise Him at all. This address of praise may properly be concluded with an express renewal of our covenant with God, declaring our continued repeated resolutions of being devoted to Him, and particularly of living to His glory the ensuing day.

It may be proper, after this, to take a prospect of the day before us, so far as we can probably foresee in the general, where and how it may be spent, and seriously to reflect, how shall I employ myself for God this day? What business is to be done, and in what order? What opportunities may I expect, either of doing, or of receiving good? What temptations am I likely to be assaulted with, in any place, company, or circumstance, which may probably occur? In what instances have I lately failed? And how shall I be safest now?

After this review, it would be proper to offer up a short prayer, begging that God would quicken us to each of these foreseen duties; that He would fortify us against each of these apprehended dangers; that He would grant us success in such or such a business undertaken for His glory; and also, that He would help us to discover and improve unforeseen opportunities, to resist unexpected temptations, and to bear patiently and religiously any afflictions which may surprise us in the day on which we are entering

I would advise you, after this, to read some portion of Scripture—not a great deal, nor the whole Bible in its course,—but some select lessons out of its most useful parts, perhaps ten or twelve verses; not troubling yourself about the exact connection, or other critical niceties which may occur, (though at other times I would recommend them to your enquiry, as you have ability and opportunity,) but considering them merely in a devotional and practical view. Here take such instructions as readily present themselves to your thoughts, repeat them over to your own conscience, and charge your heart religiously to observe them and act upon them, under a sense of the divine authority which attends them. And if you pray over the substance of this Scripture with your Bible open before you, it may impress your memory and your heart yet more deeply, and may form you to a copiousness and a variety, both of thought and expression in prayer.

DURING THE DAY.

The most material directions which have occurred to me,

relating to the progress of the day, are these:—That we be serious in the devotions of the day;—that we be diligent in the business of it; that is, in the prosecution of our worldly callings;—that we be temperate and prudent in the recreations of it;—that we carefully remark the providences of the day;—that we cautiously guard against the temptations of it;—that we keep up an humble and lively dependence upon the divine influence, suitable to every emergency of it;—that we govern our thoughts well in the solitude of the day;—and our discourses well in the conversations of it. These, sir, were the heads of a sermon which you lately heard me preach on this occasion, and to which I know you referred in that request which I am now endeavouring to answer. I will therefore touch upon the most material hints which fell under each of these particulars.

For seriousness in devotion, whether public or domestic: Let us take a few moments, before we enter upon such solemnities, to pause, and to reflect on the perfections of the God we are addressing, on the importance of the business we are coming about, on the pleasure and advantage of a regular and devout attendance, and on the guilt and folly of a hypocritical formality. When engaged, let us maintain a strict watchfulness over our own spirits, and check the first wanderings of thought. And when the duty is over, let us immediately reflect on the manner in which it has been performed, and ask our own consciences whether we have reason to conclude that we are accepted of God. in it? For there is a certain manner of going through these duties, which our own hearts will immediately tell us it is impossible for God to approve: and if we have inadvertently fallen into it, we ought to be deeply humbled before God for it, lest “our very prayer become sin.”

BUSINESS.

As for the hours of worldly business; whether it be, as with you, that of the hands; or whether it be the labour of a learned life, not immediately relating to religious matters. Let us set to the prosecution of it with a sense of God’s authority, and with a regard to His glory. Let us avoid a dreaming, sluggish, indolent temper, which nods over its work, and does only the business of one hour in two or three. In opposition to this, which runs through the life of some people, who yet think they are never idle, let us endeavour to despatch as much as we well can in a little time; considering, that it is but a little we have in all. And let us be habitually sensible of the need we have of the divine blessing, to make our labours successful.

AMUSEMENTS.

For seasons of diversion. Let us take care that our recreations be well chosen; that they be pursued with a good intention, to

fit us for a renewed application to the labours of life ; and thus, that they be only used in subordination to the honour of God, the great end of all our actions. Let us take heed that our hearts be not estranged from God by them ; and that they do not take up too much of our time ; always remembering, that the faculties of the human nature, and the advantages of the Christian revelation, were not given us in vain ; but that we are always to be in pursuit of some great and honourable end, and to indulge ourselves in amusements and diversions no farther than as they make a part in a scheme of rational and manly, benevolent and pious conduct.

GOD'S PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

For the observation of providences. It will be useful to regard the divine interposition in our comforts and in our afflictions. In our comforts, whether more common or extraordinary : that we find ourselves in continued health ; that we are furnished with food for support and pleasure ; that we have so many agreeable ways of employing our time ; that we have so many friends, and those so good and so happy ; that our business goes on prosperously : that we go out and come in safely ; and that we enjoy composure and cheerfulness of spirit, without which nothing else could be enjoyed ;—all these should be regarded as providential favours, and due acknowledgments should be made to God on these accounts, as we pass through such agreeable scenes. On the other hand, providence is to be regarded in every disappointment, in every loss, in every pain, in every instance of unkindness from those who have professed friendship ; and we should endeavour to argue ourselves into a patient submission, from this consideration, that the hand of God is always mediately, if not immediately, in each of them ; and that, if they are not properly the work of providence, they are at least under its direction. It is a reflection which we should particularly make with relation to those little cross accidents (as we are ready to call them), and those infirmities and follies in the temper and conduct of our intimate friends, which may else be ready to discompose us. And it is the more necessary to guard our minds here, as wise and good men often lose the command of themselves on these comparatively little occasions ; who, calling up reason and religion to their assistance, stand the shock of great calamities with fortitude and resolution.

TEMPTATION.

For watchfulness against temptations. It is necessary, when changing our place, or our employment, to reflect—What snares attend me here ? And as this should be our habitual care, so we should especially guard against those snares which in the morning we foresaw. And when we are entering on those circumstances in which we expected the assault, we should reflect, especially if it be a matter of great importance. Now the combat is going to

begin ; now God and the blessed angels are observing what constancy, what fortitude there is in my soul, and how far the divine authority, and the remembrance of my own prayers and resolutions, will weigh with me when it comes to a trial.

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

As for dependence on Divine grace and influence. It must be universal ; and since we always need it, we must never forget that necessity. A moment spent in humble, fervent breathings after the communications of the Divine assistance, may do more good than many minutes spent in mere reasonings : and though indeed this should not be neglected, since the light of reason is a kind of divine illumination, yet still it ought to be pursued in a due sense of our dependence upon the Father of lights, or where we think ourselves wisest, we may become vain in our imaginations. Let us therefore always call upon God ; and say, for instance, when we are going to pray, Lord, fix my attention ! Awaken my holy affections, and pour out upon me "the spirit of grace and of supplication !"—When taking up the Bible, or any other good book, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law !" Enlighten my understanding ! Warm my heart ! May my good resolutions be confirmed, and all the course of my life in a proper manner regulated !—When addressing ourselves to any worldly business, "Lord, prosper Thou the work of Thine hands upon me," and give Thy blessing to my honest endeavours. When going to any kind of recreation, "Lord, bless my refreshments ! Let me not forget Thee in them, but still keep Thy glory in view !"—When coming into Company, "Lord, may I do, and get good !" "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of my mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers !"—When entering upon difficulties, "Lord, give me that wisdom which is profitable to direct !" "Teach me Thy ways, and lead me in a plain path !"—When encountering temptations, "Let Thy strength, O glorious Redeemer, be made perfect in my weakness !"—These instances may illustrate the design of this direction, though they be far from a complete enumeration of all the circumstances in which it is to be regarded.

GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS.

For the government of our thoughts in solitude. Let us accustom ourselves, on all occasions, to exercise a due command over our thoughts. Let us take care of those entanglements of passion, and those attachments to any present interests and views, which would deprive us of our power over them. Let us set before us some profitable subject of thought, such as the perfections of the blessed God, the love of Christ, the value of time,

the certainty and importance of Death and Judgment, and the eternity of happiness or misery which is to follow. Let us also at such intervals reflect on what we have observed as to the state of our own souls, with regard to the advance or decline of religion, or on the last sermon we have heard, or on the last portion of Scripture we have read. You may, perhaps, in this connexion, sir, recollect what I have (if I remember right) proposed to you in conversation, that it might be very useful to select some one verse of Scripture, which we had met with in the morning, and to treasure it up in our mind, resolving to think of that at any time when we are at a loss for matter of pious reflection, in any intervals of leisure for entering upon it. This will often be as a spring, from whence many profitable and delightful thoughts may arise, which perhaps we did not before see in that connexion and force. Or, if it should not be so, yet I am persuaded it will be much better to repeat the same Scripture in our mind a hundred times in a day, with some pious ejaculation formed upon it, than to leave our thoughts at the mercy of all those various trifles which may otherwise intrude upon us; the variety of which will be far from making amends for their vanity.

INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

Lastly, for the government of our discourse in company. We should take great care that nothing may escape us, which can expose us, or our Christian profession, to censure and reproach, nothing injurious to those that are absent, or to those that are present; nothing malignant, nothing insincere, nothing which may corrupt, nothing which may provoke, nothing which may mislead those about us. Nor should we, by any means, be content that what we say is innocent; it should be our desire that it may be edifying to ourselves and others. In this view, we should endeavour to have some subject of useful discourse always ready; in which we may be assisted by the hints given about furniture for thought, under the former head. We should watch for decent opportunities of introducing useful reflections; and if a pious friend attempt to do it, we should endeavour to second it immediately. When the conversation does not turn directly on religious subjects, we should endeavour to make it improving some other way: we should reflect on the character and capacities of our company, that we may lead them to talk of what they understand best; for their discourses on those subjects will probably be most pleasing to themselves, as well as most useful to us. And, in pauses of discourse, it may not be improper to lift up a holy ejaculation to God, that His grace may assist us and our friends in our endeavours to do good to each other, that all we say and do, may be worthy the character of reasonable creatures and Christians.

NIGHT.

The directions for a religious closing of the day, which I shall here mention, are only two. Let us see to it, that the secret duties of the evening be well performed; and let us lie down in our beds in a pious frame.

For secret devotion in the evening, I would propose a method something different from that in the morning; but still, as then, with due allowance for circumstances, which may make unthought-of alterations proper. I should, sir, advise you to read a portion of Scripture in the first place, after this to enter on self-examination, to be followed by prayer. In this address to the throne of grace, it will be highly proper to entreat that God would pardon the omissions and offences of the day: to praise Him for mercies temporal and spiritual; to recommend ourselves to His protection for the ensuing night, with proper petitions for others whom we ought to bear on our hearts before Him; and particularly for those friends with whom we have conversed or corresponded in the preceding day. Many other concerns will occur, both in morning and evening prayer which I have not here hinted at; but I did not apprehend that a full enumeration of these things belonged, by any means to our present purpose.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Before I quit this head, I must take the liberty to remind you, that self-examination is so important a duty, that it will be worth our while to spend a few words upon it. And this branch of it is so easy, that when we have proper questions before us, any person of a common understanding may hope to go through it with advantage, under the divine blessing. I offer you therefore the following queries, which I hope you will, with such alterations as you may judge requisite, keep near you for daily use:—Did I awake as with God this morning, and rise with a grateful sense of His goodness? How were the sacred devotions of the morning performed? Did I offer my solemn praises, and renew the dedication of myself to God, with becoming attention and suitable affections? Did I lay my scheme for the business of the day wisely and well? How did I read the Scripture, and any other devotional or practical piece which I might afterwards conveniently review? Did it do my heart good, or was it a mere amusement? How have the other stated devotions of the day been attended to, whether in the family or in public? Have I pursued the common business of this day with diligence and spirituality; doing everything in season, and with all convenient dispatch, and as unto the Lord? What time have I lost this day, in the morning or the forenoon, in the afternoon or the evening? (for these divisions will assist your recollection); and what has occasioned the loss of it? With what temper, and

under what regulations, have the recreations of this day been pursued? Have I seen the hand of God in my mercies, health, cheerfulness, food, clothing, books, preservation in journeys, success of business, conversation and kindness of friends, &c.? Have I seen it in afflictions, and particularly in little things, which had a tendency to vex and disquiet me? And with regard to this interposition, have I received my comforts thankfully, and my afflictions submissively? How have I guarded against the temptations of the day, particularly against this or that temptation which I foresaw in the morning? Have I maintained an humble dependence on divine influences? Have I lived by faith in the Son of God, and regarded Christ, this day, as my teacher and governor, my atonement and intercessor, my example and guardian, my strength and forerunner? Have I been looking forward to death and eternity, this day, and considered myself as a probationer for heaven, and through grace an expectant of it? Have I governed my thoughts well, especially in such or such an interval of solitude? How was my subject of thought this day chosen; and how was it regarded? Have I governed my discourses well, in such and such company? Did I say nothing passionate, mischievous, slanderous, imprudent, impertinent? Has my heart this day been full of love to God, and to all mankind; and have I sought, and found, and improved opportunities of doing and of getting good? With what attention and improvement have I read the Scripture this evening? How was self-examination performed the last night; and how have I profited this day by any remarks I then made on former negligences and mistakes? With what temper did I then lie down and compose myself to sleep?

You will easily see, sir, that these questions are so adjusted, as to be an abridgment of the most material advices I have given in this letter; and I believe I need not, to a person of your understanding, say anything as to the usefulness of such enquiries. Conscience will answer them in a few minutes; but if you think them too large and particular, you may make a still shorter abstract for daily use, and reserve these, with such obvious alterations as will then be necessary, for seasons of more than ordinary exactness in review, which I hope will occur at least once a week. Secret devotion being thus performed before drowsiness renders us unfit for it, the interval between that and our going to rest must be conducted by the rules mentioned under the next head. And nothing will farther remain to be considered here.

"ABIDE WITH ME WHEN NIGHT IS NIGH."

The sentiments with which we should lie down and compose ourselves to sleep. Now here it is obviously suitable to think of the divine goodness, in adding another day, and the mercies of it,

to the former days and mercies of our life ; to take notice of the indulgence of Providence in giving us commodious habitations and easy beds, and continuing to us such health of body, that we can lay ourselves down at ease upon them, and such serenity of mind as leaves us any room to hope for refreshing sleep ; a refreshment to be sought, not merely as an indulgence to animal nature, but as what our wise Creator, in order to keep us humble in the midst of so many infirmities, has been pleased to make necessary to our being able to pursue His service with renewed alacrity. Thus may our sleeping as well as our waking hours, be in some sense devoted to God. And when we are just going to resign ourselves to the image of death, (to what one of the ancients beautifully calls its lesser mysteries), it is also evidently proper to think seriously of that end of all the living, and to renew those actings of repentance and faith, which we should judge necessary if we were to wake no more here. You have once, sir, seen a meditation of that kind in my hand : I will transcribe it for you in the postscript ; and therefore shall add no more to this head, but here put a close to the directions you desire.

I am persuaded the most important of them have, in one form or another, been long regarded by you, and made governing maxims of your life. I shall greatly rejoice, if the review of these, and the examination and trial of the rest, may be the means of leading you into more intimate communion with God, and so of rendering your life more pleasant and useful, and your eternity, whenever that is to commence, more glorious. There is not a human creature upon earth, whom I should not delight to serve in these important interests : but I can faithfully assure you, that I am, with particular respect,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend, and Servant.

This, with the alteration of a very few words, is the letter I wrote to a Young Friend, a Youth of eminent piety, (now I doubt not with God), about sixteen years ago ; and I can assuredly say, that the experience of each of these years has confirmed me in these views, and established me in the persuasion that one day thus spent is preferable to whole years of sensuality, and the neglect of religion. I choose to insert the letter as it is, because I thought the freedom and particularity of the advice I had given in it, would appear most natural in its original form.

Far be it for me, however, to lay down details or particulars, as Universal Rules for one and all alike, or for any one person in the World at all times, places, and seasons. Let them be practised by those who are able, and who are placed in God's Providence, with leisure to perform them. God will be found *far* from being a hard

Master,—so that there be the Bias or Inclination, or Longing in the Mind, and Soul towards Him.

"When you cannot reach them all,"

concludes the excellent Doctor,

"come as near to the most important of them as you conveniently can!"

DR. DODDRIDGE.

This Man of God lived in that dark day, 1710—1750. Truly God *has His Witnesses* in the darkest days!

The youngest of a Family of Twenty, (!) Philip Doddridge was born in 1702. So feeble an Infant was he, that little hopes were entertained that he could be reared at all.

But, as God so frequently does, He exhibited,—once more,—His Power, in permitting His Honour and Glory to be advanced by the,

"Weak things of this World!"—1 *Corinthians* i., 27.

The feeble Infant throve,—became healthy,—and passed a very happy Childhood, under an excellent Mother's care.

It is related that the little Boy's earliest Scripture Lessons were learned from the Illustrations of Scripture History, depicted on certain blue and white Dutch Tiles, over their fireplace, which greatly took the little fellow's fancy.

He lost his Father when thirteen years old. The Widow's means were scanty,—the Times were hard, but the Boy proved to be of remarkable promise, intelligence, and learning, and efforts were made to secure him a good education. While a Youth of Sixteen he spent an entire morning in earnest Prayer that God would give him some opening of usefulness, especially in the direction of the Christian Ministry. Before he had concluded, he was greatly surprised by receiving a letter from Mr. Samuel Clark, offering him the very opening he so greatly longed for!

The following year (1719) he began to Preach. After thirty-two years' service,—six years after writing the "*Rise and Progress*,"—his too short, and holy, life ended in 1751, at Lisbon, whither he had been taken in hopes that the genial climate might prolong his life.

Should the Young Reader procure his remarkable Book, —and read it *patiently*,—for the Works of that day need patience, in the bustle and worry of our days of *shallow*,—

transient,—thought,—let him remember that God's Grace is just as free, and powerful, in 1891, as in 1702, and that many a Young Christian is yet to show forth His Praise, and to promote Christ's cause upon Earth!

Why may not the Young Reader be one of these? In 1891,—as in A.D. 33,

"The Harvest truly is plenteous,—but the Labourers are few."—*Matt. ix., 37.*

One cannot close the admirable directions of this true Servant of God, without the Prayer,

"Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my last days be like his!"—*Numbers xxiii., 10.*

"Precious in the Sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints!"—*Psalms cxvii., 15.*

YOUTH.

Come, while the Spring its Linden blossom spreads,
Come, while life's Morn is bright,
Come, while the golden Crown is to be won,
Come, ere the long, cold Night!

Come, while the Saviour's love for thee is saving,
Come, while Salvation is God's holy will,
Come, ere the churchyard grass o'er thee is waving,
And all around is Cold, and Stern, and Still!

TO A YOUTH DISCOURAGED.

The Writer fears that the rather lengthy, measured, style, of 150 years ago,—and the Rules above given, may discourage a Youth.

Do not, for a moment, attempt too much at first! Only make a gentle beginning! God is no hard Master! *Indeed,*

"His Ways are ways of Pleasantness,—and all His Paths are Peace!"

"In Thy Presence is fulness of Joy,—and at Thy right hand are Pleasures for evermore!"

Do you doubt it? *Then Try it!* Try it for a Month,—a Year! "Come and See!"

JESUS SAITH UNTO THEM,—*"COME AND SEE!"*

"Again, the next day after, John stood, and two of his Disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'"

And the two Disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, 'What seek ye?'

They said unto Him,—'Master, where dwellest Thou?'

He saith unto them, 'Come and see!'

They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day: for it was about the tenth hour."—*John i., 35-39.*

A happy day that,—dear **Young Reader**,—for the two good Disciples, when first they followed the Blessed One! A holy hour must that have been for *their* souls, when the Lord of Heaven and Earth said, "Come and see," and they followed their Saviour to His, then, humble home!

And surely, when our Blessed Lord sees a Youth inclined towards Piety,—anxious to know more of "the Way" to his Heavenly Home,—our Lord's sweet Invitation comes, as surely, to you,—"**Come and See!**"

"I am the Way!" says our Lord.—*John xiv., 6.*

He is "the Way," because it is by Him alone Believers obtain Eternal Life, and entrance into Heaven. Christ is "the Way" by the God-like Precepts He taught,—by His Death, by which He purchased the Heavenly Inheritance for Believers,—and Christ is "the Way" by His Holy Life,—setting us an Example that we should follow in His steps.

How few of the Young concern themselves to seek Christ "the Way!" Amongst Youths of the Wealthier Classes, how many are engaged in the Pursuits and Amusements, of a busy, thoughtless life,—how many of them would consider a Christian's life insupportable!

Again, amongst Youths of the Working Class, how few, in our Workshops, great Manufactories, and Mills, choose Christ!

The Blessed one sees the greater part of the Young utterly careless of His dying love,—treating Religion as quite unsuitable to youthful gaiety, and pleasure, and yet,—amongst them,—He sees, here one, and there another, amongst the Young,—a Youth wistfully following Him,—and,—as of old,—the Blessed One still turns, and says to such an one, "What seek ye?"

"What do I seek!"—such a Youth replies,—"**I have heard of a Blessed One,—'the Chiefest of Ten Thousand, and the altogether lovely,'—a Saviour for my dark soul,—I would know more of Him! Master! Where dwellest Thou?**" The Answer comes,—as it did nigh 2000 years ago,—for Jesus Christ is,

"The same Yesterday, To-day, and For-ever!"—*Heb. xiii., 8.*

"A Thousand Years are with the Lord as one day, and as a Watch in the Night,"—nay,—as nothing at all! "He inhabiteth Eternity!"

And the Answer still comes from our Blessed Lord in 1891,—as in 33,—and how earnest, and loving is that Invitation,—dear **Young Reader**, to you,—"**Come and See!**"

Yes! The Blessed One is calling to you! The very same loving invitation given to the two good Disciples, comes to you in the earliest, and best days of your life, "Come and see!"

Go to Him, dear Reader, in the way recommended. Go you, and spend the early days of your life with Him! "Abide with Him that day!" It shall be a day of days to *your* soul! You may not think so *now*,—you will do so *one* day!

The morning of your life,—thus spent with Christ, shall prove a blessed Dawn to you! That is the Dawn,—the Dawn of an Eternal day,—when you "come, and see,"—when Prayer becomes no longer distasteful,—when you can read the Bible with pleasure,—when you can engage happily, for the Master, in the Sunday School! When glorious hopes come at times to you, and you feel that by following the Master's Invitation to "come and see,"—you have now really begun your Journey to your Heavenly Home! "Come and see!" It is not far to go to His abode,—dear Young Reader. The quiet Chamber,—the House of Prayer,—the Sunday School,—the Mission Room,—the solitary walk,—even the most lonely places,—to the sincere, prayerful, earnest, Young Inquirer, Christ is always *there*!

"What shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

The Blessed God sees the greater part of the Young neglecting their Saviour for sinful pleasures,—or the things of this World,—but, amongst them, He beholds, with pleasure, some Youths desirous of following Christ. He says to such an one,

"I do remember the kindness of thy youth!"

Never was there a day when Christ's cause needed the Young Men of Nation more! He will never forget the humble resolution of the Youth who says:—

"I would be more Thy Friend, because thou hast so few, of my age, who seem to be Thy friends at all!"

Accept then the hints given in this Chapter from a great and good Servant of Christ, long since passed away! His wise advice,—how to live the daily life of a Child of God,—is for all Time! Truly we may say of Dr. Doddridge's "Life and Progress:"—

"Good Books are the best of Companions,—for they help us to see with our eyes,

The Great ones of Ages Historic,—*dead Saints at their bidding arise,*
From the moss-covered Grave Yard to teach us,
That the Good which has lived,—*never dies !*"

HYPOCRISY.

SAVED OR DELUDED ? WHICH ? A "RELIGIOUS" HUMBUG.

"The Deceased was known as a kindly, courteous, religious, (!) and benevolent, (!) person. He was a great reader of Religious literature (!) He had a room * * * into which he daily retired for private Prayer, &c., in which 'he had passed many happy hours in silent communion with his Maker !'"

"But he ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, *deceiving your own selves.*"—*James i., 22.*

"Thou which teachest another,—teachest thou not *thyself* ? Thou that preachest a man *should not steal*,—*dost thou steal ?*"

"Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery,—*dost thou commit adultery ?*"—*Romans ii., 21-22.*

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man " * * * "for wherein thou judgest another, thou *condemnest thyself* ; for thou that judgest *dost the same things* !"

"And thinkest thou, O vain man, that judgest them which do such things, and *dost the same*, that thou shalt escape the **Judgment of God ?**"—*Romans ii., 1-3.*

"Woe unto you, * * * hypocrites ! For ye *devour Widows' houses*,—and, for a pretence,—make *long Prayers* ! Therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation !"—*Matt. xxiii., 14.*

A RELIGIOUS HUMBUG.

SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES.

"Lancashire is considerably excited just now (says a Daily Paper) on the subject of certain revelations which have been made public since the demise of Mr. ———, a Solicitor, who carried on business in ——— and ———, employing no fewer than fourteen clerks in his two establishments. His death took place on October 15, after a three days' illness. No sooner had the Grave closed over the remains than it was discovered that his Business had been conducted in a most extraordinary manner, and that a large number of persons who had lent money to him on what they believed to be good Securities were only in possession of 'hogus' documents. A meeting of persons holding these worthless deeds, and other securities, was called,

and Mr. ———, who was one of them, acting on behalf of the whole body of the Creditors, threw the estate into Chancery. The offices at ——— and ——— have this week been closed, and Mr. ———, Solicitor, of Liverpool, and Mr. ———, Accountant, of Blackburn, are now administering the estate, under the direction of the Court.

Among the cases which have been verified is one in which Mr. ———, had advanced two sums to the deceased, one of £540 and the other of £303, ostensibly as mortgages on real property. For the £450 he received bogus deeds, two other mortgages having been effected on the same property, and for the £300 his only security is an I O U, entirely valueless. Mr. ——— is seventy-two years of age, and his wife is seventy, and they find the money, which they had saved to keep them in comfort, taken from them in the most heartless fashion. Mr. ——— did a big business with the Builders, and one of these now finds that he has claims made upon him, in one instance for £700, for money advanced on mortgage, though he declares the money was paid more than six years ago. Another Builder is being pressed for payment of £6,000. One claimant finds that money which he had left to Mr. ——— to invest in household property has been placed in land which in the present condition of the real estate business is practically valueless. Cases are numerous in which *Spinsters and Widows*, who had *invested their all* with Mr. ———, find themselves face to face with ruin. During Mr. ———'s lifetime some irregularities were discovered in connection with his Business, but he adroitly managed to quiet his clients by some plausible explanation. It is stated that £100,000 is involved in the complications which he has left behind him, and which the Accountants and Lawyers will have to unravel. Widespread misery and ruin will be the result of his faithless trusteeship, as new cases in which he has been alleged to have abused the confidence of his clients crop up daily. The deceased was known as a kindly, courteous, religious, and benevolent person! His charities were numerous! He was a great reader of religious literature, which was rather ostentatiously on exhibition in his office. He had a room in his ——— office which he used periodically as an oratory, and into which he retired daily for private prayer! In a memorandum which has come to light since his death, on the top of the pages are found a number of crosses at intervals, with the words in his handwriting, 'Pray fervently.' One of his clients being shown the little oratory, was told 'that he had passed many happy hours in that little room in communion with his Maker.'—*Daily Paper*, Nov. 1891.

A day or two after appeared the following :—

"Suicide of a Merchant. Mr. ———, of ———, shot himself with a revolver in his office yesterday morning, and when

removed to the hospital was found to be dead. Deceased was the son-in-law of Mr. ———, whose business revelations have caused such excitement and wide-spread distress. The event caused great sensation on 'Change, as he was a flourishing Merchant. It is stated, however, that the deceased had entrusted large sums to his father-in-law to invest for him, and it is supposed the disclosures of the last few days had unsettled his mind."—*Daily Paper*.

"The Liverpool Suicide.—At the Inquest on the body of Mr. ——— of Liverpool, who shot himself on Tuesday with a revolver, the Jury yesterday returned a verdict of temporary insanity. The deceased's affairs were in a prosperous condition, though he had lost large sums in connection with the acts of his father-in-law, Mr. ———."—*Daily Paper*.

Dear Reader, let us be true, and honest, with ourselves ! If we have cause to fear that there is somewhat of "Religious Humbug" about us, let us face it manfully ! What is the use of Pretence before God ?

"He that *made the eye*,—shall He not see ?"

What is the use of desperately shutting our eyes to Facts, and living, for years, in a "Fool's Paradise ?" How many go to Church, rattle over, complacently enough, the old, old, Confession, "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, &c.," and come home satisfied with "having been to Church ?"

But put that man to the test,—attempt to prove to him, what others recognise clearly enough,—that he is *really* what he has just so complacently called himself in Church, "a miserable sinner,"—that he is a selfish, unprincipled, money-loving, proud, unforgiving, bad-tempered, prayerless, over-reaching, religionless man,—and he will turn upon you in a moment,—challenge, and resent it !

The insincere, unreal, "bogus," Christian, will not listen to the Proofs of his true, real, Character for an instant ! His "confession" was merely humbug ! He never *meant* it ! He did not feel himself to be what he said he was !

How often do we hear the expression "Extremely 'Pious' man,—but a dreadful temper !" or, "but desperately conceited man !" "Very 'pious,' but *uncommonly* close !" or, "*uncommonly* selfish !"

Dear Reader ! You see the "humbug" in such "Religion" as this ! "You Professors of Religion,"—sneers the Sceptic, "only need to be *found out* ! You are just as selfish,—just as proud,—as "touchy," and irritable, as

grasping, and money-loving, as any of them; you only add to it a self-conceit, which deludes you into thinking that you are better than other people!"

Dear Reader, if this be so, then we are only "Professors,"—we are certainly not true Christians!

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

We often hear the expression "Oh! if I can but get to Heaven at last!"

Such forget that,—in order to enjoy that "Heaven" there must be a **change!** Our very natures must undergo a change during our "three score years and ten!" It is for this very reason God gives us all those years. Our real life's work is centred in this being "born again!"

"If I can only just get into Heaven at last!" There will be very little enjoyment of Heaven for such an one if he does not,—in a sense,—**"get into Heaven"** before! The only true Salvation begins with the Christian life commenced in this present World.

"Religion,"—true Piety,—makes such an one a better man,—a higher-principled man,—a self-denying,—a kinder,—a humbler,—man!

If it does not, then his church-going, his responses, his "professions," his "retirements,"—are all a delusion, and self-deception. Do not mistake Emotion for Regeneration!

If the "Services," the Hymns, the Anthems, the Music, the Sermon, do not enable us to do rightly on the Monday,—and the other days of the Week,—what is the use of them?

There is no religion in merely going through a Ritual,—it is simply a means to an end!

The Supreme expresses His weariness and disgust at "sham," going through,—for years,—an outward religious programme, Collects, and Responses, and then going home to a Religionless, prayerless, inconsistent, Worldly life!

"Bring no more vain oblations. . . . The calling of Assemblies, I cannot away with! It is iniquity, even the solemn Meeting!"

"God is a Spirit,—and they that Worship Him must Worship Him in Spirit, and in Truth!"

A RELIGION OF FEELINGS, SENTIMENTS, RITUAL, OR ROUTINE, RATHER THAN THE TRUE RELIGION OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS LIFE.

Whatever may be the faults of this little Work,—and they are doubtless, not a few,—the candid Reader will,—it

is thought,—acknowledge that *lack of originality* and *boldness*, in presenting Religion to the Young, cannot well be ascribed to it.

The entire aim of the Book is to present Religion as a **Reality**, not as an abstraction. And how can we do this better than by taking the Realities of Modern Life as illustrations?

At the very commencement of this Work,—(Pages 2-4 of its "Introduction.")—an earnest attack was made upon the delusion too often attending "Feelings,"—"Frames of Mind,"—religious "Sensations," and fancied attainments in a Christian life, unaccompanied by any *real change* in the way of daily, conscientious, habits, and morality,—or any progress made in the religious life or character.

In a day rife with "Religious Scandals," the effort to place this clearly before the young Reader, seems so important, that it is here repeated.

RELIGION THE WORK OF A LIFETIME.

"One view of Religion alone may appear opposed, in the following Work, to the spirit felt so much in the present day by many; it is the insisting more upon a natural, quiet, and habitual course of intellectual and religious advancement, rather than relying upon the sudden and remarkable changes—little short of miracles—brought forward so prominently in the present day—a Religion dependent on the *feelings*, rather than on the conscientious life.

"AWAKENING" NOT NECESSARILY, "CONVERSION."

Let us be thankful for all "Revivals,"—and "Revivalists,"—for surely there never was a time when a Great Revival of true, practical, Religion was more needed.

But let the Young Reader clearly understand what a "Revival" really means. "Awakening" is by no means necessarily, "Conversion!" Surely if there ever lived a Man who might have been inclined to rest upon his "Awakening" as a true, genuine, "Conversion," that man was the Great Apostle Paul! Does he rest content with that Damascus journey, as "Conversion," and as his title to Salvation? *Certainly not!* He is ever urging us all to follow his wise, and holy example, and leave the "things that are behind" "But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.—Phil. iii., 13. "Not as though I had already attained, but I follow after." "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." "Know ye not that they which run in a Race run all,—but one receiveth the Prize? So run that ye may

obtain."—1 Cor., ix., 24. Very different teaching this, dear Reader, to resting on a past scene, or scenes, of emotion, or excitement for Salvation! Instead of allusion to having been "Converted" on the Damascus road, the Apostle, on the contrary says, "I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection."—1 Cor., ix., 27. *Why?* "Lest,—after having preached to others, I myself should be a Castaway!"

The after Life of multitudes who once seemed deeply impressed with Religion, has proved by the *irresistible* logic of *facts*,—that the Pious emotions they once experienced, certainly did *not* lead them on to that *true, lasting,—real* "Conversion" the Apostle urges upon us. "If ye know these things" says our Blessed Lord,—*"happy are ye if ye do them."*—John xiii., 1. "Not every one that saith unto Me, 'Lord, Lord,'—shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father, which is in Heaven."—Matt, vii., 1. The *wise* Builder was he who heard our Lord's words and *did them*, whose house was found to be *upon the rock*.

True, every Christian places his *only hope* of Reconciliation, and of Salvation in the *first place*, upon the Atonement and Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is the shedding of the precious Divine blood of Christ, which can alone redeem any, or can alone offer Mankind any hope, or standpoint. Nothing else gives the true Christian any hope,—any satisfaction,—any confidence. We *start* with this, It is the first Principle, and Standpoint of true Christianity. But *then* follows the question of faithfulness in the Christian life and walk, the Path of Duty.

Because the Believer ever desires to be "Found in Him, not having mine own righteousness" (to rest upon for Salvation,—*"but that which is through the faith of Christ,"*—Phil. iii., 9.—that is surely no reason why he is not to be ever anxious to do his duty, with Christ's aid. And, dear Reader,—no two words about it,—that duty *must* be done. Multitudes are impressed,—feel at some time or other of their lives "the Power of the World to come."—but it was not "Conversion." By no conceivable means could their after life be called a Christian one! They fell away! They shirked the Conflict at the beginning! The Great Apostle never says, "I was 'converted' on the Damascus road." On the contrary,—years after,—he says,—*"I have fought a good Fight; I have kept the Faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness!"* Dear Reader. Why not let us recognise with the great Apostle,—and every true Follower of our Lord, since his day,—the Fact, that, though Christ's Atonement has *certainly opened* to all the way to Heaven, there is yet a "Good Fight," for us *also* to "fight;"—a "Faith" for us, *too*, to be tried;—(and *tried* it certainly *will be*)—and to be "kept" also, by us, before the "Well done: Good, and faithful Servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,"—can come,—(as God wishes it to come) *also* to us!

Dear Young Reader. Value Religious emotions and Pious feelings,—especially in early Life,—as the most precious of all God's gifts,—but value them, as He intends them to be valued, as a Means to an End. Do not rest on them,—grasping the Shadow for the Substance ;—they are intended to lead to,—but are not, in themselves,—“Conversion.” A religion which *costs you nothing*, is just *no Religion at all!* Depend upon it, a religion of mere sentiment,—without the Cross,—will never win the Crown. “Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord”—Heb. xii, 14.

THE YOUNG BELIEVER DISCOURAGED.

Without this true View of “Conversion,” being taught him, the Young Christian may become utterly discouraged. “Why! I quite thought that at such and such a time I was ‘Converted,’—and yet *here are all the old sins* still! Why! I quite thought from that day all would be Happiness and Peace!

I thought that there would be no more doubts, no more very great,—or, at any rate,—very successful,—temptations, and that I should fall no more into any very serious sins.” *Did you?* Then dear young Reader, you were expecting a Life contrary to the experience of every child of God!

To be “Born again,”—is not so easy a matter! The change from a State of Nature, to a state of Grace, is not so easily effected! It is the Work of a Lifetime! Else what are we here “three-score years, and ten” for?

You are expecting the Crown,—before the Cross,—the Victory before the Conflict! It cannot be! The Christian must be tried! As a young Christian you are expected to prove a true ;—not a sham—“fair weather only,” Soldier of the Cross. Our Saviour's own path led Him to the Cross on Calvary! The Christian's life would be unintelligible,—if there was no trial—no conflict—no foe to face,—no fighting a good fight of Faith,—no Satan to oppose,—no confidence in God to be tried!

NEWSPAPER REPORTS TO BE TAKEN WITH CAUTION.

From past experience we shall be wise, dear Reader, in taking all mere “hearsay” reports in our Newspapers, with extreme caution, in cases where we are in complete ignorance as to their details being correct. The introduction of a single sentence, if incorrect, may give us an entirely wrong impression of the case.

Let us,—however,—assume that the above Extract, from the Paper, is authentic in all its details. Was this man, from first to last, a thorough,—patient,—crafty,—systematic,—heartless Hypocrite,—employing his “retiring Room for Prayer,”—his Religious Books carefully laid about,—

“Cloak for his Sins.”—*John xv., 22.*

—as a "Cover," a "Blind," a "Disguise,"—or had this "scamping thief" really deluded himself—or been deluded by the Devil,—into the monstrous idea that,—in spite of his life of Fraud,—he was still a "prayerful," "religious" man?

Well! dear Reader,—extraordinary though it may appear,—instances are frequently occurring which seem to show that the latter condition of mind is possible!

It would appear that this man had successfully eluded a previous disclosure of his real character. Well-meaning, innocent-minded, really Christian folk, are the last to judge others,—they obey the injunction, "Charity thinketh no evil,"—they "hope the best" of others, and—consequently,—good people may be deceived for many years.

What a temptation to a probably naturally plausible, sly, evasive, unprincipled, man must their Society, and confidence, have been! "I succeeded in disarming their suspicions once," he, doubtless, said to himself,— "they evidently esteem me; I am, to all appearance,—'a kindly, courteous, religious, benevolent man,'—they consult me in their good schemes,—I am asked to take the chair,—or a prominent part,—at their Meetings. What comfort, security, 'respectability' does all this afford me! True, I am a Scamp,—a Religious 'humbug,'—a 'bogus' Christian, but can I bear others to know this? Can I ever disclose my true Character? *Never!* Can I allow all these good people to learn, that,—all these years,—I was *deluding* them,—taking their hard-earned Money, and savings of their lifetime,—for which they looked for support in their old age,—and giving them fictitious Rubbish in lieu of genuine Deeds? That, instead of being what they thought me, I am a heartless Villain in whose hands 'Spinsters' and poor 'Widows' placed their "little all," and will be reduced to abject Poverty,—while I am 'passing happy hours in communion with my Maker,' and 'praying fervently?'"

"Woe unto you, Hypocrites! For ye swallow *Widows' houses*, and for *pretence* make long Prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."
—*Matt. xxiii, 14.*

"Can I bear this exposure of my true character? *No!* I cannot do it! and I *will* not do it!

I will not be 'found out' in *this* World! The deception must *last my time!* Let them find me out when I am

dead! I will carry the Secret locked up in my guilty bosom! I will carry it with me to the Grave!"

SCEPTIC: "WHAT A BLOW DO THESE EXAMPLES DEAL TO THE RELIGION OF JESUS CHRIST!"

Indeed? Do you think so, dear Reader? Because,—among the thousands of good coins which pass through your hands,—one turns out to be worthless,—a *wretched* "bogus,"—a *sham*,—does it give you an intense scorn, contempt, and dislike, for all genuine, true Coins? *Not a bit of it!* On the *contrary*, it greatly adds to their value in your estimation. Still, the Lessons these instances teach us, are, indeed, solemn ones! A little further on in the chapter on Gambling,—a "Racing Man's" Career,—we have a Murderer, a Forger, an Immoral, utterly detestable, abandoned, person, attending Church with the greatest regularity, "very attentive," "loud in the 'responses,'"—and noting in his Diary,—five days after murdering his poor wife,—"Sunday, Oct. 8th, 1854, *at Church; Sacrament*" (!)

It does appear that the Human Soul,—when given up by God,—retaining its life-long besetting Sin,—can delude itself,—or be deluded by the Devil,—into any idiotic belief, however monstrous,—as to its *real position before God!*

SAVED, OR DELUDED? WHICH?

How many are there whom no power seems now able to arouse as to their own absolute worthlessness of character in God's sight!

Anything rather than give up their loved, besetting Sin, or Idol!

Only let me retain my love for my Property,—my Money,—my heartfelt love for *this* World, its pleasures, ambitions, and frivolities,—and I will attend Church, or Chapel, with astonishing regularity! I will "pray fervently," and be as "pious" as you like! I do not believe sufficiently in the *next* World for it to give me much anxiety, if I am not *found out* in *this*! Only let me evade the Cross,—claim a pretended Victory, without the Conflicts,—and you shall not know me outwardly, from a true Christian! Only let me enjoy my Immoralities,—certain Sinful Pleasures,—Drunkenness,—Dishonesty,—Selfishness,—a vindictive, unforgiving, spirit,—or an empty, frivolous, indolent, *useless*, life for Self alone, and I will 'pose' for a 'Religious' person with the best of them!"

"If any man among you *seem* to be Religious" "but *deceiveth* his own Heart,—this man's Religion is in vain!"—James i., 26.

RELIGIOUS HUMBUGS IN A.D. 30-58.

In the Text quoted at the commencement of this Article, we clearly see that these religious shams have existed in all ages.

The great Apostle says "Thou that *Preachest* a man should not steal,—dost *thou* steal?" (See page 658; the "Theosophist 'Preacher'") These "talking," "preaching," religious Impostors have been about ever since our Blessed Lord addressed the religious "Hypocrites" in that Chapter of *tremendous* denunciation (*Matt.* xxiii.) before the People, which they seem never to have forgiven, or ever to have recovered from! *They were found out!* These "Sanctified" hypocrites, accustomed for long years to look down, in speechless contempt, upon the "common people;" they, the Leaders, the Religious Teachers, *found out!*

"Jesus said unto them, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.'"

"And with His finger wrote upon the ground,"—*John* viii., 6-9.

The oldest Scribe,—wrapt up in his fancied security, reputed holiness, and sanctity, peers over with a smile, and sneer of proud contempt, to see the Master's writing! Oh! what a change! *A moment's glance*, and we have a livid, ghastly face! A furtive,—stealthy,—glance around. "Why, I was alone! Who saw me do it?" He *grasps* his mantle! *Away! He is gone!*

Dear Reader! There shall come a day,—and you and I will be there, when,—before the Great White Throne,—and the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed!

"And I saw the Dead,—small and great,—stand before God, and the Books were opened, and another Book was opened, which is the Book of Life. And the Dead were judged out of these things which were written in the Books, according to their works!"

Dear Young Reader, you will be fortunate if you never come into contact with, and perhaps even be completely deceived yourself, by one of these religious Impostors.

But do not let the examples of utter failure or self-deception in Religion, deter you, for one moment, from at once commencing *in quiet*, and *in secret*, that sacred, and speechlessly important Life of Prayer, suggested by that eminent Minister of Christ, Doddridge, in this Chapter! Attempt no disguise! Come to God in your true character, whatever it may be,—whatever your Sins!

"They that are whole need not a Physician, but *they that are sick.*"

Some Sinners resemble the silly ostrich,—who when pursued, *buries its head* in the sand, and, because it cannot see the danger, or the Hunters,—*thinks itself secure*.—while its *whole great body* is fully *exposed to view*. Be honest! Do not attempt such folly before your God! He knows what you are *perfectly well!* As our Blessed Lord knew every action in the past lives of the Hypocrites of His day! Come boldly to the "Good Physician!"

"If we Confess our sins, He is faithful and just to *forgive us our sins*, and to *lead us into all Righteousness!*"

"The Sinners in Zion are afraid! Fearfulness hath surprised the *Hypocrites*. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" *Isaiah xxx., 14.*

"But when thou prayest,—thou shalt not be as the *Hypocrites* are;—for they love to pray * * * that they *may be seen of men.*"

"But thou,—when thou prayest,—enter into thy Closet, and,—when thou hast *shut to thy door*,—pray to thy Father which is in Secret; and thy Father which *seeth in Secret*,—shall reward thee openly!"—*Matt. vi., 5-6.*

"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts! And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting!"—*Psalms cxxxix., 23-24.*



"Watering with the Foot." In the hot,—sultry East, the Gardens depend entirely upon being irrigated by little narrow runs of water conducted through the garden. When the gardener wants to water any part, he removes the little bank of soil with his foot, or spade,—and allows the water to run over that bed. When sufficiently watered, he repairs the breach with his foot,—and the water passes on, once more, in its former channel. This is called "Watering with the Foot."



A Youth of Seventy years ago. (1820 Period.)

Youths of our day, 1891, must not think that there were not gifted, and studious boys in former days. In spite of Frill Collar, and Quill-Pens, the Pile of Books, for reference, on the floor, proves that this young gentleman evidently "means business!"

GOOD BOOKS.

" Good Books are the best of Companions, for they help us to see
with our eyes,
The Great Ones,—of Ages Historic,—lead Saints, at their
bidding arise,
From the moss-covered grave yard to teach us,
That the Good which has lived, — never dies !
Good Books !—Who can measure their blessing? Tell how it
begins, — or where ends?
How they mingle Past, —Present,—and Future,—till Time with
Eternity blends !
They are more than Companions, and Neighbours,
Good Books are the truest of Friends !"

Note.—In this Chapter the Reader, at length, has
an interval of entire relaxation.

CHAPTER X.

ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT ; READING ; LECTURES, &c. ;—
STUDIES.—JOURNAL.—BOOKS.—YOUTHS' LITERATURE
FIFTY YEARS AGO.—A STORY WITHOUT AN END, BY
PETER PARLEY.—TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS CRITICISED,
"ERIC," AND "TOM BROWN;" ALSO SOME SERMONS
AND THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.

IF you feel in Conversation with others a deficiency in
powers of mind,—if what you remark does not seem to
carry much impression to others, nor appear to be
listened to with attention and pleasure,—the reason

probably is either that, having neglected Reading and Self-improvement, you are without a clear knowledge of subjects spoken of, and are therefore unable to add additional interest to the Conversation, or that there is something in your manner and address which is not congenial to others, and repels their confidence.

I am the more anxious to draw your attention to the means of overcoming these defects, because such Youths, on finding no interest is felt for them by the more intelligent, are too often apt to seek for, and associate with, Companions of a *lower class* and *inferior* Character, and to share with them their tastes and ideas. How often is this the case with a boy whose early education has been neglected; at school, not being well grounded in general knowledge, his heart sinks at the difficulty which duties present to him, which he observes, with sadness, appear nothing to other boys no older than himself; thus discouraged in the first onset in the competition with his fellows, he goes through the precious years of school life with but one thought,—how to shirk the difficulties which in the ample time often devoted to school life might, with a little steady, hearty, application, be mastered by him!

There is, naturally, a great difference in the mental powers of boys: there is in some minds a kind of haziness which struggles in vain to grasp or retain the lesson learnt; and fails often to obtain a very intelligent or clear view of a subject presented to them.

In such cases, whether the cause is neglect of their powers of mind in early life, or from actual physical defect, would it not be preferable to break through the routine which compels all to go through the very same studies,—the smattering of a dead language, useless indeed in this case, learnt with pain, and at the waste of years of life,—and allow such to apply themselves exclusively to those plain useful elements of knowledge which will be of much service to them in after life? If the difficulties a boy meets with in these ordinary elements of knowledge were kindly and patiently explained to him, and he was encouraged, however slowly, by degrees to surmount them for himself, the basis of a good and useful education would be laid; not indeed one which would gain momentary distinction, applause, and prizes, for superiority in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Mathematics, but one which will be serviceable to him in the profession he will probably choose. It is not likely a youth of but moderate mental ability would

care to choose for a profession that of a Lawyer, Physician, or the Divine, in which alone such attainments may be of much practical value to him ; but a good general education—the power of self-improvement and steady application—will open to all the way to an honourable and successful life.

The cares, and pursuits, and duties of actual life give but little opportunity of making up for the time which has been lost, and few are found who have the time and resolution to acquire that which should have been gained during the comparative leisure of early life.

It is not the mere difference in point of position and worldly prosperity, which creates the bar between social intercourse with those in different classes, so much as the deficiency in general information, the coarseness, and want of intelligence attendant upon this early neglect of the powers of mind.

How often do we see good feeling and intelligence in a Youth whose advantages have been but small, which never fail to win for him the good-will and friendly feeling of those far removed from him in station. Position and wealth may not be always in the power of such to attain, but self-improvement is open to all.

When there is a natural dislike for Reading or Study of any kind, instead of sitting down to an ordinary school book or lesson task, I would rather recommend the attentive perusal of short interesting sketches on various times and various subjects, to be found in such works as "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," &c., as such books contain an excellent fund of information. In reading such works, however, I do not mean a mere gleaning out of the more interesting tales ; but attentively and slowly reading short sketches of History, for instance, until the dates and names of the chief Actors, and then the striking events of the period spoken of, are, at length, fixed upon your mind. When once this has been done, you will, in subsequent reading, be cheered and interested by meeting with the same Events and Characters differently presented, and the knowledge you have previously gained will incite you to further study ; and serve to encourage you to further effort. It is with this view, and under the persuasion that *any means* of obtaining a tolerably well-informed mind, upon subjects which are indispensable to one wishing to mix creditably in Society, are preferable to the entire ignorance upon them which follows many through life, that I am

induced to mention well selected Works of Fiction as a vehicle for elementary reading.

Amongst the vast masses of objectionable, and trashy, nonsense in the majority of the fictions with which our new Institutions, the Free Libraries, seem likely to be liberally supplied,—or, being usually in a cheap form, are obtainable by all,—there are now and then to be found books which give in many cases really good and true ideas of the Manners and History of the Period of which they treat.

Amongst these may be mentioned "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Last of the Barons," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and other admirable novels, by Sir Bulwer Lytton; "Philip Augustus," "Forest Days," "The History of Chivalry," and a few others of the works of the late G. P. R. James; "The Tower of London," by Ainsworth; "The Peasant and Prince," by Miss Martineau, &c. If these are employed merely to give an impulse to learn more, they will not only overcome that dislike to all reading which presents the greatest obstacle to self-improvement, but will incite you to test their correctness by reference to real and authentic sources of information. With this view, "The Pictorial History of England," by Knight; or, if the more recent events of the present times are needed in addition, "The comprehensive History of England," by Blackie; The Chronicles of Froissart and Monstrellet, The Pictorial History of France, and "The Penny Encyclopædia," may be named as useful works for further study or reference.

In Geography again, instead of the dry, uninteresting orthodox school-books,—or at least in connection with them,—might be read with advantage by a boy, certainly with no evil effect, such books as "Life amongst the Indians," by George Catlin (Sampson Low, & Co.); "Borrow's Bible in Spain," "The Tales of the Colonies," by Mr. Rowcroft; "Masterman Ready," by Captain Marryatt; "The Prairie Bird," by C. A. Murray; and even the "Rifle Rangers," by Captain Mayne Reid; "Persevere and Prosper, or the Stable Hunter," by Peter Parley; many parts of the "Household Words," when conducted by Charles Dickens; and even such an evident fiction as "Con Cregan," the only work by Mr. Lever I would have you peruse; and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the only work by Mrs. Stowe you will care to read. The far-famed "Robinson Crusoe," "The Young Islanders," by Jeffery Taylor; Parley's "Tales of Canada," "Western Barbary," by Hay; and "Ruxley's Adventures in Mexico."

"English Circumnavigators," (Nimmo), is a splendid book, containing the Voyages of Dampier, Drake, Cooke, &c. "The Naturalist of the Amazon," by Bates; and "Sir S. S. Baker's Travels," are also excellent. I am aware of the objection there must be to some of the books enumerated,—namely, the descriptions, occasionally, of exciting scenes of violence and bloodshed. But where, in History, can we turn, without having to meet with such scenes? And if such books as these named are carefully selected and read in a right spirit, they may be made to convey very lively and fair ideas of the manners, customs, and geography of the Countries in which the scenes are laid. An Atlas, such as the 6s. one of Phillips', Fleet Street London, should be in the possession of every Youth. Refer to it constantly when reading these books.

Avoid the mistake of thinking that because the first Work of any Author has been excellently written, it may authorize you to read with confidence his subsequent works; it is, as a rule, quite the *reverse*. "Harry Coverdale" is not like "Louis Arundel," or "Frank Fairleigh;" "The Key" is not like "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" "Heartsease," &c., are but poor after the "Heir of Redcliffe;" "Tom Brown at Oxford" (although the description of the Boat Race is admirable), must not be compared with the same "at Rugby;" many of Sir Walter Scott's are not like his "Ivanhoe" and Guy Mannering; and some books, such as "Louis' College Days," really had better not be read after the first work "Louis' School Days," which is an excellent book. In fact there is hardly *an instance* in which an Author has not *written himself out*!

In choosing a book,—if it must be a fiction,—remember that the objections to such works are chiefly as follows:—When they come out periodically, keeping the imagination and fancy excited for a length of time, and making other useful reading tame and dull in comparison,—when the general tendency of the book is bad,—creating an unworthy impression on the mind, as when the characters are drawn from the most worthless and frivolous. It is this latter objection which renders many of the works of Lever, Ainsworth, and even some by Thackeray, valueless, as far as any aim or object in their perusal is concerned; and this objection at once disposes of that host of worthless productions issued in such vast quantities in the cheap shilling form. When to this worthless character is added a *strong* tendency to Immorality, (the chief characteristic

of the so-called "sensational" fictions of the day), your own good sense will perceive what the consequence of their perusal must be. The concluding objection to works of fiction is when the scenes are transparently unnatural, and present foolish and incorrect ideas, as for instance, in the "Swiss Family Robinson," in which every kind of animal is pressed into the Scene, totally regardless of climate, &c., in a way never seen but once, when they were miraculously collected in the ark. To this objection such tales as "The Little Merchants," in the "Parents' Assistant," are open, however excellent the story; those who have seen the lower orders of the Italians, and fancy the scenes,—the trial—in which the actors are an English man-servant, and the Neapolitan beggar-boys,—will observe the extraordinary error made. The excellence of the stories in this work, for instance, "Lazy Lawrence," "Barring Out," &c., make it, however, a most useful and pleasant book, and well worthy of your study.

In Poetry you have Longfellow, Hood (his "Poems" only), Mrs. Hemans, Campbell, Bryant, Willis, Sir Walter Scott, Gray, Aytoun, Tennyson, Maculay, &c. As, however, all of their pieces will not equally attract you,—and, as, without recommending them in the whole, there are some beautiful portions to be extracted from Byron and other poets,—it is useful to keep a book into which any pieces you may admit may be carefully copied, and may be perused, with pleasure, where the entire poem would be tedious.

In miscellaneous works the Naturalist will have "A Tour round my Garden," a *delightful book*, from the French, by the late Alphonse Karr; "The world of Insects," by Douglas—a very practical work; "Hewitt's Eggs;" "Westwood's Butterflies," &c.

Mr. Beeton's "Boy's Own Magazine," is, doubtless well-known to you; it surpassed in variety, usefulness, and interest any book for boys published of late years. Mr. Beeton's "Boy's Magazine," commenced in 1855; continued till 1862; it was then enlarged (with doubtful results), and ceased about 1868. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler reprinted several of the volumes.

Among miscellaneous works worthy of careful and thoughtful perusal may be named the excellent series of tales in "Edgeworth's Parents' Assistant," some tales in "Chambers's Library for Young People," such as "Steadfast Gabriel," "Duty and Affection," "Twice-told Tales, by Hawthorne;" "Sandford and Merton," by Thomas Day.

one or two portions of "Evenings at Home!" "Masterman Ready," by Marryatt; "Peter Parley's Tales of the Sea;" "Frank Fairleigh," and "Louis Arundel," by the late Mr. Smedley. "Work and Wages," by Mary Howitt, is good. Do not omit as obsolete, the perusal of the inimitable Fables of *Æsop*, as deep and applicable in their wisdom to our day as when first penned. The best illustrated is the one by Rev. T. James, published by John Murray.

"The Boy's Own Paper," Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row, London, is a most delightful work; the annual volume when bound, forms a splendid book for Youths.

As regards other branches of Study, there never was a time when there were more facilities for self-improvement presented to young men. At the Institute, or Science and Art Classes, of any Town, you may join a Class for Drawing, Chemistry, Reading, Arithmetic, Writing, Music, Languages, &c. Drawing, whether freehand or mechanical, deserves your attention, as it not unfrequently proves of use, even in professions differing much from that of draughtsmen. Connected with Mechanical Drawing is the study of Mechanics. Here "Templeton's Workshop Companion," and his "Common-place Book" will greatly aid you, as also the details of Machinery, Locomotives, &c., occasionally met with in such works as "The Mechanic's Assistant." Beware, however, of being induced, by Book "Touts," to take in, at a price quite beyond your means, expensive and useless works. Work out rather all the details of machinery, &c., you can meet with or obtain, and never rest satisfied till you know the why and wherefore of every part. A shilling work on the Locomotive, by G. D. Dempsey, (*John Weale*, London) is a very good one; but nothing but actual employment in the Machine Shops will initiate you into the details of the manufacture. The study of Hydraulics, Presses, Rams, &c., with their calculations, is also most useful.

But in drawing and designing you will do well not to be content with the stereotyped copies of the schools, but having your own instruments,—which are best bought separately, not in a box,—select copies to suit your own taste, and those most likely to prove of use to you in your intended profession. Speaking of designs in our drawing schools, it is impossible to do otherwise than condemn the extraordinary indiscretion which places before the youthful student, copies of the character too often sent up for prizes,

—drawn often elaborately and beautifully,—by boys of fifteen or younger. Your own good sense will show you that no benefit so far as art is concerned, can be gained by selecting subjects which verge upon indecency. Oh! nonsense! This is going to far! Is it? Well! only see a Collection of French pictures, and see what such studies lead to.

In French you will not easily meet, amongst the host of similar works, with a better work for a learner than "Lepage's French School," in two parts; the second part is perhaps the more useful one of the two; the Key should be purchased at the same time, when by dint of constant repetition, assisted by the Key, you will be able to repeat the lessons given without the books, and thus lay up a very useful store of words, and their arrangement into sentences, which will encourage you to continue the study of the language, either by conversation or by consulting more advanced works. At the Institutes of most towns you may join a French class.

Perfect spelling is best learned by writing from dictation. The rules in our English language on this portion of study are so conflicting, and the exceptions so numerous, that nothing but actual knowledge of every word will give confidence and correctness. The words proved to be wrongly spelt should be copied out in a book, and constantly practised until firmly fastened upon the memory. By attention to this you will escape from the humiliation often felt by those who have neglected this acquirement in early life.

Good Writing is to some natural; you will do well to seek the best instructor, as all depends upon the excellence of the style of the copy set; a good copy being before you, the style being that which is usually termed a "good business hand," it rests with yourself by slow and patient attempts to acquire this most useful accomplishment.

Arithmetic is best learned by actual invoices, &c., used in the various kinds of business. Dr. Brewer's sample sheets of the books actually used in Single and Double Entry (published by *Farrold and Sons*, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard) may be of some use to you. But your great aim should be by constant practice to run up quickly and with unerring correctness, sums of Bills of Parcels and Compound Addition, which you can set for yourself, of a length proportionate to your powers. I have in teaching a night school, been surprised by what exactness a

boy will soon attain to, in running up a sum of considerable length, by dint of quiet and resolute determination. Quickness will follow of itself. These two rules contain more really practical usefulness than the others usually placed in the school books; once perfect in them, you will find that no ordinary accounts in business will baffle you.

The "Treasury of Science," contains every Science,—Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Physiology, &c. But the works of Franklin, Roscoe, Kay, Shuttleworth, Galloway, and Buckmaster, are the *standard* works at moderate prices. Snaith's 1s. work is a clever elementary book. For names and prices of all the best modern Science books on every possible subject, write to Chapman and Hall, Picadilly, for Bartley's 1s. Catalogue from which the students in all the Science Schools and Classes choose their prizes. Steam, Mechanics, Light, Magnetism, Geology, Animal Physiology, &c., are all represented, and the prices given.

Although a few of the books named may be out of print, they are still to be had for a mere trifle at the old book-stalls, and the difference produced upon your mind by the thoughtful study of one good book to the constant reading of the cheap periodicals, and worthless, foolish, Fictions of the present day, will be soon felt, and, in a few years will be irrevocable. Your varied acquisitions in Literature will soon render you a useful, and favourite, Companion to the best informed of your own age.

Make a point of attending as many Lectures as possible, and not fail to make notes; a few sharp pencils, and quickness which practice will give, will enable you, by taking notes, even without shorthand, to recall the greater portion, and you will be able to commit to paper the results obtained,—may be by years of thought and research,—to be referred to as occasion may require. The same plan you will also do well to adopt at your debating club.

However little he might have deserved the name of orator, one frequently obtains useful hints from the sensible remarks of some Youth on these occasions; and, as a rule, the conclusions formed at these meetings are the true and right ones.

The power of speaking well, is no doubt a natural gift; but, by patiently attending the debating club, and gaining confidence by frequent attempts, you will soon attain the power of pleasantly expressing your views. The hints and examples in the books on elocution, such as the "British

Orator," by Greenbank, and others may be of some use to you.

THE DIARY.

One other great aid in the acquisition of a well-informed mind may be mentioned,—namely, the habit of keeping a Diary. Nothing will so rapidly improve your memory or enrich your mind with varied knowledge as this habit. A few quires of the cheapest full-sized paper, now sold at a mere trifle, will answer as well as the best; a line drawn across the top of each page, clearly dated, is all that is needed. If you sometimes neglect an entry, do not, on that account, give up altogether, but begin again, calmly filling up the blanks with a few words of connection. A very few minutes each day will enable you to enter in the notes you may have taken during the day of anything you have been struck with, in conversation with others, or obtained from lectures, books, or newspapers. Before long you will have formed a constantly increasing record from which you can occasionally replenish your memory with what would otherwise have been inevitably lost. It is also an excellent plan, instead of throwing aside the penny newspaper, if it contains any piece of information of real interest, to *cut out* and preserve the part: it is done with little trouble, a few quires of cheap paper, large size, and a touch of paste, top and bottom, with the date,—and you will have soon a most valuable mass of information,—valuable because taken at the time of the occurrence, and, therefore, generally true to fact.

Without the habit of keeping a diary (which many commence, but few have the resolution to keep up),—if, in a very few years' time, you were asked to give any particular date, to say where you were at a certain time, or when you were at a certain place, you would,—except in some remarkable cases,—be unable to give it. It is indeed astonishing the slight memory many seem content to possess of their own past lives.

The past with some seems to be a blank, instead of a series of lessons taught in the School of this World, which will fit, or unfit, us for the life of eternal progress, and therefore eternal bliss to come.

In these hints for intellectual improvement it will be observed that little or nothing has been suggested for those whose mental powers are naturally good. There are boys who, from their first Day School to the Public School, and

the College, have won a hundred triumphs; of what use is it to speak to these? To them all books of Ancient and Modern times are now within their reach; the learning of ages is open to them, and the learned professions, to which their education offers a passport, ought to open the way to the highest positions their ambition can desire; but as it often happens that those gifted in *intellectual* powers, are by *no means* as remarkable for the traits needed to form an agreeable and lovely character, the remarks in the previous chapters may not be without some use even to them.

In all the hints on reading and improvement, I have simply aimed to excite to further effort by intelligent perusal of works of real interest, rather than the formal "craming," in the usual style now needful to pass examinations of any kind. Questions in Euclid, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Navigation, Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, must now be expected and prepared for by all who wish to obtain appointments or nominations likely to prove useful in after-life.

Every Post, every Profession likely to offer a lucrative and honourable employment, is *strung up* higher than before! Boys of fourteen are expected to pass Examinations which would have puzzled and astonished their Forefathers at four times their age.

It is therefore of the last importance to *begin well*—to obtain early a fondness for reading and study; without this, a boy feels discouraged *from the first*, by finding his fellows so much before him in the race for distinction; and often, for want of encouragement, gives up steady and patient application in despair, and wastes the precious years of youth in mere trifling amusements—proper enough in their place—but which, when indulged in so much as to interfere with the real business of life, will inflict upon him an incapacity which he will rarely be able ever after to overcome.

It is true that this may not be so always; there are instances of men not suffering much inconvenience from early neglect, and being Successful in Life; but such cases are the exception. Look at the efforts now required by the Merchant, the Lawyer, the Tradesman, the Mechanic, and other Professional Men, to secure for themselves a position and a name.

What chance, humanly speaking, in this day of *Competition*, can anyone have, whose education was neglected in early life,—whose school days were in consequence spent

in apathy, as far as real school work was concerned,—of taking a fair place amongst those who have made a good and hearty use of the opportunities of their youthful days?

An Interval of entire relaxation.

While upon the subject of Books, and Reading, it is now proposed to give the Young Reader some pages of entire relaxation, by way of contrast to the rest of this book, by introducing a "Story without a Purpose,"—a "Story without an End."

It was difficult to forbear laughing at the disappointment expressed in the doleful words with which the Writer was once accosted,—“But Sir! Your Book is *all* about Religion!” It seemed to come so pathetically from the speaker's heart! It was pleasant and satisfactory to find that,—later on,—although “*all* about Religion,” the Book proved to be *quite* supportable. The Youths of 1891 need something a little deeper than Fairy Tales, Novels, and Punch and Judy!

All books seem capable of division into two classes,—namely, those written *with a purpose*, with a view of influencing the reader either for good or for evil; and those whose object seems to be unintelligible, except it be the pretty universal, *financial* one.

How differently do our variously constituted minds “take to” different books or reading! To some of us to read such works as Grimm's Fairy Tales, “Alice in Wonderland,” &c., appears to be just waste of time,—sheer nonsense.

Yet what delight do such childish books seem to afford some grown-up folks! It would appear that some minds are troubled,—or gifted— with a critical faculty which must and *will* have plan, design, intellect, and details worked out to nature and natural life, else we throw the book aside. Thus we are excluded from the vast deluge of Modern Novels. We could no more wade through the interminable fictions of Trollope, Worboise, Mrs. Wood, Thomas, Smart, Sewell, Roe, Robinson, Ouida, Oliphant, Meredith, Marshall, George MacDonald, Braddon, The Warners, Black, and many others,—than we could fly!

To us a *game of marbles*, would be *instructive*,—*excitement itself*,—*elevation*,—to the dreadful task of wading through this deluge of Modern Fiction.

The immense hits made, however, by such wish-wash, made up, rubbish as "The Murder in a Hansom Cab," (which we read a dozen pages of, in Sydney, on its first appearance, and threw away,)—and "Called Back,"—prove that the majority of Readers, of our day, *do not care to analyse*, but are ready to swallow *anything*!

Yet the reader of a critical, logical, mind, amongst this deluge of rubbish can fall back with pleasure, which never seems to tire, upon such works as "Guy Mannering," "Ivanhoe," "Last days of Pompeii," Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and "Tales of a Physician," "The Woman in White," "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," (Dickens, *for once*, let us off his lampoons, and caricatures of Pious People in this, his best work; he never equalled it). "The Heir of Redcliffe," "Frank Fairleigh," "Louis Arundel," "Lost Sir Massingberd," Poe's splendid story "The Gold Beetle," and the old excellent tales, Marryatt's "Wreck of the Pacific," "Settlers in Canada," Howitt's "Boy's Country Book," &c.,—in all these there is *Nature*,—they will bear analysing.

Forty years ago the terrible modern Deluge of Fiction had not commenced! We Youths were left to the tender mercies of the terrific "Mr. Barlow," in "Sandford and Merton," "Harry and Lucy," "Evenings at Home," Maria Edgeworth's capital stories in "Parent's Assistant,"—and last, but not least, the once ubiquitous, exhaustless, "Peter Parley." He was emphatically *the* Writer for Youths of that day, till Captain Mayne Reid, Grant, and their exciting Boys' literature stamped his works completely out. "Peter Parley" was the late "Rev. Goodrich;" by birth, it is believed, an American gentleman. In his "life" he speaks, very sadly, of his conviction that his writings were all ephemeral—would not live. They certainly have disappeared, would not now be read. But though we boys, never, probably, got much out of them, what innocent pleasures his multitudinous, sketchy, tales afforded us! If they did not teach us much, they were,—what too many modern Fictions, are not,—*moral*,—and kept us out of mischief.

Dear, prosy, old "Peter Parley!" In gratitude for the many pleasant hours we spent with your Books forty-five years ago, let the following Story,—(one of your best) be rescued, —a little while longer,—from the Scythe of all devouring,—all Destroying Time!

"Peter Parley's Annual,"—(we must excuse the "Bull,")

was issued in threepenny Monthly parts, commencing January, 1840. In May of that year, the following "Life and Adventures of Neddy Bray," began to appear.

The Young Reader in the present Volume has had "purpose writing" of the most *persistent* character,—“all about Religion,”—not a Chapter, hardly a sentence, but had a Purpose in view. Now for a change! An Interregnum, a chapter without any "Purpose" at all. A sample of Youths' Literature Fifty Years ago.—1840.

If the Reader can suggest any conceivable *purpose*,—*object*, or *moral*, to be derived from "Neddy Bray," so much the better!

As there appears no adequate reason why this Story ever *began*, so there seems no reason why it *ever stopped*.—Neddy has only to be allowed to change his owners; then we are introduced to an entirely new company,—fresh Characters,—and *away* we go again. The Story might,—with judicious management, have lasted from May, 1840, to May 1892. The "Notes" are, of course, introduced,—the Young Reader cannot expect, in this Book, to be let off without some effort at *Instruction*.

NOTE.—A Friendly Critic regrets the introduction of this Story as "Lowering the tone of the Book." But the Older Reader must recollect that this Book is written for the Young—not for him,—and once a Youth's liking for the Book is obtained, he *will not stop* at "Neddy Bray!"

WE WERE ALL YOUNG ONCE!

"SUNSETS LOST ON BOYHOOD'S DISTANT SHORE!"



Early Days.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

CHAPTER I.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END OR "PURPOSE."
A CONTRAST TO THE REST OF THIS BOOK.

Woo-oo, Neddy! Here he is, and his cousin Sam taking leave of him over the palings. Whoa! my pretty fellow!

Neddy Bray was the only son of his Mamma, who used to carry crockery ware, such as jugs, pitchers, hand-basins, tea, egg, and all sorts of cups, and platters, her worthy governor, lord, and master being a hawking crockery man. Neddy's Mamma was called "Gipsy," for she was at times as full of tricks as a monkey, and Neddy, himself, before he had reached the years of discretion was as playful as his Mamma.—Neddy, during his juvenile years, was accustomed to follow his Mamma, or run beside the crockery cart to which she was harnessed. It was a low four-wheeled little waggon, on which were arranged the dishes, plates, cups, saucers, and crockery aforesaid.

Jaffer,—for that was the Master's name,—and his wife, Mrs. Jaffer, used to go to the markets and fairs, with the crockery all piled up in such a manner on the sides of the shallow waggon, and so arranged within it, that everybody, by taking the trouble to look, could see exactly if there was anything in the waggon they were likely to want. To attract their attention, Mr. Jaffer was accustomed to bawl out as loud as his lungs would allow him,—he had a voice like a Boatswain in a gale of wind,—“Royal Victoria China! Cheap as at the Potteries; Sold again! China Cheap! Cheap, Cheap China!” Sometimes at

the end of this, when he paused for breath, Mrs. Jaffer would say, "Some of the right sort here!"—and would clash two plates together to show their strength.—while Mrs. Gipsy would occasionally conclude the argument by braying very loudly, setting the dogs all a barking, and helping to draw the attention of the Public.

It was one fine Spring morning, the 1st of May, when even the Chimney Sweeps are merry.

Note.—In 1840, and for some ten years after, the Chimney Sweeps on the 1st of May, dressed themselves up in female attire, with coloured papers, &c., and would dance in front of the houses, to the accompaniment of rattles, &c., holding out a wooden spoon to receive coppers. At times, "Jack in the Green,"—a man covered with ivy, greenery, &c.,—would be in the centre. Very forced must have been the poor Boys' merriment. Their dreadful life will be found under the "Climbing Boys' Miseries," on page 633.

The Mail Coach display on the 1st of May, is described by those old enough to remember it, as a splendid sight. The men all had new Red Coats, the Horses New Harness, and they all collected at St. Martin's Le Grand, (See Page 746) the Coaches newly painted. It is said that in 1820-25, some 200 Coaches came into,—and left,—London daily. On the Railways coming in, this custom must have also fallen through about 1830.

On this beautiful sunny morning, Mr. Jaffer and his wife having set their crockery in order, entered a Village where they hoped to dispose of some of it. Gipsy was tolerably quiet; and Neddy would have been so too but for the following untoward circumstance.

On the first of May,—(Note. Another old custom of that day it would appear)—a Stag was turned out in the vicinity of the Village, for the benefit of the cruel feelings of various persons in red coats, and the apprentices, butcher boys, ostlers out of place, and such like persons who had nothing better to do. It happened that the Stag after making a circuitous movement, took his course directly through the Village, with horses, ponies, dogs, aye and even *donkeys*.—some on *two* legs,—after him! Mrs. Jaffer, seeing them coming, ran to Gipsy's head, and endeavoured to pull her out of the road. Before she could do this, however, the Stag bounded by, and making a sudden spring, jumped clear over the crockery cart! Gipsy greatly excited gave her usual bray, and the pursuing crowd passed in full cry,—the hounds in front. Poor Neddy Bray scandalized at seeing a four-legged creature springing over her respected Mamma, not knowing what else might be coming, with all this shouting, yelping, and confusion, thought he had better take care of himself, and, on the principle that there

was "no place like home," made a spring, after the fashion of the Stag and leaped clean *into*,—not over,—the crockery cart.

My goodness! What a smash! He alighted amongst the table dishes, slipped, and began floundering and kicking to such a degree that unfortunate jugs, tea cups, and such like, flew about somewhat in the proverbial manner of "a Bull in a china shop." Poor Mrs. Jaffer stood speechless, horror struck, as if an earthquake had taken place, and then shouting "murder," seized a large stake,—but Neddy, taking the will for the deed, leapt out of the cart, with as little ceremony as he had leaped into it, and scampered off!

Next day, to repair the damage, Neddy was sold, and being now old enough to work, was purchased by a Laundress, to carry the clothes, to and fro, to the wash. For several days Neddy behaved tolerably well, a little frisky sometimes, but this was soon cured by the use on Neddy's back of a crab stick, and so things went on very fairly for several days.



But the weather, at last, grew very warm, the summer set in early, and the days became very hot.

A PEACH WALL WARM AT 8-0 P.M. IN APRIL, 1840.

Note.—The Young Reader must know that those of us who can remember the "forties," all agree that there has been a change in our Climate! Indeed there appears to have been a change throughout Europe. Weeks of skating on six, or eight, inch ice, every Winter, were followed by real Summers, commencing quite early. The Summer of 1840,—when this Story was issued,—was sultry by the first week of May. The Father of the present Writer going out into the Garden, after 8-0 p.m., the last week of April, 1840, found that the Sun had been so warm all day upon the

Peach Wall, that the bricks felt quite warm under his hand !
Rather a contrast to the Spring of 1891 !

In fact, there is little doubt, that the Climate of Europe is becoming colder.

M. Flammarion, whose statements are based on actual figures gathered in every part of France and the Continent, asserts that for years past the temperature of Europe has been falling. The whole of France has been suffering from an excess of cold weather for years, the thermometrical readings in Paris being almost one degree centigrade below the normal heights, while other stations show even more unfavourable results. The fall is more noticeable in the Spring than during the other seasons. A similar phenomenon is recorded in Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Germany, while strange to say, the really cold countries, such as Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, during the past four years have enjoyed a temperature slightly above what is usual. The popular meteorologist does not confine his argument that our climate slowly and surely is becoming colder to dry scientific facts and figures, but draws some highly interesting illustrations from history in support of his assertions. Thus he points out that in the days of Philippe Auguste the wines of Etampes and Beauvais were the drink of Kings, and that Henry Quatre—that most bon vivant of Monarchs—had a strong liking for the product of the Suresnes grape. Nowadays there is not a vineyard north of Paris, and as for the *petit vin* now produced at Suresnes, and consumed only by Parisians during their Sunday outings, the less said of it the better. Again, history tells us that in the middle of the Sixteenth Century Maçon was celebrated for its Muscat Wines, whereas now that lascivious grape can scarcely be grown there for wine-making purposes. Ancient chronicles mention the cultivation of the vine in Northern Brittany, where now nothing less hardy than the apple can be grown. Many trees which once flourished in the North are at present only found in the South of France, while others have disappeared altogether. Thus Languedoc no longer grows the lemon; there is not an orange left in Roussillon; and the Lombardy poplar is nowhere to be found on French soil. — *Daily Paper*

During these hot days Neddy was turned out loose, —when 'not wanted, —at the back of the Laundress's cottage, and he would find sometimes a dry, and at others a dirty spot to lay down, and roll in; this seemed to give him great pleasure.

The good Laundress was just getting up a very heavy Wash, it was the Summer Season, and she was overburdened with bed furniture, counterpanes, and such like, many of which were hanging out in the warm sun to dry, among other articles of wearing apparel.

Neddy had often amused himself in the manner I have related, and oftentimes he had been forewarned by the logic of the crab stick, that he was to keep to his own end of ground, and field, and never come over the low hedge and ditch, of the drying ground. Neddy understood this perfectly, and it is probable that he would never have transgressed in this particular had it not been for the following circumstances.

There was a Man who used to go about the country amusing folks by playing upon bells, which were fastened on various parts of his person: some on his head, some on his hands, elbows, knees, and feet, he could also play well on the Fiddle, sing a few good songs, and in fact used to amuse the country folks amazingly.

On this particular day this man happened to come into the neighbourhood of the worthy laundress, and immediately the laundress,—and all her washerwomen, ran out to join the crowd. The music to them was delightful, and Neddy Bray, although he could not see the Performer, was no less pleased, he pricked up his ears, and seemed inclined to indulge in a dance.

Neddy had just been at his favourite play,—a good rolling over, and,—making a towel of an ash heap in the vicinity, to dry himself,—began to get extremely lively at the music. There were several other "Neddies" in the neighbourhood, who also heard the strains with pleasure, so much so that one of them set up an accompaniment in one of those well-known sounds for which donkeys are noted.

NOTE.—Music depends much upon associations; to the Scotch ear the Bagpipe is *delightful*. It is related that a Donkey had to decide between the merits of the two birds, the Nightingale, and the Cuckoo. He decided, at once, for the Cuckoo. An Owl was Referee, and confirmed his decision, "The donkey,"—said the bird of wisdom solemnly,—"*is right*. Give me *consistency*, let us have *distinctness, method*. The Nightingale is bizarre, fickle, uncertain, no one knows what is coming next! I prefer *method*!"

This decision highly pleased a Rook. "The incessant chatter, chirping, warbling, singing, and interminable noise, made,—throughout the Summer by the many Birds,"—he remarked, "was extremely trying to Rooks, who considered that it showed a want of 'tone' and dignity, and was quite *unnecessary*." What all this chattering was about, Rooks failed to understand. The few remarks made by a Rook, with method and *distinctness*, were far preferable! Rooks made it a rule never to open *their* mouths without cause! ("Caws.")

These Savans would have been pleased, this morning, for the "methodical" strains were caught up by the next Donkey, another followed, till every Donkey within half-a-mile, repeated the chorus with decided "distinctness" and "consistency."

Neddy Bray, hearing this, became greatly excited, and jubilant; he became frisky, he pranced, he capered, then he kicked, and, at length, he leaped right over the slight fence into the forbidden drying ground. Getting amongst the various articles of apparel, and linen sheets, hung up to dry and sweeten in the sun, he became quite disorganised, rolling and kicking about amongst them, leaving the marks of his dirty coat and feet in all directions. He at last became very violent, so that stockings, shirts, &c. flew about much in the same manner that the Jaffer crockery had done aforetime.

What with rolling, what with kicking, and rubbing, and leaping over lines, knocking down props, creeping under lines, and overturning peg baskets, Neddy made no little confusion. The poor laundress little thought, while she was enjoying the music in front

of the house, what a hornpipe was being performed to it in the rear ! She, however, did find it out ; for as soon as she came in, "the thing spoke for itself." She immediately dropped down in a swoon. Neddy, hearing her scream, by instinct, ran and hid himself between the only two counterpanes he had not paid his respects to ; and there stood patiently waiting the event.



Away came the Washerwomen, with mops, brooms, sticks, pokers, fire-shovels, and all kinds of offensive weapons in their hands ; and, to make bad worse, drove Neddy over his former work ; which, to do him justice, I must say, he had not scamped : but he nevertheless gave it a few finishing touches, and bounded back again to his retreat in the duck pond.

Here I shall leave him ; but in my next may perhaps give an account of his other adventures.

Learning to Ride.



Not much hurt ; and he will make a bold rider.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

CHAPTER II.

Poor Neddy! He had sinned beyond all forgiveness; the laundress was a long time before she recovered. They burnt brown paper under her nose, slapped her hands, tickled the soles of her feet, threw cold water on her head, and lastly poured spirits down her throat: this seemed to revive her.

She raised her head slowly from the ground, and when she beheld all her maids of honour about her, she cried out, "I hope the Copper has not boiled over." But it had; and shirts and sheets, and such things, were flustering and fuming on the outside.

When the poor Laundress saw this, she immediately fell back into her former hysterics, and faintly ejaculated, "Run to the Copper!"

It was a very pathetic scene, I can assure you; and while Neddy stood quietly in the duck pond, rubbing his nose contentedly against the palings, he had no idea that his Mistress, to whom he was indebted both for food and fun, should be in hysterics about his doings.

The Laundress, after a few more recoveries and relapses, at last stood upon her feet; and in a few minutes got courage to walk over the field. It was, indeed, a cruel sight, to see so many lines broken, so many props smashed, so much fine linen soiled. The poor woman seized a prop, and ran towards the duck pond.

Neddy quite understood what was the meaning of the prop, and floundered about the water in fine style. He received several hearty thumps, and not having his hide quite so callous as that of old donkeys, he grew quite impatient under this treatment; and, making a bold spring, leaped by the Laundress, and flaunted and scampered again over the drying ground.

Another chase took place round and round, Neddy still being pursued by the Laundress, quite red with fury; she ran and he ran. At last Neddy seeing no end to the sport except by making his exit, summoned up all his strength, and making an extraordinary leap, passed over the palings into the adjoining Garden!

Smash went something, —it was a cucumber frame; clatter went something else,—it was a stand of flower-pots! Away ran Neddy into the centre of the Garden, and was obscured from the view of his persecutors.

If the Laundress felt herself in jeopardy before, what do you suppose she felt now? Clothes were easily washed, lines could be tied together, props could be spliced; but cucumber frames and flower-pots were not so easily mended.

The garden into which Neddy had extended his hornpipe, was that of a Market Gardener; and asparagus was just coming in.

Neddy had not yet tasted this luxury ; and withal, being extremely hungry after his unusual exercise, and led by the nose, as most asses are, came in contact with the asparagus, which he begun to devour like an alderman : never asking for mutton chops, or any other viand, as accompaniment.

The Laundress in vain attempted to get over the palings, but immediately ran round to the gardener's door ; she knocked,—no one answered,—again, all was still. Neddy went on browsing.

"Mr. Bean,—Mr. Bean," said she ; "let me come into the garden,—my Donkey is in your Garden." But Mr. Bean was not at home. Poor man ! he was gone to market !

The Laundress, accompanied by all her washerwomen, again tried to get over the palings, and at last did so,—they ran after Neddy.

The poor donkey, expecting, of course, another edition of the prop stick, scampered away as fast as he was able.

He ran among the young beans, potatoes, carrots and onions ; at every step doing a shilling's worth of damage. There was no catching him anyhow, and the ladies, old and young gave up the pursuit.

Neddy was quite contented, for he had taken a fancy to some young cauliflowers, and began to feel himself in paradise ; when he had tasted these, he took a few mouthfuls of young peas, and then turned to the peach-trees, the young buds of which are very finely flavoured.

Well, thistles are good, thought Neddy, but there is nothing like cauliflowers and peaches. If a few thumps with a cudgel brings one into a place like this, I think I should not mind a few every day in my life.

Just as he spoke this, however, he heard a click ; and in a moment found himself fast by the leg. He had been caught in a Man Trap ; it was, however, not one of those cruel traps that would cut the leg through : it did not hurt him, but it held him fast. NOTE. —See the "Man Trap," page 942.

Great was the joy of the washerwomen when they beheld this !

Soon after, Mr. Bean came from market ; soon after, he went to Mrs. Starch ; soon after, they quarrelled ; soon after, Neddy was in the pound ; soon after, a lawsuit was commenced ; and soon after, Neddy was sold to help to pay for the expenses of his repast and hornpipe.

Neddy was sold to a Widow Lady, who wished to learn to ride. She had kept a green-grocer's shop, in which she made a fortune, and had a great fancy for donkeys : her name was Button, and she was very stout.

She advertised for a quiet creature, and Mrs. Green recommended Neddy as the sweetest-tempered, best, gentlest, most amiable, most beautiful, and most valuable, donkey in the whole universe ; as being swift of pace, sure of foot, a lovely one to look

at, and a sweet one to go. If you had heard Mrs. Starch recommend her donkey, you would have thought she had served seven years' apprenticeship to the trade of recommending donkeys.

Neddy was bought—Mrs. Button fed him morning, noon, and night :—

Sometimes with grass, sometimes with greens,
Sometimes with hay, and sometimes with beans.

Besides this, she had a saddle made, and bought a bridle ; and, this done, prepared herself to take lessons in riding, by buying a riding whip.

Certainly, Neddy was a very pretty donkey to look at ; and much prettier did he look when he had his bridle on, with his little rosettes of blue on his forehead, and primrose-coloured saddlecloth.

Mrs. Button had a small grass plot, and Neddy was exercised on it every day ; and Mrs. Button exercised herself upon Neddy's back. A little at a time Neddy did not mind, and so behaved himself remarkably well. Mrs. Button was delighted : and having gained courage every day, at last thought of trying her Jerusalem pony in the streets. Ah ! that was a fatal determination ; and led to a series of mishaps, which probably, have not yet had an end in Mrs. Button's connections. Donkeys are born to mischief as stones fall downwards.

Mrs. Button had dressed herself in leg-of-mutton sleeves, a lace pelerine, a straw hat and leathers, and a green veil to keep the sun off her face.

Note.—If the "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, &c.,—the fashion of sixty years ago,—seem now ridiculous, what would the ladies' fashions of our day have been thought of in 1830?

She mounted Neddy in her garden, and had him led out of the side gate, and then trotted him towards the village.

At first Neddy went on very well ; but the day was very hot, and Mrs. Button was very heavy, and Neddy was rather overcome—at least he thought so. "Is there no way to get this load off my back," said he to himself? "It is a strange thing to me if there be not." At all events he was determined to try.

They came to a part of the road in which there was a long wall on one side. Neddy thought grazing might suit his mistress, so he grazed her knee against the wall ; in return for which he got a sound thump, which made him stand stock still : waiting, I suppose, to see if any more were coming.

"Go along, Neddy," said Mrs. Button. "Tutch—tutch, come up, come up ;" and then she gave him another touch with the whip. Neddy turned his head round in the direction of home ; as much as to say, if you can't behave better than this, you had better go home, Mrs. Button.

Mrs. Button pulled the bridle, and Neddy turned back again, and, for the sake of variety, turned himself round, and round again,

and again, but going forward seemed quite out of the question.

Mrs. Button began to grow timid; and just in proportion as she grew timid, Neddy grew courageous and determined to have his own way. So he first threw up his head, and gave Mrs. Button a blow on the nose, then he ran into the hedge on the other side the road, then he went against the wall; at last, with a shy, a twist, a kick, and a kind of summerset all together,—off went poor Mrs. Button,—and what with the fall, and the fright, off she went into a swoon. Neddy seemed quite unconcerned, as if nothing had happened: at last, however, he went to his mistress, and being attracted by the colour of the green gauze veil, and by the glitter of a large bunch of artificial flowers the lady had in her bonnet began to make a meal of them.

Just, however, as he was about to ascertain that gauze was not grass; and paper, and calico, and wire, were not so eatable as



asparagus, sweet peas, and young cauliflowers, a lady and gentleman came laughing up the hill, and Mrs. Button came to herself. Her bonnet was rumpled, her dress was crumpled, her leg of mutton sleeves were flattened; and her feathers and all the rest of her finery ruined,—in the eyes of men, if not of donkeys.

Mrs. Button never mounted a donkey again as long as she lived: nor was Neddy called upon to teach her the art and science of riding,—he led a gentlemanly sort of life, not being disturbed either by too much work, or too much victuals. Mrs. Button carefully concealed her disaster from all her neighbours; and pretending that donkey riding did not agree with her constitution, signified her intention of giving up her establishment on the first opportunity, and as a prelude to such a change in her circumstances, wrote a bill and put it in a neighbour's window,—the straw bonnet maker's close by. "A genteel donkey and harness complete, to be sold,—a bargain. N.B.—Warranted to drive or carry."

This notification was in the straw-bonnet maker's window many a long day; there did not appear to be a person in the world in want of a donkey,—not one. Donkeys were going out, and

railroads were coming in ; Mrs. Button could not find a purchaser.

It now became a matter of serious reflection to Mrs. Button, as to whether she should keep a donkey at half-a-crown a week expense without any returns ; or whether she had not "better have him killed for his hide," as the butcher suggested, and so get rid of him, and his mischievous tricks.

Humanity, however, prevailed, and Mrs. Button said to herself, "I will give the tiresome creature away. I will give him to anyone who chooses to keep him,—except a chimney-sweep !" So the bill in the straw-bonnet maker's window was altered, and ran as follows :—"Any person wanting a donkey can have one. A donkey to be given away."

Even this, however, had no effect. No one applied. There really seemed no one in the village who wanted a donkey. The Butcher, who was the "funny man" of the place, stated that, "In *his* opinion there were enough donkeys in the village of Little Puddle, as it was !" at which remark his neighbour, the *Publican* laughed heartily ; no one knew *that* better than *he* did !

Thus, Neddy remained on hand, the bill was taken down, and Neddy was sent out rural excursions round the fields, and lanes to save provender at home, and for many weeks was, perhaps, the freest donkey in the freest Country in the World ; but one Monday morning he was missing. The donkey that could not be sold, nor given away, had found out the way to be stolen. It was just like Neddy.

The gentleman who had taken a fancy to Neddy, was a gipsy, and Neddy was not the only thing he had taken a fancy to in the village. Sundry articles of wearing apparel, a sheep or two, and many odd matters, had decamped with Neddy, who lent his aid to carry them off.

The gipsy was called Giles, and travelled all over the country in search of things in want of an owner. When he purloined Neddy he was determined to make him go,—and he did.



He was quite at home, as you see him, when on Neddy's back ;

and he used to smoke his pipe and look as innocent on his stolen ass, as if he had paid a pound for him.

The gipsy carried Neddy about with him, or rather Neddy carried the gipsy about with him for some weeks ; and was witness to many roguish tricks, I can assure you, if he could have told of them. Giles made Neddy a very humble, patient, donkey, and broke him of his wild mad tricks.

The gipsy and his companions had formed a design to rob a house in the neighbourhood ; one reason for their doing this was because it was inhabited by a very great coward.

Simon Stickery, that was his name ; he was one of the volunteer riflemen, and was corporal. He lived just outside Little Puddle.

Now the good people of Little Puddle were a very spirited set of folks ; it was a large village ; it boasted of a School, a Church, a Market Place ; and held at certain seasons large Wakes, or Fairs. Occasionally large droves of Cattle, Pigs, &c., came through the Village to, and from, the neighbouring Seaport Town, and these would sometimes run up the lanes, and even into the houses of the villagers, thus "invading," as the Schoolmaster told them, "the domestic rights, and sacred privacy, and privileges of Free Born British Citizens."

The Little Puddlearians forthwith called a Council of War,—the Schoolmaster being voted into the chair,—to see if they could redress their wrongs, and compel the drovers to go round some other way. The Butcher solemnly proposed the formation of a Volunteer Corps, or Vigilance Committee, to repel all invaders ; the Publican seconded him, offering *his Public House* as the most suitable for their Meetings.

The Schoolmaster, — who had the reputation of great learning, — was deputed to draw up what he termed a "propaganda ;" (which the irrepressible Butcher would, at first, have it, was spelt "proper Gander," at which the rustics roared as usual). The Schoolmaster felt that his reputation was at stake, made his effort ; and the following spirited Bill was posted on the Walls of the District, and even sent in defiance to the neighbouring Town, and to its Mayor. It ran as follows :

ENGLISHMEN, PROTECT YOUR VESTED RIGHT !!!

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE PUDDLE,
GENTLEMEN,

A base attempt having been made to deprive you of your ancient privileges, and a reckless and lawless faction having made an attack upon your Rights and Liberties as Englishmen,

A MEETING,

For the purpose of resisting, by all Legal and Constitutional means, the usurpation of a dominant faction, will be held on

TUESDAY NEXT, AT THE MARKET PLACE:

Vivat Rex,

"WHO WOULD BE FREE, THEMSELVES MUST STRIKE THE BLOW."

MEN OF LITTLE PUDDLE.

The eyes of both hemispheres are upon you ! Defend your liberties as Englishmen : do not bow down to the manners of wickedness in high places ; let your tyrants know that the liberty of an Englishman is his birthright ; and let your tyrants feel the sharp edges of your moral steel. War to the knife is our watch-word !

COME IN YOUR MASSES, —AND WORKING CLOTHES,—THE CRISIS IS IMPORTANT !

LIBERTY OR DEATH !

COME TO THE MEETING !

Who would have supposed there would have been such a bother about nothing ? But the question seemed to be one of vital importance to the community.

Note.—By the "Vivat Rex," it is evident that this tale speaks of a time before Queen Victoria.

Amongst others, Simon Stickery was enrolled on the volunteer corps as a Corporal ; there were no privates, all were officers of some kind or other, and felt that they were heroes !

Simon Stickery lived some little way out in the direction of the town, and therefore felt the first brunt of invasion. He was a shoemaker, who had the reputation of having got together, or having been left, some money, of which, not being, naturally, of a courageous temperament, he was in constant fear of being robbed. He lived with his sister, an ancient maiden lady, of uncertain age.

Stickery, one day, suddenly came upon the Gipsy Giles, as he rode along, towards the town, on Neddy, and from that moment his martial ardour vanished : That the man meant robbery, both the valiant corporal, and his ancient sister felt sure ; what was the man riding about on that donkey for ? To spy out the likely houses and to bring his comrades to attack it ; the first house would be *thurs* ! For once they were not far wrong !

That night Stickery's abode was placed in a stage of siege. He warned his servant, went to bed early, —barred the doors, —locked the gates, —set the man traps, and spring guns, all over his garden, loaded his blunderbuss, and prepared for the *worst* ! It soon came !

THE BLUNDERBUSS, MAN TRAP, AND SPRING GUN.

THE BLUNDERBUSS.

In the old coaching days, the Guards in charge of the Mail Bags were provided with a "blunderbuss," a clumsy piece, rarely now seen, not unlike a brass cannon, with a muzzle gradually enlarging at the mouth, being designed to spread the slugs or lead pellets it was usually charged with, among the highwaymen who might venture to stop the Mail Coach.

As they came into London, at dawn,—(See Page 746 for the "General Post Office" in 1820.)—the Guards were accustomed to empty their blunderbusses into the air to see that they were in effective condition.

RUSH THE MURDERER.

These "Blunderbusses" were, at times, "double barrelled." It was with one of the latter that the Murderer Rush, of Potash Farm, shot dead with "slugs" the two Mr. Jermyns,—Father, and grown up Son,—in the Porch of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, on the night of Tuesday, 28th November, 1849,—after several nights watching his opportunity. Could the two Jermyns be got rid of before a certain date, (the 30th), Rush would probably, have obtained possession of some valuable Properties, by means of forged agreements which he had prepared, and which they alone could have proved fictitious. The difficult path to the Hall had been strewn, in parts, with straw, to guide the eye on those dark nights. Over banks, ditches, and mud,—along this Path,—the Murderer rushed, disposing of his pistols, (never found), and—secreting his Weapon in a Dungheap,—entered Potash Farm, calling attention to the hour, in the hope, if suspected, of proving an "*alibi*," that no one could perform it in the time; a Witness,—a Farmer,—familiar with the locality,—succeeded however, in accomplishing it.

Rush fought to the last,—conducted his own defence,—if reviling at the Witnesses,—innumerable appeals to the Almighty,—endless cross examinations which lead to nothing, and incredible statements, could be called a "Defence." Failing to shake the Evidence, on the fourth of the five days' Trial, Rush, that night, "behaved in the cells, more like a Demon than a Man!" He was thirteen hours, at a time, on his legs, talking! Baron Rolfe was a Miracle of Patience. Rush screamed "Murder!" on the Scaffold. Yet the Jury were only out *five minutes*,—and no living creature ever had the slightest doubt that he did the deed! Some Months after the Execution the double barrelled Blunderbuss was found under a Dunghill, in Potash Farm, the only thing needed to complete the Evidence, the Ramrod found in the Hall, exactly fitting it. A picture of the Weapon appeared in the Illustrated London News of that date. The Blunderbuss usually had a "Spring Bayonet" attached to it.

THE MAN TRAP.

"*Man Traps*,"—now only seen as curiosities, having, together with "Spring Guns,"—in the more Christian, and humane days of about the "Twenties," been condemned by law as illegal. The "Man Trap" had a large plate of iron, and two large iron jaws,—like a huge rat trap. Placed on the ground and cunningly concealed in grass, &c.,—the jaws being held down by two powerful springs,—nothing suspicious would be seen, especially in the dusk. The moment a foot trod on the plate the two jaws came together with a crash! There were two kinds, one without teeth which merely held firmly but still terribly painfully,—the other with frightful teeth, which would inflict wounds which would probably result in necessary amputation, perhaps death, if the "Poacher" was caught in woods where his cries would not be heard perhaps for hours; *possibly* the keepers might not choose to hear too soon!

There is a Specimen of this horrible invention in the Torquay Museum, another is in the Lapidary's Museum, on Eastbourne Parade, both have sharp iron teeth, three inches long, (!) rivetted to the jaws of the trap.

To open it, a man must stand alternately on the Springs, and keep the jaws open by a slip ring. Such teeth would penetrate to the bone, and probably cut a youth's leg off! No one but a Surgeon could stop the bleeding!

The Grandfather of a gentleman at Torquay, stated that he remembered that identical Man Trap being sent to the Village Smith's, in 1800, to have the teeth sharpened, and that these frightful engines were actually set in those days! They became illegal about 1825. (?) The Writer never, however, could learn of any cases where a victim had been actually caught in one of them.

Fancy, dear Reader, a Child, or School Boy,—probably after an apple,—being caught in such a frightful machine!

THE SPRING GUN.

The "*Spring Gun*," or "*Wire Gun*,"—although of course, now only loaded with powder,—is still set in "Preserves" and Woods, to give the Gamekeepers notice that Poachers are in the Plantations.

Mounted on a swivel, the gun is attached to wires running out amongst the grass in various directions. The foot catching any one of these wires not only pulls the gun round like a weathercock, but discharges it in the direction of the person who touched the wire. Poachers who once found the wires would, it is said, at times, trace the wire gently up to the swivel, unship the gun, and bear it off in triumph.

Another kind,—of which a Specimen is in the Torquay Museum,—resembles a small cannon, to be fastened at a proper height to a tree, with Wires across the Path to discharge it.

But some terrible things doubtless were done in those inhuman old days by these murderous devices. Such a state of things when, as too often, a brutal, selfish, class of Squires,—Magistrates, &c.,—ruled the country districts, would now seem incredible. No papers, no publicity, they would have it all their own way. The labourer could neither read nor write, so that the Country Squire, with the Parson,—generally the Magistrates,—were Potentates who could do almost anything in the old days of the shameful "Game Laws." The preservation of their "game" for the

first half of this century seemed of more importance to the old school of Country Squires than human life itself! The whole state of Society was, and had been, for a century, coarse, selfish, and brutal, to a degree! Till the saintly Wesley appeared, true Religion and the claims of the Poor, (which always go together,) seemed alike ignored. Kingsley, himself a "Country Parson," but representing the Modern School, which thank Heaven, has replaced the old one,—writes:—

THE BAD SQUIRE. (THE POACHER'S WIDOW.)

A Labourer in Christian England,
Where they cant of the Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of Game!

"You made him a Poacher yourself, Squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat,
And your barely-fed hares robbed the Garden,
At our starving children's feet.

"We lived like the brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep?
Worse housed than your hawks, and your pointers,
Worse housed than your hogs, and your sheep!"

She looked at the long tufts of clover,
Where rabbit, or hare never ran,
For its black sour haulm covered over,
The blood of a murdered man!

And she thought of the dark Plantation,
And the fight,—and her husband's blood,
And the voice of her indignation,
Went up to the Throne of God!

"There's blood on your conscience, and soul, Squire,
There's blood on your pointers' feet!
There's blood on the Game you sell, Squire,
And there's blood on the Game you eat!"

It must also be remembered how many brave Keepers have lost their lives,—or been *injured for life*,—in preserving this wretched "Game."

These Country Potentates, "The Justice,—with fair round belly,—with fat capon lined" (Shakespeare) would, in those dark days of the "Game Laws,"—Laws made for the Rich,—sentence many a fine country Youth, to *Transportation* for Seven Years for taking a hare, fishing, &c.,—do you doubt it? Then Read the Official Records of Australia! The Colonists expostulated at the number sent out merely for "*Poaching*." The Writer has a noted Collection of Australian Books. Read the "History of Tasmania," by

John West, 2 vols., 1852, a calm, authentic, exhaustive, Work on Van Dieman's Land, of course, dealing largely with the Lives, Punishments, and usual Fate of the Convicts. For Years the Colonists struggled desperately with our Government, imploring and petitioning them to send out no more Convicts. In 20 years some 75,000 Convicts passed through Van Dieman's Land to other Colonies. Vast numbers, not originally depraved, but all demoralized by living exclusively in Convict Society, amongst desperate men perfected in every Crime, contaminating all within their reach!

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Fancy, dear Reader, sentencing a Country Youth to Transportation for killing a hare, or some Birds!

Consider what it meant! Conceive the Ships of that day,—the "Convict Ship" of the old brutal times, the horrible characters,—habitual criminals,—beyond the Pale of Humanity, and the Youths huddled up together for Months on the slow, miserably small Ships of that day! A Firm of London Merchants, contracted, at first, with our Government to transport 1,000 Convicts at £17 7s. 6d. per head. No interest then existed to land them *alive*, or for their preservation, the more there died the less provisions were consumed, the Contractors drawing the above sum just the same. The *deaths* in four vessels amounted to 271 out of 1,000!

Again,—151 died on board the "Neptune." On board the "Hillborough" 95 died, in 1799.

These wretched old Tubs would get becalmed in the sweltering heat of the tropics, and the distemper carried off numbers.

Captain Grant, in the "Lady Nelson" was "becalmed from 15th February to the latter end of March,—a dreadful time,—the like of which, I devoutly pray I may never again experience!"

No condensing apparatus for converting the Sea Water for drinking purposes was then known, the water was all spent, the food almost gone, and they were only saved by another ship providentially drifting near them and sending in adequate supplies.

Thomas Reid, Surgeon Superintendent of Convict Ships, 1820, an excellent man, gives in his now rare book, an account of taking out 120 Female Convicts; dedicated to the excellent Mrs. ¹ or Lady,—who came

down with other good Ladies to give Bibles, Books, materials for giving the women work for themselves during the voyage, &c.

This excellent man also gives a graphic account of his previous voyage in 1817, with 170 Male Convicts, the Stores, the Crimes of the Criminals, their Characters, the Boys, all are detailed. 85 were "for life," 33 for fourteen, and 52 for seven years. Terrible men!

How the worthy man struggled with that mass of human misery, vice, and crime! How the Boys were found to be more corrupt than even the adults!

He found the Boys "So rife in knavery, and fraud, so ready, and fluent, in their own form of speech, were *unable to read*, and were totally ignorant of the contents of the Bible, few of them could distinguish the letters of the Alphabet!"

What an idea of those days do we obtain from the plain, simple, descriptions of this worthy Surgeon of 1817!

Speaking of the Felons awaiting "Transportation," he says, "No friendly Counsel to hold up to their view the enormity of their crimes, no sort of Industrial Employment to fill up the time of the Convicts before their departure. The order for their Transportation,—always desired by their Keepers, was, also, in a sense dreaded; for it was their practice to give way to frantic violence, tearing up their beds, breaking the prison windows, and destroying everything within their reach! Handcuffs, and Chains, were indispensable to restrain their fury, and the use of them a regulation invariably observed in the case of Male Convicts. Reid's Convict Ship in 1817 was the "Neptune." Owing to the efforts of that noble man, John Howard, the Public Conscience had been roused, and proper food and supplies were now provided, and a reward per head given to the Captain for every Convict landed, in health, at Botany Bay. Half the Convicts under his care, it will be observed, were "lifers," many spared the capital sentence through the humanity of the Juries "recommending to mercy." Twenty-five were Boys of 13 to 20.

It was a most dangerous service in those days; transportation to New South Wales had commenced in 1787. The "Lady Shore" had been seized in a successful revolt of the Felons, the Captain murdered, and the Ship taken to La Plata River. Into this terrible society went the good man, however, resolved to do his duty! "I had always been impressed," says the worthy Surgeon Superintendent of Convicts,—a Christian Philanthropist in advance

of his time,—“that the Good Creator implants, in the minds of all men the Seeds of Virtue, which seldom totally perish during his lifetime,—and an experience of Criminals,—perhaps unusually extensive,—has only confirmed me in this conviction!” In simple words the good man narrates his trials, his encouragements, his efforts on this voyage,—how, before they landed, all the Boys had learned to read their Bibles,—“some quite fluently:” how he started a School, how he preached and prayed,—saw to their health, and how he proved that, even in that awful Society there was hope!

The older Convicts,—treated with humanity,—patience,—and consideration, noticing his unwearied efforts, and incessant desires for their good, became *softened*! They were *terrible* men, but *they were human*! *Yes!* the good man prevailed! The Faithful God, in Whom he believed, never *deserted* him! When has He *ever* done so? Who doubts, dear Reader, that when good Thomas Reid set sail, early in December, 1817,—there was *Another* on that floating Prison with its awful Cargo of Human Misery, and of Sin! *Yes!* Christ was *there*!

The terrible “Lifers,”—no doubt poor creatures,—with desperate efforts,—curbed their passions for the sake of the worthy man, who had gained their respect! The abler of them even volunteered their aid to his Scheme, they read his Bibles, and his Tracts, and before he brought them all in health to Sydney on May the 8th, 1818, there was already a *change*!

All honour to this obscure, little known, long forgotten, man! The terrible men, before they parted, presented him with an excellently worded address, expressing their undying gratitude! Many men have made more noise, but when the Supreme holds the Great Assize, who doubts that the joyful welcome shall come to good Thomas Reid?

“Well done! Thou good, and faithful Servant! I was in Prison, and ye came unto Me! Thou wast my faithful Witness in a lonely, darksome time, and a very dark place! I will make *thee* Ruler over *many* things! Enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord!”

But how few Thomas Reid's were there in 1787-1830!

Then, when the Convicts did survive the four Months' Voyage, what a life of Misery followed! For Years in the dreadful society of the Road Gangs, and terrible Convict Prisons. Flogging, and Punishments incessant, the Convicts

let out to the Squatters who worked them as they liked, and could have them flogged for even a saucy word!

Now fancy all this for "Poaching!" Imagine a Young English Labourer,—brought up in the Country,—with the strong, national, love for Field Sports,—common to our Nation,—surrounded by the Rich Man's Game,—constantly exposed to temptation,—sentenced to Transportation for taking a Hare, Rabbits, or a Bird or two!

The Squire, and the Parson, usually the Magistrates,—no Newspapers, no Publicity, no Appeal! Such infamous sentences meant,—in those dark days,—a blasted,—utterly ruined life! For who could go through seven years, uncontaminated by such a Life,—no other Society for years,—but Convicts?

Even in 1891, amazing sentences passed by "Country" Magistrates, have to be exposed by that safeguard to the Public the "Press,"—and their decisions reversed by the Central Authority. For "trespassing" in a Corn Field, three respectable young Excursionists, who erred through ignorance of their whereabouts, — were sentenced to "fourteen days hard labour" (!) at Sevenoaks, this Summer (1891). Fines,—which would at once have been paid,—being refused! A "Major" and an "Admiral" being the "Justices" in the case. They were released at once, through agitation being made, by the Home Secretary. But how would they have fared in 1800? No Publicity, no Newspapers!

The state of the Labouring Population of this Country, at the commencement of this Century, can only be imagined! Every imaginable article "taxed" to supply the precious Millions needed to support the terrible Continental War, (1793-1815). Wages were at a starvation limit! Even the Wages of the Miners, (1790-1816), —(men working without the modern appliances, at frightfully exhausting toil, —working in those un-inspected,—rude,—un-scientific days,—in constant peril of their lives,)—were only about 12s. per week (!)

Now, in 1891,—with ample Laws,—Inspection,—Scientific appliances, double Shafts, &c.,—to protect them,—their wages average 26s. per week.

Then the price of provisions in those terrible times! No Millions of Quarters of cheap, foreign, Wheat coming to England in those days. A Gentleman,—a well-known Corn Merchant,—who died not long ago,—had documentary evidence that the price of wheat, in September, 1799,

was 160s. (£8) per quarter, for his Father sold some at 20s. the Bushel, that Month, in Warwick Market!

But, —the poorish Harvest of 1800, following that of 1799, —a bad one,—saw (1801) the "Record" price of Wheat reached, for this Country. In January 1801, Wheat was selling at 139s. per quarter, the owners holding for a rise,—and, before the Harvest of 1801, (no railways, and carriage being expensive,) wheat sold in London, at 180s. (!) Say that there are 118 to 120, (4lb.) Loaves in a Quarter, this gives 1'10½, each,—or, adding cost of making, and Retailer's profit,—at least 2s. per (4lb.) Loaf!

Now we have Wages doubled,—and Wheat 1880-1891, at 30s. to 40s. per quarter, or 4d. to 5d. per (4lb.) Loaf!

Fancy, dear Reader, wages at 10s. a week, the loaf at 1/6 to 2s.,—and "Game" of all kinds constantly running all round the Cottagers, and eating the produce of their little Gardens! With the "Game Laws," made for the Rich,—passed by a wealthy "Class," who were *supposed* to represent "the People" in our Parliament!

The Political administration was divided between the King and the Great Families. Not one person in 500 had a vote! Even up to 1831,—150 Persons returned a Majority in the House of Commons (!) Down to 1832 large towns like Birmingham had not a single Member to represent them. It was indeed about time for the "Reform Bill," and "Free Trade!" Fancy, dear Reader, what Wheat at 160s. per Quarter, meant per acre, to the wealthy Landowners, or Farmers with long Leases!

ARMED NIGHT POACHERS, 1891.

It must be distinctly understood that the above remarks merely deprecate the terrible sentence of Transportation awarded in those days, to young Poachers, brought up in the Country, half-starved, Game all around them, and when they had committed no Assaults upon the Keepers.

A *very* different thing is the cruel Murder of brave Keepers by modern, organized, armed Gangs of Night Poachers, in 1891. Within three Weeks (December, 1891) two cases occurred, in one of which two Keepers were brutally murdered;—in another a Keeper was found shot dead, on the edge of a Wood;—whilst, shortly before, two Keepers were so terribly injured, about the head, that one is in a Lunatic Asylum.

These modern Gangs of night Poachers,—like night Burglars,—are actuated by the desire of money,—theft,—

alone ; they have not the excuse of the Cottagers of eighty years ago, under constant, and sudden, temptation, to allay pinching hunger, on the part of their Families.

They add, also, the Crime of premeditated violence upon the unfortunate Keepers, who are merely bravely endeavouring to do their duty,—against desperate odds,—as Englishmen, in defending their Masters' Property.

In these 1891 Gangs, we have no poor Countrymen driven, by hunger, to kill a stray Bird, or Rabbit, to take to his Family. We have now men coming from a distance,—organized bands of thieves,—after Money alone,—a Gang with costly outfit,—guns,—nets,—in fact Capital embarked,—like modern Burglars,—in the business.

Not the slightest defence is intended for these ! Let the extreme penalty of the Law be exercised upon any such when convicted of the savage Murder of a Keeper, by all means !

But, dear Reader, does it not strike you as a pitiable thing that the valuable lives of Citizens should be thus sacrificed,—Keepers or Poachers,—for the sake of "Game," for ninety years past ?

Some Fifty years or more have now seen the Game Laws repealed,—vast improvements made,—and it is the real desire of every true Englishman, and Englishwoman, in 1891, that the social condition, education, and moral elevation of the English country Labourer, may have the constant attention of the Members we send to Parliament. Undoubtedly the public conscience is now roused, and if they insist upon it, a brighter future will soon dawn upon the Working Classes.

CORPORAL STICKERY FIRES HIS BLUNDERBUSS.

We left Stickery's house closed for the night. There was an iron gate, and a sort of private drive which cut off a bend in the road, and this gate was usually left open. Stickery's old manservant, gardener, and factotum, had, however, this time, locked the Gate, and to make matters secure, had put a few peas in at the key hole.

Half an hour after, horses' hoofs were heard striking the hard road, in the stillness of the summer night, and,—at a swinging trot,—came up our friend the Butcher in his cart,—his friend the Publican, by his side, and his man behind. They were coming home late from the neighbouring town, drawn at a good ten miles an hour, by the Butcher's noted trotting mare "Black Bess."

Seeing the gate closed, they pulled up : the man rolled out of the back of the cart, and tried to open it.

"Gate's locked," he called out, fumbling at the lock,—“and, Master, there be *peas* in the Key hole!” “*Peas*,”—cried the Butcher, who was the wag of the village,—“then send for the Justice of the Peas!” (Peace) The Publican went off into his usual roar of laughter,—and the Butcher,—highly pleased at his joke,—ordered his man to get in,—shook the reins,—and away went Black Bess with the three worthies the other way round to the village!

About twelve o'clock, that night, —as the valiant Stickery lay in bed unable to sleep, —he heard a noise in the path close to his garden palings,—he listened, intently,—yes! there was a scuffling of feet, then they ceased!

“They are coming!” he thought, —“they are getting into the Garden.” He slipped out of bed,—threw up the window, but the night was dark; he could see nothing. Again he heard the noise, however, nearer than before. “Who goes there?” he cried. No one answered; but the noise continued. “Speak! or I'll fire!” cried Stickery, —he was almost as much afraid of his weapon as of the thieves, —“*One! Two!—THREE!*”—cried Stickery,—**BANG!**

He discharged his Blunderbuss,—which being heavily loaded knocked the valiant corporal back into his bed room, —and who should scamper off,—quicker than even “Black Bess,”—but our friend Neddy Bray,—who, having been left by the Gipsy to his own devices that night, had taken a tancy to some thistles in the path near the palings of Stickery's garden.

Here he goes, quicker than he ever ran in his life!



“One! Two! Three!” Bang!

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

CHAPTER III.

We left Neddy Bray scampering along as fast as he could after being shot at by the brave Mr. Stickery. Indeed, so nimble was Neddy on his legs, that the shot from Stickery's blunderbuss never came up with him,—at least it never struck him. The sound, however, being quite of an unusual character, and Neddy not being the bravest donkey in the world, and his Mamma having taught him to run away *before* he was hurt—as there is little use in running away *afterwards*—Neddy went off like a shot!

He ran and ran. Never did he think of looking behind him. He was too frightened for that. But along the road he ran, not wishing to do any mischief; he was, however, born to it, and therefore it is no wonder if disaster followed in his footsteps.

You know it was night when Neddy was fired at. The reason of his being in the situation of so much danger arose from his having strayed away from his master, the gipsy. He was now nobody's donkey, and had a right to run as far as he liked.

And he did run—on and on—gallop, gallop, gallop, down one road and up another—and all in the dark too.

Neddy made light of the distance, and cared not for the darkness. It was so much the better: he could see no danger; and therefore scampered along as if he had left it all behind him.

Not far from the spot in which Neddy was trying his speed, perhaps a mile, or two, from the house of the valiant Stickery, was what is called a Decoy Pond, if you know what that is: perhaps you do not, and so I must tell you.

In some parts of the kingdom the wild fowl are caught in a peculiar manner. A place is constructed near some rivulet leading to the moors or marshes, for the purpose of securing ducks and geese, and such wild fowl.

First, the rivulet is stocked with a few decoy ducks, which are always fed at a certain place, which I shall describe to you. These are allowed to swim about at the lower part of the rivulet. The wild birds seeing them, flock together at the same spot, and the old decoy ducks, as they are called, decoy them up into the meshes prepared for them.

These meshes are at the upper part of the stream, and are first made by gradually twining the boughs of the trees that overhang the rivulet. As the stream becomes narrower, the enclosure is made more secure, forming a tunnel of bent osiers, and nets, so low that a man would have to stoop to go up it, and at the last portion, which opens into a little pool, nets are intermingled with the branches, so that any fowl proceeding so far finds it impossible to get away.

Now, to construct these "Decoys" is the work of a great deal of time, and requires a considerable degree of ingenuity. Holes were left in the osiers at various points, to look through, and, as soon as the Fowler saw the wild fowl mixing with the Decoy Ducks, he whistled to the latter, as a signal for them to *come and be fed*.

Now, as the Decoy Ducks were always fed in the little pool, *at the top* of the tunnel, and *nowhere else*, the "Decoys" proceeded to the entrance, the Wild Fowl accompanying them. As soon as they were all safely in, the Fowler pulled a string, which caused a door to fall, and closed the entrance of the tunnel. He then went round, got on to a path on the side, and proceeded up to the fowls, which could not, owing to the low roof, and nets, escape; the wild fowl were thus easily killed, and the "Decoys" being fed as usual, the trap door was opened, and they are let out again into the open pool.

It sometimes happens that the decoy pools are robbed during the night of any fowl that may have taken refuge there after dark, and of the decoy ducks themselves, which are said to turn on a spit as well as any other ducks, and to eat a great deal better.

So at least Giles, Neddy's master, thought; and while he had turned out Neddy to saunter where he pleased, and while the poor creature was very proud at this, and was running away at the risk of breaking his neck, Giles was on an expedition to the decoy pond, with a large stick to knock down the fowl, and a bag to put them in.

Giles proceeded on foot to this spot, as donkeys are sometimes apt to be talkative; otherwise he would, without doubt, have made use of Neddy's back. He reached the decoy pond about twelve o'clock.

Giles listened and listened; all was silent. -the fowl, if anywhere,—were asleep. He ascended the stream, keeping close by the side of it, and worked his way through the willows and various branches of hazel, which had been planted to over-arch the way.

At last he came to the spot in which the fowl might be expected, and, taking a dark lantern from his pocket, Giles surveyed the place. There indeed reposed on the bosom of the pool fourteen or fifteen ducks, so fat and plump that they delighted Giles.

"Decoy Ponds" seem to have "gone out" about 1825 or so, on old County Maps the spots are marked with the word "Decoy."

He now threw down his sack, and prepared to seize the fowl, and waded silently into the water: a little gabble was set up, but in a moment Giles had a duck by the neck in each hand. Just as he was about to give their necks a twist, he heard footsteps.

Footsteps! hasty footsteps! He paused,—he was discovered! He dropped the ducks, which began to flutter and scream. Before the gipsy could recover his presence of mind, something

dashed into the decoy ground; away it came: what it was he did not know; but, with a tremendous bound, it darted through boughs, nets, and hazel twigs, and came floundering into the pool.

Giles was struck down,—the lantern was jerked from his pocket,—the candle flew out, and set fire to the dry grass, and some of the tarred net-work. Neddy more frightened than ever, began kicking without any regard for his liege lord and master. The ducks and fowls set up violent screams, fearing, I suppose, that they should be consumed. The flames from the tarred net-work rose above the trees; and by its light, which made everything as clear as day, Giles discovered his own *Neddy*.

It was no time for a cordial welcome; however, Giles could not refrain from giving him a few hearty thumps with his cudgel, as a matter of duty, and then darted off with the swiftness of lightning. Neddy at the same time scampered away in an opposite direction.

The light from the burning spot, and the cries of the feathered creation, soon brought some persons to the place. The lantern was found, and a search commenced after the incendiary, in all directions.

Giles was soon taken and brought before the magistrates, and denied all knowledge of the transaction. Neddy was also taken, and brought up as a witness against his master.

The result was, that the dark lantern, Neddy, and the Gipsy, were proved to be old acquaintances, and alike adjudged to be guilty of arson. The dark lantern was given to the Constable, Giles was taken to the tread-mill, and Neddy was put in the Pound, as the best place, "Under all the circumstances of the case," as the Judge said.

It is a very hard thing for a poor donkey to be in a Pound: Neddy did not relish it, I can assure you. When he got in, he in vain looked for a blade of grass or a wisp of hay, and long before night began to feel so hungry that he could have eaten his own tail off, could he have got conveniently at it.

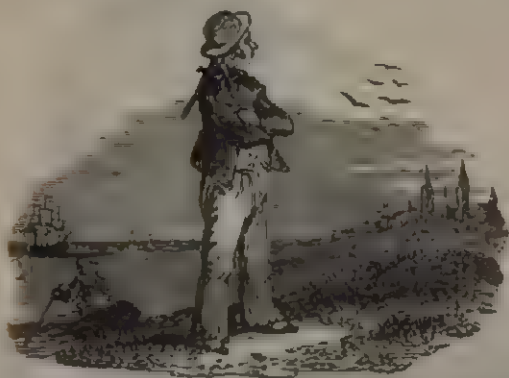
He paced round the Pound and round the Pound, poked his head through the high rails and the low rails, rubbed the great padlock with his nose, and took a taste of the oak post, but that was very indigestible.

"Well," thought Neddy, "it is a very easy thing to get into a Pound, but a plaguy difficult one to get out. What shall I do?" And so he placed his two fore-feet on the middle rail, and put his nose over the top, and looked wistfully over the village green.

It was now about ten o'clock at night, and a beautiful moonlight night it was. Neddy kept his attitude for some minutes, but most of the villagers were abed. He began to despair of supper, and would have given his tail for a thistle.

Poor Neddy! He did not stand so a great while. The chimes of the village clock played melodiously; and when they were ended, some other music saluted his pricked-up ears.

You must know that Little Puddle, the place to which Neddy was again brought, was not a very great distance from a Seaport; and as it lay in a direct road to the principal town in the county, numbers of seafaring people passed and repassed through the place continually.



A "Jack Tar" of former days, of the "Pigtail," and "Tress-gaug."

Note.—Fortunately,—what with Naval Schools, Training Ships, Temperance Sailors' Homes, and infinitely improved surroundings, the lot of the "Jack Tar" in our Navy of 1891, presents a great contrast to that of the neglected Sailor, in those old, dark, heathen times!

The sounds that broke upon Neddy's ears were the strains of two sailors, who had just been paid off from the *Arethusa*. They were singing,

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
For Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

"No," said one, "never,—as long as we have a shot in the locker. There shall be no slaves anywhere, and no foreigners, if I could help it. I say, Harry, that precious French prison, four years and a half of it, was no joke, was it?"

"No, indeed! Bless that old boy that got us out!" said the other; "I'll drink his health as long as I live:" and here the half-tipsy sailor put the rum bottle to his mouth, and from the time it was there, one would have thought he never intended to take it away again.

"Hurrah!" said he, when he had finished; "Good luck to every unfortunate!" At this moment he saw Neddy's head in the Pound. "Hulloa, messmate, what is here?" A ship in distress. What, in limbo? Why bless your old heart, what do you stare at me so for?"

"Ehewh! Ehewh! Ehewh!" said Neddy.



THE "ARETHUSA."

"Then, I'm blest if I don't. 'Britons never shall be slaves,'—lend a hand, Harry,—no, as I am a sinner. Why look here; the place is as dry as a biscuit box, and never a biscuit in it. I know what sort of thing this is, don't I Harry?"

"I should think the pair of us are not much in the dark in that way! and therefore, young scraper, we will have you out of it, if Jack tars can do it. Bear a hand,—we'll have him out in a twinkling."

And so into the Pound leaped both the sailors; they could not bear to see a fellow-creature in confinement. One got under Neddy's belly, and lifted him up, while the other, making a bight in his pocket handkerchief, hauled and hauled, till by some means or other, in spite of the violent struggles of Neddy, who did not understand his kindness, the poor ass was dragged over the gate of the Pound.

"And now for a supper for ye, my hearty! for I daresay you haven't forgotten the way to eat. What do you say, Harry, to turning him into old Farmer Skinfint's bean field?"

This was no sooner thought of than the sailors put it in practice. Neddy was led along the road till he came to the field; but as the gate which led to it was locked, there was no other

alternative than to lift Neddy over it, as he had been lifted out of the pound.

This good action performed, the Sailors, had another drop of rum, and Neddy was left alone in his glory; and I can tell you that he considered himself translated to a perfect Elysium.

Beans, beans, beans! nothing but beans—ripe, real, beautiful beans before him, behind him, right side and left side—was it a dream? It could not be real! Yes it was—they were *real* beans!

If ever a donkey did eat, Neddy did that night: he eat and eat, and eat to such an excess, that soon after sun-rise he absolutely was forced to lie down in his provender; but even then he fed on ail that surrounded him, although he had eaten too much to stand.

By lying down it so happened that during the day he was not discovered, for the beans were high, and totally concealed him from passers by, besides which, Neddy made his way to the middle of the field.

The whole of the next night he browsed, and part of the day after; and a pretty hole he made in the beans. There had not been such a hole in any bean-field in the whole county ever known before.

At last, however, that day of gladness passed away, and Neddy was surprised by the presence of the farmer, honest old Skinfint, who, when he saw the devastation made, was in such a rage that he threw down his hat, and stamped with vexation.

Neddy not knowing what to make of the violence of the farmer, began to make off at his usual rate, the farmer following all the way, till they came to the edge or hedge of the field, where he made a pause.

The farmer, when he found himself near the hedge, immediately thought of a hedge stake to apply to Neddy's shoulders; and to make sure of giving him a good basting, after having obtained his cudgel, laid hold of the tail of the beast, that he might keep him from running away.

Neddy finding his tail held, and the weight of the cudgel upon his hams, began to run, the farmer close behind, applying the stick with all the strength he was in possession of. Neddy tore along beside the hedge, and once or twice gave a kick, but the cudgel prevented him from doing much damage: at last, finding no alternative, he suddenly made a desperate spring, and Neddy and the farmer went over the bank, and through the hedge, at the same time.

It is very well to be on one side of a ditch, but it is sometimes very ill to be on the other. This was just the case in this instance; for the other side of the ditch was a mixture of nettles and mud, and Neddy and his tormentor went *clean* into it.

"And dirty out of it," you will say, and this is true. Neddy, however, came out first, and ran with all his speed over the next

meadow. I know not how many other hedges he went through, or how many fields he cleared, but at last he found himself in a gentleman's shrubbery.

Where he was, he knew not; all he knew was, that young fir, ash, and elm trees, were not so catable as beans: and so, for want of anything better to do, Neddy laid himself down.

It so happened, that the gentleman to whom the shrubbery belonged, had a son, named Arthur, about nine years old, and an elder boy, Trollop, of seventeen, who took the name in honour of his grandmother. Arthur was a nice little fellow, his brother quite the reverse.

Arthur walking in his Papa's shrubbery, found Neddy Bray lying under one of the beech trees. "What are you doing here, Mr. Donkey" said the little fellow, Neddy, apparently from good manners, rose up and made a bow to the young master. The real fact being that some flies were teasing him, and he bobbed his head to catch them.

"Well! that is a pretty bow for a donkey!" said the little boy, "but you have no business here," so he took up a stick to make Neddy move away.

Neddy, however, would not stir. He had come to stop. The various beatings he had received had rendered him pretty tough, and indifferent to the stick. The little boy had not the heart to beat him much; and so he took hold of the hair on the top of his head, and began to pull him forwards.

This would not do: Neddy did not like to go that way, and he would not be forced to it. He pulled back more and more, and so the poor boy gave up the task.

He went away, but did not go far—only into a field close by—and soon returned with three or four carrots under his arm. One of these he gave to Neddy, which put him into a mighty good temper.



Persuasion is better than force—and so, with the remaining carrots, he enticed Neddy step by step, till he got him into the

stable-yard. In a few minutes he brought out John the footman, to look at him, and begged of him to ask his father to let him buy him.

John was very much surprised, for he thought he knew the donkey. At last the old gentleman came out. He was also quite astonished: "Why," said he, "it is the donkey of that rogue Giles the gipsy, whom I committed the other day for setting fire to the decoy pond."

Whether the old gentleman took a fancy to the donkey because he was the gipsy's donkey, or because he was a good-looking animal, or because he was entreated by his eldest son, Master Trollop, I do not know; but, after having spoken to the constable, the donkey was purchased from Giles, though in prison, for thirty shillings,—a fair price.

When Trollop had fairly got the animal into the stable, he began to devise how he should amuse himself with him. Now the Animal Fair of Little Puddle was near at hand, and there was to be a donkey race for prizes. So Trollop thought it would be a good opportunity to try the speed of his donkey; but, knowing his father would not approve of such a proceeding, he determined to conceal it from him by engaging Tom Wright as his jockey. This lad lived in the village, and Trollop found him a very convenient assistant in his various schemes.

Neddy was accordingly entered for the race, and Tom's seat on his back joyfully accepted. Trollop procured him a blue jacket, boots, and small clothes, a jockey cap and spurs, and everything else to make him look fine; and, on the morning of the Fair, he rode through the village fully equipped.

Just as he entered the village green, Neddy descried the Pound, from which he had been so kindly liberated. He made a dead stop at it, and refused to go any further. At the same time a wag blew his horn, which gave Neddy a very good excuse for turning back.



At length, however, Neddy was coaxed, and driven forward, until he was amongst the other donkeys entered for the race. Amongst these Neddy found his cousin Sam, whom he had not seen since they took leave of each other, in our first picture. How the Race came off I shall tell you another time.



AN AUTUMN SATURDAY RAMBLE.

The Boys asking for a drink, the good-natured woman gave them some milk, and told them if they would help her Tom in the orchard to gather apples, that afternoon, they should have a Tea worth remembering. Off went their jackets, and to work. What fun it was. What baskets of rosy-cheeked apples did they carry in, and lay out in the apple room!

Five o'clock came, and with it the jolly Farmer; his wife came out to praise the Boys, her apples, and her Tom, and to announce Tea. What a meal it was! New laid eggs, and such ham! Such butter, and sweet bread! Then the Preserves and the Pastry! Apple turnovers fresh from the oven! Then roasted apples and the good woman's special Cowslip wine to finish, which all must taste!

The Boys could sing sweetly, being in the Choir, so off went Harry with his pathetic Ballad, and sang so well that the soft-hearted woman had to use the corner of her apron.

Then they all three sang a comic song, with a chorus, and the jolly Farmer laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At last fearing dusk would come on, the good woman filled their pockets with apples, and then all went across the two fields, and some way down the lane, before they could part with them.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

CHAPTER IV.



The Fair was held in September; and a very fine Fair it was, at least so the rustics thought it.

There were a great many sights to be seen. Amongst the rest, was an extraordinary fat boy; a marvellously lean lady, called the "living skeletoness;" a learned pig; a shaved bear, which was called the *pig-faced lady*; then there was a calf with two heads, and a cat with three; and, among other things, Billy Button, wild beasts, gingerbread-nuts, fried sausages, boiled eggs, and oysters.

The Village Green was thronged in every part, as the day advanced; even the Pound, for which Neddy had such an aversion, was transformed into a shop or stall for the sale of *pound-cake* by the slice, and a line was stretched across the upper end of the Green, upon which a Mr. Hengler danced in wooden shoes, with a long pole to balance him.

Then there was a Conjuror who ate fire, and pulled ribbons out of his mouth by yards. At length the Donkey Race was announced, and as the crowd saw the Boys issue, each with his riding-cap, jockey boots, jacket and cap, they set up a loud shout, and clustered round,—even the Shows were left for this new fun, which seemed to charm all hearts.

Such a crowd gathered round him that Trollop was obliged to cry "Make way!" and as he was the magistrate's son, each did as he was desired; some, however, determined to have a little

fun of another sort. It so happened that a mischievous lad had provided himself with a pocket full of crackers for his evening's amusement, and thought, I suppose, that it would increase the speed and mettle of Neddy, to fasten a bunch of them to his tail.

While Wright was preparing for a start, with a great many persons around him, praising his fine dress, boots, cap, and donkey, the bunch of crackers was tied on behind; and "Make way, make way,—he is sure to go," resounded from all sides.

A piece of touch paper ignited one of the crackers, and he had not got many yards in his course before it exploded. Bang,—Snap,—bang,—bang,—snap,—snap,—bang,—bang,—bang,—Indeed when they once began, there seemed no end to the snapping and banging.

If Neddy had not run fast before, he did so now,—the firing from Stickery's gun was nothing to this, for not only were his ears assailed, but his hind quarters smarted with every explosion as if he had been shot.

Away he ran through thick and thin; and instead of following the course that had been opened for him, he dashed off at an angle, and capsizing oyster-stalls, gingerbread nuts, apples, and old apple-women, made a terrible confusion. The mob hooted, the boys hallooed: in a few minutes the cry was raised "A tiger has broken loose from the caravan!"



It would be impossible to describe the scampering, panic and confusion which there were at this moment,—shrieks from the women and children, shouts from the men. All made a rush altogether: the show-men left their shows, the stall-people their stalls, and ran they minded not whither, tumbling over each other in the mud, and knocking down stalls, stools, and shows of every description.

"A tiger is loose!" re-echoed again and again, from all sides; those who followed Neddy thought such a disaster had happened, and left him to take care of themselves; and the fields and hedges around the green were now full of people, making the best of their way off, till poor Neddy, as soon as the last cracker had exploded, left off kicking and stood patiently and quietly in one corner of the green.

Trollop, on the first alarm, had scampered away as fast as his legs would carry him, and really believed that a tiger had broken loose,—never for a moment supposing that Neddy could have raised such a panic; he reached home breathless. Soon after, terrible accounts came in of the woful damage done by the ferocious beast.

The cook-maid who had been suffered to go out that day, to see her grandmother, who was dying, as she said,—although it was herself who was dying to go to the fair,—returned, supported by the washerwoman, whom she met on the way; and when she reached the kitchen, fell down in a swoon.

As soon as she came to herself, she gave her version of the disaster. "Oh, Sir," said she to the worthy magistrate who stood over her with a poker in his hand, "Oh, Sir, a real Bengal tiger, six feet long from the tip of his nose to the beginning of his tail,—such a monster,—flew about the fair like a mad cat,—over the Booths, Sir, under the stalls,—fourteen women wounded, seven small children eaten up alive for what I know, and several men dead on the field of battle,—O what a mercy I have been preserved!"

"But what has become of the animal?" said the Magistrate.

"Oh, Sir, he is roaring about, and may jump in at the window directly, for what I know."

"Here, Mat," said the magistrate, "bar the gates—shut the windows,—barricade the doors,—bring down the fire-arms,—spring the rattle,—anything to keep him off."

The poor cook was left to take care of herself, and all the rest flew about the premises with as much alacrity as so many squirrels. They listened for the roar of the tiger,—but no, there was no roar. The house was now turned into a complete fortification at all points,—at last, however, Matthew, the footman, thought he heard a snuffing or sniffing at the outer gate.

He listened,—it was,—"The tiger! the tiger!" resounded through the house. "Here, Mat," said the magistrate, "run to the copper, and treat him with a pailful of boiling beer."

It was brewing day, and the wort was just in the copper, boiling up with the hops.

Note.—*Good wholesome Ale* was brewed from good *hops* fifty years ago,—for those who persist in drink of any kind,—not the stuff sold, too often, in 1891.

Matthew ran and filled his pail with the boiling liquor, with the intention of throwing it over the gate on the supposed tiger, but was intercepted by the master. "Give it to me,—give it to me," said he; and, taking the pail in his hand essayed to throw its contents over the gate; however, he somehow missed his aim.

"He will clamber over the gate. Run, Sir, run, I hear him getting up;" and away they all ran. After waiting a considerable time,—some barred up in the stable, some in the cow house, some in the pantry,—the footman at last ventured to look out.

Not hearing any noise, he ventured to the gate; and, after much hesitation, unbarred it: he opened it very gently, and at last squeezed his head out between the latch and the post, and *there stood Neddy!*

Poor fellow! as he had found no one to take notice of him in the fair, he had taken to his heels, and made the best of his way home, as good asses ought always to do.

Poor Neddy! his time is short, for I can only give you one more of his Adventures.



Saturday Night. —Feeding the Squirrel.



THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NEDDY BRAY.

CHAPTER V., AND LAST.

After the affairs of the squibs and crackers, and Neddy being mistaken for a Tiger, you may suppose that ever afterwards he was looked upon as "a Lion:" and in truth, if ever a donkey was "a Lion" he was. Everybody came to look at him,—and no one could look at him without laughing; and fewer could look upon his young master, dressed in his top boots, without laughing a great deal more.

After this, Neddy led a quiet life for some time; the only duty he was called upon to perform, being that of conveying his young master about, down dusty roads, or dirty lanes. As to thistles,—not being a Scotch Donkey, he had no national feeling towards them: as to grass, he cared but little about it,—he was a gentleman's donkey now, and could afford to eat oats and beans.

He wanted to be free, and tried to gnaw the rope that bound him; so when he was caught at his tricks, he pretended to be very hungry; he was not, however. The young gentleman thought that he could not feed a donkey too much; and especially as he could take as much of his father's corn as he liked, without asking leave; so Neddy was fed with corn four times a day.

There was no end to Neddy's eating. He grew sleek and fat; he was no longer the rough hardy animal he used to be; his coat was combed, his fetlocks clipped, his hoofs polished; and the young gentleman copying the groom, polished Neddy on the feet with Day and Martin's Blacking till the chickens would come and peck at them, thinking strange fowls were in the yard by seeing the reflection of themselves.

So Neddy grew fat and impudent, and lazy, and independent; he cared for nobody.—not he. He turned up his nose at every pony, and endeavoured to mimic the paces of the hunters and steeds of high degree. But, above all things, did he sigh for freedom; then, thought he, *I should* be a donkey.

But three weeks passed and Neddy was still tied up,—a very stable donkey. He sighed for the air and green fields, and at last would have given up all his corn for a good browse on a bank of thistles. So one night he contrived to release himself from his stall by gnawing the halter; and the door of the stable not being securely fastened, he found himself once more a free donkey.

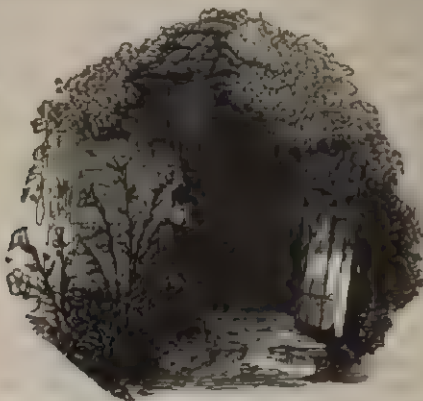
It was a bright moonlight night, and the cats were squalling upon the tiles; as soon as he got loose he kicked and pranced, he jumped and he frisked, he capered and he trotted, and at last, in

the very delight of his heart, laid himself down and rolled. Then he stood up, and, with a wistful look at the moon, and a deep-drawn sigh, began to he-haugh, he-haugh, to the great discomforture of the equally melodious strains of Grunalkin above.

After frisking about a little longer, Neddy felt a strange sensation of green meat stealing over him. He sniffed up the wind, but there was no getting fat upon that.

He look'd to the east, he look'd to the west,
But could not discover which was the best.

At last he followed his nose, and went quite round the palings in the stable-yard; then he put his two fore paws upon the pig-stye. The pig gave a grunt, as much as to say "Who's there?"—then he tried to lift himself up behind; at last, by a little manœuvring, he found himself on the roof of the stye, and, making a leap, was presently on the lawn before the house.



The Tool-house.

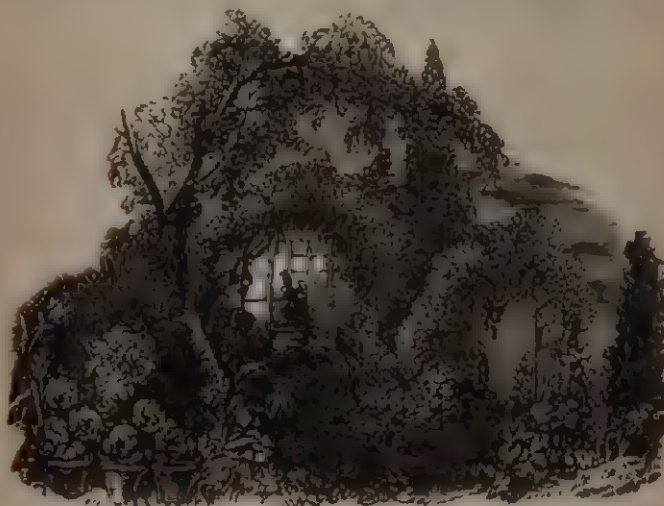
From the Lawn he passed into the Garden,—looked in at the door of a hut, or tool-house,—and at last came to the Green-house, which stood in the warmest place in the garden, as they usually do. It was built of glass from top to bottom; and, by the rays of the moon, Neddy could see green things innumerable growing up,—things not to be despised by daylight.

Alas! for poor Mr. Hunt,—the Gardener,—the lock being under repair, he had merely secured the Green house door on that particular night as well as he could. Poor man! He forgot that "The unexpected always happens!"

As Neddy pushed his nose against the door,—it gave way, and the leaves of a vine made Neddy's mouth water; he forced his head in, and eat a circle around it as far as he could reach. *Wishing* to extend the sphere of his operations, he now put one

foot forward, and pushed and pawed away till he had made the door-way large enough to admit his body.

Neddy, no doubt, thought that he had been suddenly transported to the Islands of the Southern Ocean : so sweet, so mild, so warm, so kind, was the atmosphere ! I can imagine he said to himself, "This is the land for me,"—and in he walked.



The Green-house.

What a delightful spot ! Asparagus pricking through the heated mould ; pine apples just springing forth ; grapes coming in and out of season ; peas in full blossom ; and even cherries in the bud. Time was too precious to think, —Neddy began to eat ; and eat he did,—particularly of the pine apples.

When he had eaten of everything, and pretty well filled himself, he began to think and reflect ; and, may be, moralize, for what I know : at all events he thought he would try a few experiments in practical botany. So he nipped the balsams, pruned the geraniums, made cuttings of the myrtles, and transplanted a few of the American heaths.

Pot after pot came to the ground,—smash after smash echoed through the place,—dash, dash went saucers, and at last Neddy being more foolish than wise, happened to take a mouthful or two of the prickly cactus, which made him caper again ; so that he brought down on all sides everything to the common level

Had Neddy been an auctioneer, he might have said, " Going, going, going," with effect, for his was now quite a knocking-down freak ; bad enough to all thinking, but what was worse, the green-house being heated with hot water, and Neddy by continually

pawing with his fore feet, managed to knock off a portion of the pipe which conveyed it, so that the scalding water spouted out upon him ; this made him very frisky indeed, and he kicked and pranced furiously. The glass and pots flew about like Mrs. Jaffer's crockery some months before. At last Neddy found the door,—and thinking he had had about enough of this for one night,—away he went down the Shrubbery, and so into the Meadow and Lanes beyond.

Note.—At this juncture the Story *broke down* altogether. We had now reached May, 1841. No more appeared until 1842, when an attempt, —pretty evidently *by another hand*, —was made, to bring the adventures of Neddy to a *very lame* conclusion.

In our opinion the tale was never ended : either the *first writer* died, or gave it up.

Thus it may truly be called "A Story without an End," —and if any Young Reader thinks he can produce another chapter or two, and will send it to the Writer, should another edition of this book ever be produced, we might,—perhaps,—insert them.

A STORY WITH A "PURPOSE."

Before leaving the Subject of reading, and books, let us have a criticism, not, I hope, an unfair one, on two well-known books for boys, "Eric," and "Tom Brown."

ILLUSTRATION OF HOW TO READ A BOOK CRITICALLY.

There are two Books with which you are likely to come in contact, as being suitable for presents : namely, "Eric," and "Tom Brown's School Days," by Mr. Hughes.

"ERIC."

As you cannot too soon form the habit of judging fearlessly for yourself the works with which you come into contact, extracting the good and rejecting what is evidently incorrect, a few words upon "Eric" may serve to point out the means of doing so (not only in this but in other books) and you may see how much matter for thought may be gained by the thoughtful perusal of a simple story.

Unlike ordinary works of fiction we have in "Eric" a book written for the express purpose of doing good, and *probably* of forming the reader's opinions ; for we are told

that it has not been written with a light sense of what is involved in publishing a book, nor are we allowed to entertain the irrepressible desire produced by its perusal that the whole had been revised and thought over before being issued as a fair and true description of a private school, on a boy's life; for we are told that let its faults of style be what they may, they are not owing to carelessness, and that it claims one merit of more value than style, namely, its truthfulness.

"Here then," as a reviewer remarked, "we have a book from which we are compelled to expect much." Why does it fail in interest when placed beside such a book as "Tom Brown?" Surely not because the subject of piety is often alluded to by Mr. Farrar, and *very beautifully* depicted in the character of the boy Edwin Russell; whereas, excepting a casual allusion here and there, and the curious dream of Arthur, piety is not the marked feature of "Tom Brown," nor probably was it the design of the author that it should be. Who can doubt that the true reason is rather because of the unreal and improbable elements in "Eric" and similar books, whereas the incidents of "Tom Brown" are of a simple, probable, and evidently truthful character, and are such as might take place in every school?

The descriptions given in "Eric" as a true picture of school life, if taken as real, are calculated to excite disgust in the minds of parents. As one of the Quarterly Reviews remarked, in a review upon books for boys, a well-informed and intelligent man knows—after a few words with the principal, and a glance at the routine, &c., of the school he has selected for his son—that these descriptions are, as far as his school is concerned, fictitious; but knowing what anxiety every mother feels as to the life her boys lead at school, is it fair or proper to present such scenes as true and faithful pictures of ordinary schools?

Such may be assured that the minds of those who have been to two or three *private* schools, in various parts of England, absolutely refuse to receive or acknowledge many of the scenes, upon which the main plot of the story of "Eric" rests as *possible*, or as presenting a fair idea of the routine of an ordinary well-regulated establishment: if they offer a fair, and correct idea, of what is usual at a *public* school, such a laxity of discipline and common order cannot, it is submitted, be consistent with the teachings either of Solomon or of St. Paul (from which we are assured the author has gathered his views of education) and cannot but

seriously counteract from the value of the panegyric upon our public schools, with which the preface of the second edition concludes.

Trial and temptation are, it is true, unavoidable in our present state of being, but such are designed for us to *overcome* by the aid ever ready to be extended to us, and not that they should in all cases overcome *us*!

WHERE IS THE MORAL?

Where then is the moral gained from the life of a boy, who instead of *conquering*, failed in every season of trial, even in being tempted to *steal*—a crime abhorrent, and almost unheard-of, in a well-nurtured *gentleman's* son—who gave way to what the author esteems sins of a very serious character *whenever* they were presented to him, who "was proudly conscious that few of his fellows possessed his gifts of mind or person," yet abused them all—used his influence over younger boys for evil—drank, swore, and was a *thief*—yet our common sense is abused by constant allusions to his "noble" character, and "gush" and sentiment is brought to bear upon us to induce us to believe it. At the end, as usual in "semi-religious" fictions, Eric is sure of forgiveness at the very last moment, when *too late* to do better, or change his course of life, and is resigned to die because it is no longer possible that he could live? The moral is, to say the least, *obscure*? In what the *nobleness* of such a character consists, so often alluded to by the author, it seems difficult to understand. If this is a *noble* life, what is the life of a *scamp*?

The moral is precisely in accordance with the spurious, suasive, religious teaching of this day—a piety dependent upon the *feelings* and *emotions* rather than upon a good and conscientious life.

Let anyone, who has been to a decent,—well-conducted School, say whether smoking in the house and drinking Spirits, were a frequent practice; whether the younger boys, not once, but frequently, left the school at night to spend hours in a neighbouring public-house? Such nonsense really abuses one's common sense! If such incidents ever *did* occur, one cannot but lament, however devoted and excellent the emotional character of Rose, the second master, may have been, that it had not taken a practical form, and the decorum and common decency of a respectable school been preserved. It must have been the worst *conducted* School (it is to be hoped) in England. With an

efficient staff of Masters, and the Principal residing, (as usual in schools) *on the premises*, the chief incidents which form the thread of events, in the life of "Eric," with their unprecedented, and tragical results, are simply and literally impossible! Nor do our difficulties end here. A youth of sixteen, well educated, the son of a gentleman, brought up by liberal parents, who are in comfortable circumstances; in the higher ranks of the school; instead of applying to his friends, or coolly refusing to pay the demands of a creditor, which (even if they had been legal) could not have been claimed from a boy under age, is tempted to steal the whole of the school fund of which he, as Captain of the school eleven, has charge—and all this for want of a *five-pound* note to pay the Publican of an ale-house—who eventually makes off with the above fund, and many other articles besides! Then we come to Eric's voyage.

Let us overcome the difficulty of the extraordinary step taken by such a youth as Eric, namely, that of clandestinely leaving school, and for such a reason as that given, and let us imagine him—instead of returning quietly to his kind relatives, explaining the affair, and getting them to open, if needful, a new sphere of life for him—going penniless on board a fishing Smack, or small Coaster.

Those who know the general character of the men employed in this trade, by the owners of our small traders, can picture to themselves what would be their conduct, if circumstances forced them to take out for the voyage a "young gentleman," evidently running away from his friends. A crew of *eleven*, on a Fishing Smack, certainly *might* find any accession to the number inconvenient, but if active and willing, a few days would suffice, with the hints they would give him, to make him of use during the voyage; and, on their return, in a few weeks, they would have persuaded the boy to tell them his residence, or at least to return to his friends; which he would probably do, none the worse for his trip.

Their conduct under the circumstances, so unlike the general character of these men, especially when their return to their owners in a few weeks was inevitable, is in truth marvellous; far more likely would the boy be to make friends with the whole, invite the Skipper to his house, or at least send him a present, and leave them all with mutual feelings of good-will. Instead of this, the treatment he receives injures Eric's constitution, and "kills him off" forthwith. In actual life, boys are not so easily killed. (See page 631 of the present work).

"The Sailor-Boy's Log Book," (published by *Longmans*.) a true narrative, describes the routine of a boy entering the naval profession, and will give a proper idea to those feeling an interest in such matters; also "Boys' Life Aboard Ship," (Ward Locke, and Co.) Although not entirely free from objections, the same may be obtained by a perusal of those admirable modern Sea Stories, "Singleton Fontenoy;" and "Eustace Conyers," by the late Captain James Hannay. "Poor Jack," by Captain Maryatt, also affords correct impressions of a seafaring life. His other works, such as "Midshipman Easy," belong to the romantic and unfortunately, immoral "low-toned" class.

Nor do the Moral lessons taught in "Eric" appear sufficiently clear or powerful to compensate for many of the scenes being brought forward at all! If characters, possessing in a remarkable degree, *all* that is brutal and bad, settle down into ordinary, if not useful members of Society; and the only three,—including Eric, for whom much interest can be felt,—are *all made to die* in boyhood, one fails to observe the precise object gained, or the lesson taught!

Nor is the moral learnt by such expressions as "It was God's will, great as his (Eric's) trials had been, and deeply as he had suffered, that he should pass through a yet fiercer flame ere he could be purified from pride and self-confidence," &c., very clear. Without dwelling upon what the trial in this instance was,—a singular trial for *any* respectable youth, much less the son of a *gentleman*, to give way to,—(namely, that of stealing the cricket fund in order to prevent the threatened discovery of the part taken in a previous robbery of some pigeons by night!)—is such a view of Religion a healthy one, when connected with temptation to sin, especially to besetting sins? Is there not too often a great tendency in all of us to lay the blame of our faults, and sins, upon *circumstances*, upon natural defects of disposition,—nay, is there not a desire thus to throw the responsibility of our sins upon God's own will?

That His Divine eye follows us through our lives, that every circumstance in the life of those who seek to love and serve Him may work together for good, is not to be doubted. We may hope that many a one who seems to us but to have followed from boyhood and school life upwards, a sad and mournful career, may yet in God's mercy be once more drawn to Him by a Saviour's love, and may *once more* be drawn to our Heavenly home! But it is well

to do more than hope. Surely it is a safer and a truer view, to look upon Sin, as Sin; remote from God, who cannot be tempted with evil, "*neither tempteth He any man*;"—to look upon its insidious and demoralizing nature with fear, as it first tempts to little sins, because everyone else does so and so; then, changing tone, and inducing to continue, because now too sinful and too late to return and begin anew. Surely it is better to believe that the sin which might one day, with a vigorous effort and earnest prayers, have been easily broken from, if allowed, will prove fatal and irresistible at last!

Until the appearance of Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown," life at school was but poorly represented; even Mr. Thackeray alludes to it in a way little calculated to allay the fears of a parent.

THACKERAY.

"And, by the way," he writes, "tender mothers and sober fathers of Christian families, a prodigious thing is that view of life learned at a public school. Why, if you could hear those boys at fourteen, who blush before mothers, and sneak off in silence in the presence of daughters, talking amongst themselves, it would be the women's turn to blush then! Before he was twelve years old little Pen had heard talk enough to make him awfully wise upon certain points, and so, Mother, has your pretty rosy-checked son who is coming home for the ensuing holidays. I don't say the lad is lost, but that the shadows of the prison-house are closing very fast over him, and that we are helping as much as possible to corrupt him."

Surely this is not to be taken as a dissuasive from sending boys to school!

"TOM BROWN AT RUGBY."

How much better, more healthy, are the hearty, inspiring words of Squire Brown on parting with his boy:—no sickly mawkish, sentiment now,—an English gentleman is appealing to a well-meaning boy.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going at your own request to this great School, earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, and blackguard, things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad, talk. But never fear! You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to, or say anything,

you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, nor we to see you."

Tom could only squeeze his father's hand, and look bravely up, saying, "I'll try, father." "I know you will, my boy; have you got your keys safe?" "All right," said Tom, diving into his pocket to make sure. "Well, then, good bye, my boy, and God bless you!" "Good bye, father,—my love to home," says Tom, feeling rather choky. He would have liked to have hugged his good, kind, father well; and still thinking of his father's last words, and the look with which they were spoken, he knelt down and prayed that night, that come what would he might never "*bring shame or sorrow on the dear ones at home.*"

Indeed, the Squire's last words deserved to have their effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say by way of parting advice. "Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No! I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to School to make himself a Scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school mainly for that. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, no more does his mother. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman,—a Gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want," thought the Squire, and upon this view framed his last few words of advice to Tom.

Again the author of "Eric" deals with the same subject. The conversation Mr. Farrar alludes to is accidentally commenced for a moment before the new boy. Ball was the speaker, but this time the subject instantly dropped. The others felt that a new boy was in the room; they did not know how he would take it; they were unconsciously abashed. Now, Eric, now or never! Life or death, corruption or purity, ruin or salvation are in the balance together! Speak out, boy; tell these fellows that unseemly words wound your conscience; tell them that they are ruinous: speak out, and perhaps save yourself and the rest. Virtue is strong and beautiful, Eric, and vice is downcast in her presence! Lose your purity, Eric, and you have lost a jewel which the whole world, were it one vast diamond, could not replace.

Eric did *not* speak. As usual he never *did* do anything that he should have done, and did everything that he should

not have done ! This is the *extraordinary* part of this Tale. Eric is *worse* than any of them.

The moral courage such a step necessitates is unquestionably great, especially in one who depends greatly upon the popularity of his comrades, or one who has but lately entered the school ; it certainly does generally form the crisis, or turning point, in the boy's life at school, or in the workshop ; he may gain the name of " saint," &c., but such conversation ever after flags in his presence. It establishes him in piety ; it shows to all clearly on Whose side he is.

The late John Angell James mentions, that a fellow-apprentice kneeling down to pray in their presence the first night he joined them, was the turning point, he thinks, in his own after-career.

Returning to " Eric ;"—during a walk shortly afterwards the following continuation of the subject takes place,—Russell was rather surprised when Eric came to him and said, " Come a stroll, Edwin, will you ? "

" Oh yes," said Russell cheerfully, " why, we haven't seen each other, old fellow, for an age : I was beginning to fancy that you meant to drop me, Eric ! "

Edwin spoke with a smile, and in a rallying tone, but Eric felt that the charge was but too true. Proud of his popularity, and especially of the friendship of a leading fellow like Repton, Eric had not seen much of his old friend. He faltered, and could not help saying, " I hope you will not drop me, Edwin, however bad I get. I want particularly to speak to you to-day.

In an instant Edwin had twined his arm in his, and Eric was about to speak of the conversation which had taken place in the dormitory, when Montagu's voice called after them : " I say, you fellows, where are you off to ? May I come with you ? "

" Oh yes, Monty, do," said Russell, " it will be like old times ! But Eric is dull, and does not talk. My dear fellow, what's the matter ? " said Russell, at last, affectionately taking his hand.

Eric had not liked to speak while Montagu was by, but now he gulphed down his rising emotion, and briefly told them of Ball's vile words the night before. They listened in silence. " I'm sorry you didn't speak at the time, Eric," said Russell, at last, " they'd have listened to you."

" Do the fellows ever talk that way in your dormitories ? " asked Eric.

" No," said Russell.

"Very little," said Montague.

A pause followed, during which all three plucked the grass they were sitting on, and looked away.

"My Father," said Russell "(he is dead now, you know, Eric) when he sent me to School warned me of this kind of thing. I had been brought up in complete ignorance of such coarse knowledge as is sometimes forced upon one here, and coming fresh from home I couldn't bear it. The very first time such talk was begun in my dormitory I spoke out; I hardly know what I said, but I felt as if I was trampling upon a slimy, poisonous adder, and I showed such distress that the fellows dropped it. Since then I have absolutely refused to stay in the room if such talk is begun; and now it is over, for they never do it now. I do think the boys are glad of it themselves."

"Why do masters never give us any help or advice in these matters?" asked Eric, thoughtfully.

"In sermons they do. Don't you remember Rowland's sermon not three weeks ago?"

But from day to day Eric put off what Russell advised him to do, viz:—to ask Ball privately to abstain from his tales, and offensive talk, and to endeavour to get Duncan and others also to join him, and not allow the talk to go on. "Oh, young boys," concludes the author, "if your eyes ever read these pages, pause and beware. The knowledge of evil is ruin, and the continuance in it is hell. Many and many a young Englishman has perished there! Many and many a bright and happy English boy, the jewel of his mother's heart, brave and beautiful and strong, lies buried there! Very pale their shadows rise before us—our young brothers who have sinned and suffered. From the sea and sod, from foreign graves and English churchyards come before us the memories of their fall. May every boy who reads this page be warned from that burning, sinful Passion, in which they found nothing in return but shame and ruin, polluted affections, and an early grave!" (See page 608 to page 623, on Immorality).

School life, no doubt, brings the knowledge of evil to the boys of the middle classes, in the same way that the Workshops, and contact with actual life, early bring it to those of the poorer class; but the innocence of Childhood is but the innocence of ignorance, and defer it by private home education as you will, *contact with evil* must surely come! At school it begins abruptly, and rudely; instead of *the sympathy and kindness of home*, the boy finds too

often harshness, careless ill-nature, or indifference ; but the rough lesson which must be taught some day comes at a period when the spirits are elastic and buoyant, and life has then a brightness which enables him to endure. In the formation of the Character,—it is absolutely essential that there *must* be *trial*, and how can there be *trial* without evil ? At school self-importance is curbed ; the necessity of giving up the will to the claims of others is taught ; and self-reliance is gradually acquired. Youthful fancy and imagination are controlled by the realities of life, and not unfrequently valuable acquaintances and friendships are made. In the "Battle of Life," pain, and labour, by the law of God are designed to instruct ; nor can the process of education be separated from them ! Human virtue, patience, fortitude, and courage are only to be called forth by some suffering ! Although in physical training, degrees and grades should be kept up, and the smaller and weaker not be compelled to join with the older and stronger, still there are some who, from a lack of animal spirits, would not,—unless the games were in a degree compulsory,—join in them, and would thus be deprived of their lasting and beneficial results.

In speaking of the evil influence even one vicious boy may possess, whether at school, or elsewhere, we again quote Mr. Farrar :—"One who had tasted more largely of the tree of knowledge of evil than the other boys, who claimed his guilty experience so often as a ground of superiority, that, at last, the claim was silently allowed ; this boy spoke from the platform of more advanced iniquity, and the others listened, at first curiously, then eagerly to his words." We do but see here the kind of supremacy which vice claims in after-life ; but in the public, and even the private school, as in actual life, the influence of such a one, is, after all, limited ; the *general feeling* of Society is *against* him, and, he may depend upon it, will not be behind-hand in showing it,—it *must* be felt ! Sad indeed is it for the anxious, kind, painstaking father, in spite of all his efforts and precaution, to see the boy of many hopes, and many prayers, after all, contaminated by such ; but it should be his aim to gain his confidence by conversation admitting something of equal intellect, and showing that the interests and aims of both were bound up in each other, and the boy, in such cases, will not be behind-hand in asking for aid and advice.

It is this freedom of intercourse, so grateful to the opening intelligence of the boy, which it is of the last importance for a Parent to preserve !

But the general tone, and religious feeling at school, must not be reasonably expected to be above that of Society at large; of which it is but the reflection. When truth is always spoken in Society, then we may look for it at school. If a Father fills his son's glass at table, and listens with positive pleasure to the account of his scrapes at school; and pleasantly expresses his fear, that, "The rogue will never love learning more than he did himself when a boy," what can he expect to be the result? The boy, even if kept at home, would surely follow the example of his elders; and if a parent expresses no displeasure at the way in which the wholesome discipline of school in respect to certain habits was evaded, what can more encourage him to look upon these safeguards from temptation as objects fit only to be cleverly overcome? When Prayer is *never heard* at home, nor the subject of Religion even broached, why complain of schools being unfavourable to Piety? "Eric" is well deserving of a place in a boy's library, as a Fiction, because the character of the boy Edwin Russell is one of extreme beauty. Do not, therefore, throw a book aside because some portions are weak and poor.

The above criticism will show how much of interest and subject for thought, and reflection, may be obtained from the perusal of a simple tale. It is by encouraging this habit of reflection and investigation, that Reading is rendered useful.

Let us now have a glance at the style and teaching in "Tom Brown's School Days," by Mr. Hughes.

THE NEW BOY AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

The following extract from "Tom Brown's" experiences at Rugby School, illustrates the difficulty a boy finds in keeping alive his religious feelings, and retaining the habit of Prayer.

We must imagine ourselves at the great School in the time of the great and good Dr. Arnold. The latter had observed that Tom Brown,—a good-natured boy, very fond of fun, and games of all kinds,—was getting into mischief and trouble, in company with his friend Harry East. The good Doctor, reluctant to send him away from the School, places a new boy under Tom's protection and care, thinking that it would steady him. We must imagine Tom, and his friend Harry East,—(of whom he is very fond,)—returned in high spirits, to Rugby School, at the beginning of the half-year, and, with other boys, they are in the Matron's

room. In Dr. Arnold's time there were 400 boys in the School. Mary, the Matron, got them out of the way with some difficulty, telling them that cold beef and pickles are laid out in the hall for their supper. As they leave, she touches Tom's arm, saying, "Oh! Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you!" "All right, Mary!" said Tom, "I'll come in a minute, East, and, I say, you fellows, don't finish all the pickles!"

"Master Brown,"—went on Mary, when the others had left the room,—*"Mrs. Arnold says you're to have Gray's study, and the Doctor wishes you to take this young gentleman—Arthur—under your care. He's just come, and is very delicate; he's thirteen, although he does not look it; they thought, as he has never been to School before, that you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him just at first. I've given him the bed next yours, in No. 4 room, so that Master East can't sleep there this half!"*

Tom was a good deal floored by all this,—he looked across the room, and, for the first time, saw, in a far corner, a slender, good-looking, Boy, with fair hair and large blue eyes, looking very timid, and frightened. Tom saw, at a glance, that he was just the boy whose first half-year at a great Public School would be a misery to himself if he had no one to care for him, and a constant trouble and anxiety to anyone who had to look after him. If he took him for his chum instead of Harry East, what would become of all Tom's plans for this half-year,—such as making night lines for fishing in the river—birds'-nesting in Caldecott's spinney and other forbidden places, with East? And how he and Harry had planned to spend their evenings together after "locking up,"—till ten,—reading Captain Marryatt's novels,—sorting birds' eggs,—making slings,—and talking about fishing, cricket, &c.

Mary, the Matron, saw that he was undecided; she knew that he was too honest a boy to undertake the charge, and then leave Arthur to shift for himself; so, like a wise negotiator, she threw in an appeal to Tom's heart. "Poor fellow!" she said, in a whisper, "he has just lost his father! he was a Clergyman in a bad part of the country, amongst roughs, and was worn out in his efforts to do them good. He has no Brother, and his Mamma—(such a kind, sweet, lady, Tom!)—almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning." "Well! well!" broke in Tom, with a sigh, "I suppose I must give up Harry East"—and taking the

boy's soft, delicate hand in his—as a proper preliminary for making him his chum—he said—"Come along! young'un, and I'll show you our Study—(the rooms two boys share together at Rugby)—and then we'll have some of the cold beef and pickles if East and the rest hav'n't eaten them all up. I've had both your things taken up to your room"—continued the Matron—"and Arthur's Mamma has had it newly papered, Tom, and new baize curtains over the door, and the sofa fresh covered; and,"—concluded the diplomatic little matron—"Mrs. Arnold told me to say that she should like you both to have tea with her and the Doctor in the parlour, this evening, and the things have just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Tom Brown! Tea with the Doctor the first night—just as if he was a Fifth or Sixth Form Boy—instead of being a reckless youngster amongst the fags! Tom felt himself raised to dignity and promotion already, but he couldn't, nevertheless, give up without a sigh, the idea of the jolly Supper in the hall with Harry East and the rest, and the rush round to all the studies of his friends to pour out the doings of the past holidays, and to gather news of who had left—who had come—and so on. After a pleasant tea, the boys left by the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passages.

At the great School-house fire a number of boys were in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause, as the private door opened, and then a loud shout of greeting to Tom Brown, as the boys recognized him. "Hallo! here's Tom Brown! Why, Tom, where do you come from?" "Oh! I've been having tea with the Doctor," said Tom, with great dignity. "My eye!" said Harry East. "Oh! then, that's why Mary called you back, and why you didn't come to supper. You missed something. That beef and pickles was no end good. I kept a plate for you."

"Hallo!" cried Hall (catching sight of young Arthur) "what's *your* name; where do you come from? How old are you?" "My name is Arthur, sir, and I come from Devonshire," replied the boy. "Dont call me 'Sir,' you young muff; can you sing?" The poor boy, confused by the sudden questions, and the attention of the whole group of big boys thus drawn to him—trembled and hesitated. Tom Brown struck in—"You be hanged—Tadpole"—(Hall was called Tadpole, on account of that young gentleman being favoured with a head rather larger than usual)

—"We shan't have singing these twelve weeks, so he has time enough for that!" "Oh! do you know him at home then, Brown?" asked one of the boys. "No! but he's to be my chum this half in Gray's old study; come, Arthur, and let's have a look at it." "Well! *that's* a queer chum for Tom Brown," said Harry East, and it was the comment also of the other boys at the fire, and it must be confessed that Tom thought so too. But the wise and good Doctor Arnold *was right*! It was not long before Tom Brown—great man though he thought himself at Rugby School—had to learn something from the new boy, and this was "Lesson No. 1."

After the School-house prayers, Tom led Arthur upstairs to their sleeping room: it was a huge airy room, with two large windows looking out on to the School cricket fields. There were twelve beds in this room. That in the farthest corner by the fire-place was occupied by the Sixth Form boy responsible for the discipline of the Room. The rest of the boys were in the Lower forms—none of them above sixteen—and all of them fags;—the elder youths at Rugby sleeping by themselves. All the Boys who slept in this room had now come up.

The younger ones went quietly to their beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers, while the older boys, among whom was Tom Brown, sat chatting on each others' beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor Arthur had never been away from home before; it was all new to him; the idea of having to sleep in a room with a number of strange boys, had evidently not crossed his mind before. He could hardly bear to take his things off. Then he paused and looked at Tom Brown, who was talking and laughing at the bottom of the bed. "Please Brown"—he whispered—"may I wash my face and hands?" "Of course if you like"—said Tom staring—"that's your washing-stand under the window, second from your bed. But you'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all now."

And he went on with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds to his washing-stand, thereby drawing on himself, for a moment, the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter! Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. Then the boy looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the boys were already in bed, sitting up with their

chins on their knees. The light burned clear, and the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor lonely boy,—but Arthur did not *this time* ask Tom Brown what he *might*, or might *not do*,—but knelt quietly down by his bedside,—as he had done every day from his Childhood,—to open his heart to that Almighty Friend who heareth the cry, and beareth the sorrows of the youngest boy who prays to Him, as much as He does those of the strong man when in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, with his back turned towards Arthur, so that he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the *sudden silence* in the room. Then two or three of the elder boys laughed and sneered, and one of them,—a big, brutal, fellow,—picked up a slipper and shied at the kneeling boy, calling him a "snivelling young shaver!" Then Tom Brown saw the whole, and the next moment the boot which he had just pulled off, flew straight at the head of the bully, who had only just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown! What do you mean by that?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind *what* I mean," shouted Tom,—stepping on the floor, thoroughly roused, and with every drop of the blood in his body tingling,—“But if any fellow wants the other boot he knows now how he may get it!" At this moment the Sixth Form boy, who had charge of the Room, came in, and not another word could be said! Tom, and the rest, jumped into their beds to finish their undressing there, and presently the old Verger,—punctual as a clock,—came in, put out their candles, and toddled off to the next bedroom, shutting their door with his usual speech "Good night, Gentlemen!"

But there were many boys in that room, by whom this little scene was taken to heart before they slept, and as for poor Tom Brown, sleep seemed to have deserted his pillow altogether. The thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and pray to his Heavenly Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise, and when he thought how he had kept that promise, he laid his face quietly on the pillow, and cried silently as if his heart would break! He was but a boy after all!

It was no light act of courage, in those days, for a boy to say his prayers publicly at Rugby School; a few years

later, when Dr. Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the School, in the School-house at least, and, I believe, in the other houses at Rugby School, the rule, before the Doctor died, was the other way.

But Tom Brown had come to the School in other times. The first few nights he came, he did not kneel down because of the noise, but stole out after the candles had been put out to say his prayers in the dark, lest anyone should see him. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that it did not matter whether he said them kneeling or lying down. And so it had come to pass, as it must be with all those who *will not confess God before men*, Tom's prayers had fallen through altogether, and, for the last year, he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times. Poor Tom! The bitterest feeling which was likely to break his heart was the sense of his *cowardice*! The vice of all others which he loathed was brought home to his own soul. He had *been afraid*,—he had lied to his mother,—to his conscience,—and to his God! And here was the poor timid, new boy,—now sleeping quietly close to him,—whom Tom had so pitied, and almost scorned for his weakness,—had quietly done what he, Tom Brown,—braggart as he was, *dared not do*! The first dawn of comfort came to Tom, in swearing to himself, that come what would, he would *stand by that boy* through *thick and thin*, and help, and cheer, and love him, and watch over him while at Rugby School, for the good lesson he had taught them that night. [Note.—And Tom kept his vow faithfully, although it led to the fight with Slogger Williams.] And peace came to Tom as he resolved to follow Arthur's example next morning. [Note.—Here the contrast between "Eric" and "Tom Brown" is seen,—Eric fails in *every trial* when his example and influence for good was required. Tom Brown *does not*.]

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he must not let this opportunity pass. Several times he faltered;—the Devil showed him all his old friends calling him "Saint," "Hypocrite," "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names for a boy to bear.

However, Tom's good angel was too strong that night, and he resolved to follow the good impulse which gave him peace. So next morning he was up, and washed and dressed (nodding kindly to young Arthur when that young gentleman awoke), and had all but his jacket and waistcoat on, when the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in

the face of the whole room, Tom knelt down to pray! Not five words could he say,—the great bell seemed to be mocking him; what were they all thinking of him? But He Who, when Himself upon earth, had endured scorn and contempt from men, did not leave him without comfort, for Tom rose from his knees humbled, and yet strengthened, and ready to face the whole world. It was not, however, needed:—one or two of the other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and Tom went down to the great School with a glimmering of *another* lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has *once* conquered his own *coward spirit*, has conquered the whole outward World besides! And that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of all men, is *nowhere* without His witnesses; for, in whatever place you may be,—however seemingly corrupt and Godless, there are always those who are His! Tom found that he had greatly exaggerated the effects produced by his acts. For a few nights there was a sneer, or a laugh when he knelt down by his friend Arthur, but this soon passed off, and one by one all the boys in their room but three or four, followed their example. Some of the boys mentioned the new state of things to their chums in other rooms, and, in several, others tried it on, but after a short struggle, the poor fellows were either bullied, or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. But before Tom Brown and Arthur left Rugby School there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things in, at least, one of our great Public Schools in England has *gone out for ever!*

The above extract may serve to illustrate the "natural" style of writing. The charm of "Tom Brown" is its perfect truth to nature, no unprecedented, or *unlikely* incidents occur; ordinary life at school seems photographed in its descriptions—yet the pleasure this book has given to thousands of English boys is proved by its amazing popularity, and the way it is listened to, if read aloud to a party of youths. The latter is perhaps the *best test* that a book can receive: attempt to read in this way, others of the many works upon School life, and the difference will be felt at once! Reading "Tom Brown" seems to have the same effect upon a boy's mind, as a cold plunge has upon his body—it braces and strengthens all that is good, and brave, and manly, in him! How many a boy, for instance,

in our great Schools—Training Colleges—Workshops—Training Ships—and places of Business—might set an example such as Tom Brown and Arthur did to the boys in their room at Rugby School, and, by doing so, perform a service for God which they alone can do?

"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I a so deny before My Father which is in heaven."

SERMONS CRITICISED.

"What! Advise Youths and Young Men to criticise Sermons?" Most *certainly!* *Emphatically!*

If a Youth or Young Man were to Believe, or "take in" half the rubbish taught, and preached nowadays, he would soon cease to be a reasoning or reasonable being! By *all means* let every intelligent Youth learn to think, and to "believe" *for himself*;—the sooner the better.

The day we live in is one of amazing License and absolute Unbelief,—accompanied by their too frequent,—though not invariable,—companions, Vice, Drunkenness, Immorality, and Irreligion. Thus our Intelligent Youths have constantly forced upon their attention the following amazing dogmatisms,—Theosophy, Secularism, Bhuddism, Darwinianism, Aggressive Freethought, Advanced Unitarianism, Agnosticism, and Spiritualism, with every prospect of further "isms" in the near future.

The most striking feature of our day is the dogmatic *assurance* of the followers of all these delusions; they are perfectly persuaded that *they alone* are right! In them,—and their notions Truth alone exists.

It behoves, therefore, every Young Christian to apply merciless criticism to everything taught in our day,—to everything he hears, whether *in* the Pulpit, or *out* of it. Bring everything you hear or read to the *one test*,—Christ's teachings to Mankind. If it will not stand that test, no matter who the Preacher, or the Writer is, do not believe a word of it,—throw such teaching overboard! Whatever opposes itself to Christ's words, and express teachings, is false;—a delusion? There are sincere, earnest, servants of God,—true "Pastors," in all denominations of Christian Believers,—Church and Dissenters alike,—who preach a *full* Gospel, who warn sinners faithfully to "Flee from the wrath to come," who, like the great and faithful Paul,—*"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."*—(2 Cor. v., 11.)

Everywhere God has His true Witnesses! It is for you, dear Reader, to seek, and to find such Teachers. At your time of life it is of the last importance not only to hear the words of Jesus Christ faithfully preached, but to study them, prayerfully, *for yourself!*

These men who preach so glibly to us, and who lay down *their* ideas as dogmatically as if they were standing on the Platform of Infinitude themselves, *know really* no more of these matters than *you and I* do!

They have, all of them, if really Christians,—to obtain their alleged superior knowledge of the nature of Sin, what it deserves, and how God intends to punish it,—*from the Bible*. Where else can any human being obtain this knowledge, except it be from the teachings of Christ? The Bible is divided into two Dispensations, the Old and the New one. It is with the New Testament the Christian Believer is concerned, because, in the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, we have the *Last Words* of God to Mankind! Christ's words are *final*,—Accept them, or reject them, as you like. You may *hear* them, or you may *forbear*,—but Mankind will hear *no more* till the Great Judgment Day. "This is My beloved Son. Hear ye Him!" This gives the words and teachings of our Lord their speechless importance—as the last words the Almighty will ever speak to His creatures!

Bring everything, therefore, you hear, or read, to the test of our Lord's teaching. The question, in 1891, is not "What does Bishop ——— say?" "What does the Rev. ——— assert?" "What view does Professor Huxley take?"—the one question, for the Christian, is, "What does *Jesus Christ* say?"

CRITICISM ON THE "ETERNAL HOPE."

In the criticism of the pleasant, high-toned, Book for Boys, "Eric," a weakness in the treatment of Sin, and its desserts was commented upon.

How that weakness was brought about finds its explanation in Five Sermons preached in 1877,—afterwards reproduced by Cannon Farrar in a volume,—it is lamentable to notice,—reprinted in 1890,—entitled, "Eternal Hope." From two of these Sermons,—"Hell,—What it is not;"—and, "Are there few that be Saved?"—We learn that,—for nigh two thousand years,—all the Millions of Christian Believers who have lived and died, not only in the sure and *certain* hope of a joyful resurrection through Christ,—but

of the final, eternal, never ending, Perdition, of the impenitent Wicked,—that "the wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all them that forget God,"—have been labouring under a *natural*,—(considering what Christ teaches),—but at the same time *mistaken* idea! It has been left for a Preacher, in November, 1877, to make the unexpected, and certainly somewhat late, discovery, that the "Voice of Scripture" does not teach this! It certainly does not speak much for the intelligence of Millions of Holy men, inspired by God,—the noblest, the best, the wisest of Mankind,—the World has seen these 1890 years, that this remarkable discovery was not made before!

That the alleged discovery is an insult to the memory of God's People who have lived in all ages, and also to our common sense, and that it is simply a dangerous delusion founded in the old Unbelief,—*"Ye shall not surely die," "God is too merciful!" "He only said it to frighten you,"*—there has been no attempt in this work to conceal (See Chapter XLI). The mere statement that Millions of God's people, living at this moment, do not believe *one word* of this "Eternal Hope" for the impenitent Wicked, would, of course, go for little, it would be merely a matter of sentiment,—difference of opinion.

But the object of this criticism is to put what we hold to be an unscriptural delusion to the sure *test*, already recommended to the young Reader. The question is not what *we* say,—but "What does *Christ* say," upon this awful subject? The method adopted in the "Eternal Hope" of persuading the reader that there is no *eternal* loss of the Soul,—no "everlasting destruction, *from the presence of the Lord*,"—is well worth the thoughtful study and analysis, of every young Reader of this Book.

The first thing that strikes the Christian on opening the "Eternal Hope," is the Inquiry, "*Wherever are Christ's words?*" 227 Pages,—extracts from Thomas Hood, Shakespeare, Dante, Robespierre, and various Poets, but not a *text*,—not a *verse*,—not *one quotation* from the express teachings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, upon this supreme Subject appears to be introduced,—much less explained,—from one end of the Book to the other! It is an ominous and significant Sign! *Something very wrong here!* The next surprise to the Reader is, that it is considered necessary to inform us, at some length, that there is no *material* fire in Hell, ("Eternal Hope," page 55).

But does there exist a thoughtful Believer,—or even

an intelligent Sunday School Scholar in 1891, who needs laboriously to be told *that*? We all perfectly understand,—always *have* done,—that our Blessed Lord used the expression, "Furnace of fire," &c.,—merely in condescension to our poor, finite, human, comprehension, as conveying *some* idea of what the "loss of the soul" really means,—by the figure, or symbol, Fire. Undoubtedly the most terrific form of physical pain we are acquainted with. We all know that,—with death,—for us Mortals, everything "material" disappears: "This Mortal must put on Immortality!" That any preacher should, therefore, think it needful to inform a London audience of such a self-evident truth, seems strange. But the Christian Reliever firmly believes that Christ teaches by these solemn expressions, that the impenitent, lost souls, are banished *for evermore* from Heaven,—are abandoned to the society of "the Devil and his angels,"—in short, become Devils themselves! Indeed, some of them *before* they (happily—for Mankind)—*leave this World*, appear to be very little better than Demons *already*.

"We ought to pray for such!" Certainly, *to the last*; point all such to Christ! Pray for the *worst*! But to countless multitudes it is *in vain*; their sins they *will* have; and Christ they *will not* have; and that multitudes *die* in their *sins*, is not disputed. To the Christian, "material" fire, is absolutely as *nothing*, compared to this awful condition of being thus cast off for ever by God!

Note.—It is with the *utmost* difficulty that the writer dares to approach, or even to think of this awful Subject! It is only the *firm* conviction that such thoughts certainly drive us to cling the more to Christ, that he ventures to do so.

Thus, then, we are all agreed. There is no material fire in Hell.

The next effort in "Eternal Hope" is the attempt to prove from the *Old Testament*,—the *Old Dispensation*, that *they* give little or no evidence of the eternal loss of the soul.

But,—once again,—*whoever* imagined that they did? The very Sunday School Scholars of our day are aware that,—before Christ came into the World,—the old Dispensation did not *pretend* to go beyond the rewards and punishments of Sin in *this* life. There are comparatively but faint allusions in the Old Testament to future eternal rewards and penalties. There are, it is true, a few very

remarkable ones. David,—stumbling at the peaceful death of the Wicked of his day—"who have no bands in their death," says:—

"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped, when I saw the prosperity of the Wicked. Their strength is firm; there are no bands in their death; they are not troubled as other men."

(How should there be when God has departed, and Conscience is dead?)

"Until I went into the sanctuary of God, *then understood I their end.* How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors.—*Psalm lxxiii.*

Terrors? Terrors at *what?* Universal Salvation to all Sinners, ultimate "Eternal Hope?" Much rather the alarm and agony expressed in the *Old Testament*, inquiry, "*Who among us?*"

"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. *Who among us* shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings."—*Isaiah xxxiii., 14.*

"In thy filthiness is lewdness: because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee."—*Ezekiel xxiv., 13.*

Still, before Christ brought the New Dispensation of eternal life, or eternal death,—according to whether His sacrifice for Sin is believed in, or rejected,—Mankind were taught to look rather for the favour of God, and the rewards of obedience, in outward blessings in this present life, than in the Future.

"The times of that ignorance, God winked at, but *now*,—(under the New Testament Dispensation)—"commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—*Acts xvii., 30.*

Jesus tells us, speaking of the wilfully Unbelieving Jews, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin. But now they have both seen and hated Me and My Father."—*John xv., 22-24.*

The teaching of the Old World people was not so advanced as ours,—"*An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,*" was Moses' law. "*But I say unto you Love your enemies, Pray for them that hate you,*" &c.

This undoubtedly explains the obscure and mysterious passage in 1. Peter, iii., 19. "He went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient

when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the Ark was a preparing."

This, the "Eternal Hope" quotes, in full, as giving hope to the lost! The Author never draws attention to the fact, that Jesus never went to preach to lost souls, *who had heard His Gospel*, from their childhood to their graves, and systematically rejected it! Our Lord "Preached" to a *former race* of "old time," who had *never heard the Gospel at all!* Ought not that most *important* fact to have been fully dwelt upon by an author speaking, we are told, with "most accurate theological precision?" Why was this fact *suppressed*? The marvel is, why did the "Eternal Hope" go to the *Old Testament*,—and acknowledged obsolete Dispensation,—for its argument! What have we,—Christians of 1890,—to do with the old Dispensation of Moses? Why not go to the New Testament of our Saviour Jesus Christ *at once*?

Will it be credited that the author inflicts upon us some twenty pages of the fusty, musty, opinions of old Jewish Rabbis,—the Talmud, &c., and heads all this obselete rubbish, with the delusive title, *The voice of Scripture respecting the "Eternal Hope,"*—while systematically ignoring the teachings of Jesus Christ?

Is it *fair*? Considering the License of our day, its sins,—its vice,—could anything be more *incredibly* injudicious than to preach the doctrine of the *non-existence* of the everlasting agonies of the Wicked, when cast off by God,—on such miserably, "*ex-parte*," one-sided,—far-fetched arguments?

Why, throughout this "Eternal Hope," does the writer systematically ignore Christ's words? Why are not the following distinct, express, teachings of *Jesus Christ*, now given, even referred to,—much less *explained*,—throughout its 227 pages?

Is it not that the author *dare not face*,—*does not dare to attempt* to "explain away," the following teachings of our *Blessed Lord* on the Subject? In exact opposition to the method adopted in these amazing Sermons, (as they decline to allude to Christ's warnings to us,) let the following selections be given once more. They occur twice already in this Book, pages 285 and 327.

HELL, WHAT IT IS.

"*Voice of Scripture*,"—being the words of Christ Himself, respecting the eternal, final, and everlasting Perdition of the *Impenitent and lost souls*.

(1). "But fear Him,—who, after he hath killed hath power to *cast into Hell!* Yea! I say unto you, fear Him!" What does that mean? In the very first verse Christ tells us to "fear." "The Eternal Hope" argues that fear is *groundless!*

(2). "The time is at hand;—he that is unjust let him be *unjust still*,—and he that is filthy let him be *filthy still!*" What does *that* mean? Not much Eternal hope there!

(3). "Let both grow together until the Harvest."

"The Son of Man shall send forth His Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the Righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father. Who hath *ears to hear* let him *hear*."—*Matt.* xiii., 41-43.

Dear Reader, you have "ears to hear" what Christ says, Will you accept His solemn warnings, or believe a pleasing lie? *Translate* "everlasting," "Hell," &c.,—as you like,—there is no "Eternal Hope," in this teaching of our Lord's!

(4). "And death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—*Rev.* xx., 14-15.

How this is consistent with the following words;—"I repudiate these crude, and glaring travesties of the awful, and holy will of God; I impeach them as a falsehood against Christ's universal, and absolute, redemption." ("Eternal Hope,") page 72,—the reader must judge?

The Christian Believer utterly denies that our Lord ever preached "universal and absolute redemption," but, on the contrary, expressly told impenitent Sinners, "Ye shall die in your sins, and where I am ye cannot come." "*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!*"

(5). "But the unbelieving and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—*Rev.* xxi., 8.

How then can the "Eternal Hope" exist? Again, we read, "But this much at least is proved of the many theories of wise (?) and holy men,—that God has given us no clear and decisive revelation on the final condition of those who have died in sin!" ("Eternal Hope," page 86). This amazing statement made to a large audience, from the

Pulpit,—taken in connection with the fact, that Christ's words are studiously excluded from the address,—does appear incredible! Yet this astounding assertion is still *reprinted to the present year!* "God has given us no clear and decisive revelation on the final condition of those who have died in sin!" Then what is this?—

THE SAVIOUR ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

(6). "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His Glory. And before Him shall be gathered all Nations, and He shall separate them one from another, and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on the left. Then shall He say unto them on His right hand,—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World. For I was an hungered,—and ye gave Me meat.—naked, and ye clothed Me, I was sick and ye came unto Me." Then shall He say also to them on the left hand,—"*Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels;—for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat.—naked and ye clothed Me not,—sick and ye visited Me not. Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment,—but the righteous into Life Eternal.*"—*Matt. xxv., 31-46.*

"No *decisive or clear* revelation! Why, in this one revelation of God,—through Christ,—we learn the *precise*, and *exact*, and *final*, condition of the lost, in words the most *decisive* that can be conceived!

(1). We learn that they are to "depart" from Christ. *Depart from Christ!* Why, it is in Christ our only hope exists!

(2). They are "cursed." Cursed by God, and Christ! Yet nothing "decisive," or "clear!" "Ye cursed into everlasting fire."

But we are told,—("Eternal Hope, page 77.) "I say, with the calmest,—and most unflinching sense of responsibility,—I say, standing here in the sight of God, and of my Saviour (Whose teaching was not given to the people)—"that not one of these three expressions,—("everlasting," "hell," and "damnation,") ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles, being simply *mistranslations!*

Here we have a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, "standing in the sight of his Saviour, with 'the calmest sense of his responsibility,'" informing an intelligent London

audience, that the word "everlasting" (Aionios in the Greek) ought to stand no longer in our Bibles,—while at the same time he never informs them that the *very same Greek word* is used for the "everlasting punishment," and for the "life Eternal," in the same text, and in many others. The fact has been known to every Greek Scholar for Centuries; the Author of "Eternal Hope" knew it. The most able and learned men of our day were deputed to produce the "Revised Version" of the New Testament,—*they* knew this fact, and dare not alter the word "everlasting."

Dear young Reader, observe the absurdities, these "wise" men, who know better than all other Scholars, would be involved in, the moment we permitted them to *tamper* with the translation of the New Testament in order to support their delusions. The text altered to please them will have to read,— "Depart from Me ye cursed into,"— (not Aionios "everlasting,")—but "into ("transient," or "for a time," for "some ages,"—or "through the ages,") fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels;" and these shall go away into (repeat the same substitutes) "punishment," but the Righteous into Life,—*What?*—Eternal! Certainly *not!* If the "Eternal Hope" writers alter the *very same Greek word*,—used alike in this verse in describing both states—to advance *their* unscriptural teaching, the Sceptic, and others, will insist upon altering for the same substitutes, the word "Eternal" to suit *their* views. "But the Righteous into ("for a time") Life, or "into Life for some ages!"—again, 2 Thess. i., 9,—having precisely the same Greek word,—must be altered from "everlasting destruction" to "temporary destruction." Again, 2 Cor., iv., 17., "Eternal weight of Glory," must read "For a certain period of weight of Glory." The next verse to it (18), must read "The things which are not seen are,—*Eternal!* No! The new word to be substituted. *Alter the same Greek in one place*, many will, very logically, insist upon its being altered *wherever* it occurs. Again, "Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, to Whom be honour, and power," *everlasting?* No! Substitute,— "for some ages,"—"for some time." (1 Tim. vi., 16.)

Why did the preacher *suppress* this fact? What hopeless absurdities do these "modern thought" teachers become involved in, when thus brought into "clear, "decisive" contact, with Christ's words! Why did not the "Eternal

Hope" advocate suggest the word he would have substituted for "everlasting?" Because he knew that no Greek Scholar in the world could substitute any other word for everlasting, or eternal, without rendering these texts, and words of Christ, *absurd!* The "most accurate, theological precision" of such is found to be absent in everything,—except in the suppression of every fact inconvenient to their dangerous delusion; in *this* their precision is wonderful!

There is not a shadow more Scriptural Authority for the "everlasting" punishment of "the Devil and his angels," and those "cursed" by Christ to share their fate,—ever ceasing,—than there is for asserting that the "eternal" blessedness of the Redeemed, or that of God Himself,—is but "for a time?"

Dear Young Reader! Accept these most solemn warnings of God and Christ, and fly for refuge to the Saviour *yourself*,—now in time and opportunity! You, I, and all we see around us will live *as long as God lives*,—either in endless Weal or Woe!

(7). "It is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—*Mark ix.*, 47-48. (Repeated three times.)

(8). "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Mark viii.*, 36.

Again, we are told,—("Eternal Hope," page 74) "But I would ask you to believe, my brethren,"—

(We *certainly* do not,)

"that I speak now no longer with natural passion,"—

(24 pages having exhibited a good deal.)

"but with the most accurate theological precision,—when I say that,—though texts may be quoted,"—

(A few have *certainly* been quoted in this criticism, but there are plenty more to follow.)

"these texts are founded on interpretations which have appeared to many wise (?) and holy (?) men to be demonstrably groundless."—What "groundless" means, seems obscure. Are all these awful warnings given by Christ to be called "groundless" from a Christian Pulpit?

When our Blessed Lord,—well knowing the Unbelief of men,—in infinite compassion, and resolved that there shall be no error as to His meaning,—solemnly warns us, *three times over*, in the above texts, that the remorse, "the

worm," of a lost soul "dieth not," and the agonies ("fire") of those "cursed" by God and Christ,—is "not quenched," are Christian Believers to be told with "most accurate theological precision" that such warnings are "demonstrably groundless?"

Why did the writer shirk these texts,—these words of our Lord,—why did *he* not "demonstrate" them to the People to be "groundless?" Because he knew,—without blasphemy,—it cannot be done! Either our Blessed Lord, for nigh two thousand years, has wilfully deceived His People upon this awful Subject, or the "Eternal Hope" is a *falschood*, and a *delusion*!

Our Lord never taught the ultimate salvation of all Mankind! Jesus Christ never taught that there exists such a thing as,—the universal, and absolute, redemption of Christ,—It never *was* taught! There is no such thing! If it ever could exist, it would prove Christ to be either *mistaken*, or *insincere*! Need we say more? Dear Reader, you feel the truth of this yourself!—

(9.) "For the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—*John v.*, 28-29.

Yet we are told that "God has given us no clear, and decisive revelation on the final condition of those who have died in sin!" Can *anything* be more "decisive?" Can *anything* be more *final* than this?—

(10.) "For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—*2 Cor. v.*, 10.

(11.) "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not enter the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived! God is not mocked! Neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—*1 Cor. vi.*, 9, 10.

Who *wants* such lost, and dreadful creatures *to* enter with Christians into the Kingdom of God? It is the *impudence* of "wise" (?) men in our day who presume to *know better*, to be *more merciful* than the Supreme Being Himself, which is the feature of our day. When our Blessed Lord who *died for them*, gives any up, and curses them, with the Devils,—surely it is about time for the

Christian to suspend his poor, feeble, absurd judgment, and submit it to that of God and Christ!

(12.) "Then one saith unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And He saith unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait (difficult) gate; ("agonize"—to enter,—in the (Greek) for many I say unto you will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when, once the Master or the house is risen up and shut to the door,"—*Luke xiii.*, 23.

(13.) "Wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."—*Matt. vii.*, 13.

(14.) "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"—1 *Peter iv.*, 18.

(15.) "But the heavens and the earth which are now are reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

(16.) "Nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—1 *Cor. vi.*, 9-10.

(17.) "For we know Him that said Vengeance is Mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord, and again the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—*Heb. x.*, 36.

How any intelligent person,—willing to admit God's words,—and Christ's words,—to be final,—can read the above Texts, and yet deny the Resurrection,—Immortality, Final Judgment,—and Eternal Punishment of the impenitent Wicked,—is indeed, amazing! A mind prepared to continue, resolutely, in Unbelief,—after these repeated statements of Christ, on this Subject, can have little difficulty in rejecting any other truths of Revelation.

One more extract and our criticism of these amazing Sermons is concluded. "Dismissing then all controversy, which I never wish to introduce into this, or any other Pulpit, I will ask you to glance a little closer with me at God's ways with man." ("Eternal Hope," page 99). When we can have it all our own way in the Pulpit, it would indeed be *injudicious* to introduce "controversy." We should probably cut as *sorry* a figure, if discussion were permitted, as we do when subjected to common sense criticism.

It will occur to the Christian Reader of the "Eternal Hope," that if our modern "Popular Preachers," would keep a little "closer" *themselves* to the *words* and *teachings* of

their Master, they would not inflict their delusions upon us, and would present more truthfully than they do in this day, "God's ways with man."

The ominous, significant, result of such Teaching is the increasing Spiritual Sleep, and indifference to God, in which multitudes, in our day, are plunged. Another ominous sign is the hearty approval with which the Unbeliever,—the Infidel,—welcomes Sermons on the non-eternity of God's Judgments on the Wicked. What the Sceptic *warmly praises*, may be "popular,"—"advanced,"—teaching, but it certainly cannot be of Christ! Let our Modern Preachers consider their responsibility, when crowds of "uneducated" persons,—ready to swallow any error presented, are listening to them!

"I placed you in a position, in which by My providence you obtained the ear of multitudes. Had you preached to them a full Gospel,—earnestly and faithfully, presenting My solemn warnings, as given by Me, to Mankind,—instead of being lulled to sleep by your addresses, many might have been roused, alarmed, awakened, and have fled to Me, their Saviour,"—woeful words indeed to hear, one day, from Christ!

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman over the house of Israel: therefore hear the words of My mouth and give them a warning from Me. When I say unto the Wicked, "thou shalt surely die" and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the Wicked, the wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand." (*Ezekiel* iii., 17-18). Far better have never "touched the Sacred Ark" at all. (See page 324).

CHRIST'S WORDS ARE GOD'S WORDS.

"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words *I speak unto you*, I speak *not of Myself*, but the Father that dwelleth in Me." "As my Father *hath taught Me* I speak these things." "I speak to the World those things I *have heard of Him*." "If any man hear My words and believe them not I judge him not, for I came not to judge the World, but to save the World. He that receiveth not My words hath One that judgeth him; the words that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day. For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent Me gave Me commandment *what I should say*, and *what I should speak*; whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak."—*John* xii., 47-50.

THE SILENCES OF GOD.

Doubtless God foresaw that the God-like maxims and com-

mandments of Christ would gradually spread over the World, that the past ages of frightful War and Bloodshed would gradually give way to a safety of life and property,—to an ease and luxury the World has never before seen,—and that Covetousness,—Pursuit of Money,—would be the *Sin of our days*. In those distant past Times,—God's chosen People owing to *the sin of their day*,—Idolatry,—were left much to themselves,—and “there was no open vision.” Still, those “Silences of God” were broken at intervals by the words of His Prophets, whose inspired messages were undeniably the words of the Supreme to Mankind. They must have been Revelations from God, for *700 years before the event*, God's word came through Isaiah,—“He was wounded for our transgressions,—He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes we are healed.”

There was a long “Silence of God” after the last of the Prophets,—Malachi,—had spoken. It lasted 400 years!—Instructed by God, Malachi warned the Jews that their weariness of Him and their iniquities had caused God to cast them off,—and to choose a more willing People,—the Gentiles,—and that “from the rising of the Sun to the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; but ye have profaned it.” Now (1891) is not this literally and actually fulfilled? In Australia, America, Europe, indeed the World over, the worship of the Blessed God is carried on ceaselessly. Malachi said,—“Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the Covenant.”

CHRIST'S WORDS ARE GOD'S LAST WORDS TO MANKIND.

The long silence of 400 years was broken by the advent of our Lord. Just when things were at the worst,—under the Roman Empire,—and Heathen World,—the “Sun of Righteousness,”—as Malachi, says,—“rose, with healing in His wings,”—rose upon a dead and dying World! Since then has occurred the longest of the “Silences of God,”—on record. A silence,—for ought we know,—which will be unbroken by the Almighty till the Great Judgment Day! For nearly nineteen centuries we have had Christ's words alone for our guide.

This gives to Jesus' words their *infinite importance*,—as probably,—the last words, and warnings, from the Supreme,—Mankind are *ever destined to hear!* “This is my beloved Son, *hear ye Him!*” Surely then,—with the experience of the past,—it is madness to explain Christ's words as merely “figurative!”

“We are not come to Mount Sinai,”—where God once spoke to Mankind,—“to the Mount that burned with fire and tempest,—and the voice of words which voice they that heard *entreated* that the words should not be spoken to them *any more*,”—“Else we

die.") "But we are come unto Mount Zion,—and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant." "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh!"

What, then, dear Reader, can we think of Modern Teachers ignoring Christ's Words altogether? and asking us to substitute their own unscriptural Delusions?

There appear to exist three Works,—two of them written by Ministers of the Church of England,—bearing upon this Subject, viz:—Rev. William Ker, Tipton, "Popular Ideas of Immortality," 1872,—(223 pages). W. J. Accomb, "Larger Hope Lectures," 1889, (227 pages,) and Rev. Farrar, "Eternal Hope," 1890,—(276 pages). It is an extraordinary fact that throughout the 726 pages (!) of these three works, there does not appear to be one single effort to explain,—quote,—grapple with,—or even allude to,—the express Teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ! They seem to have forgotten Christ altogether! Yet it is from our Lord alone that Mankind,—including these Writers themselves,—knew anything whatever about the Subject! They forget that Millions of Christian Believers, care not a rush in 1891, for "church authority,"—whatever that old Delusion may now mean,—nor do they care for any Ministers who do not found their Books, and Sermons entirely upon Christ's Teachings. They neither care to listen to,—or entertain the slightest confidence for anything else!

Thus, by ignoring Christ's Words, and Teachings, they extinguish themselves!

MODERN TEACHERS AVOID CHRIST WORDS.

There are teachers in our day who have "ears to hear" Christ's Words, but they *resolutely close* them.

The followers of the "Larger Hope" delusion *resolutely avoid* every text in the New Testament by which our Lord *emphatically* teaches the Eternal Punishment of Unbelievers. The Author of the "Larger Hope,"—Mr. W. J. Accomb;—quotes George Macdonald, Socrates, Carlyle, J. S. Mill, H. W. Beecher, George Dawson, Charles Dickens, Bhuddha, Professor Huxley, Chunder Sen, Mr. Newdegate, Renan, Poe, Dr. Martineau, Thos. Cooper, Hume, Lytton, Mother Shipton, and Virgil (!) But he does *not* quote the sayings and warnings of *Jesus Christ*. In not one of the above authorities,—quoted by Mr. Accomb, has the Christian Believer the *slightest* confidence, but he has the greatest confidence in the words and distinct warnings of Jesus Christ. In not one single instance throughout the 227 pages of his Book, does Mr. Accomb venture to quote,—or attempt to explain,—one Text of our Blessed Lord,—out of a score,—warning Mankind of the inevitable "Wrath to come." In a similar evasive manner does the "Universalist," Rev. T. Allin, in his Bristol Tracts, studiously

avoid our Saviour's solemn warnings, or attempting any explanation of them. *They know well the weak point*; they know that they cannot assail the *truthfulness, and authority* of our Lord's teachings, therefore they studiously *avoid* them!

CHRIST'S WORDS.

Print a collection of the distinct warnings of Christ, on this Subject, in bold type, place them in his hands, and the follower of this "Larger Hope" delusion, must proceed thus, —either he must decline to discuss, or listen to them, or, he asserts that they are not correctly translated; or, he maintains that Jesus does not mean His words to be taken as true, but as Metaphor; or,—that they are now obsolete, and must give way before "Modern Thought."

If he be driven from all these evasions, and it comes to accepting Christ's words on the Subject, or rejecting them, he will choose the latter resource; and rather than believe in the Eternal Punishment of the Impenitent he will throw Christ and His words behind him. "I go by my reason! My reason rejects it! I do not choose to believe it!" Thus *ending*,—where it *began* in "Unbelief."

No advancement of "Modern Thought" will ever render Christ's words "obsolete," for he assures us that "*Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.*"

Once uttered, they stand for Eternity.

Dear Reader! Accept Christ's warnings, and come to Him while time and opportunity is yours!

THE ETERNAL HOPE DELUSION.



"They be blind Leaders of the Blind! If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the Ditch."—*Matt. xv., 13-14; Luke xiii., 39.*

CONCLUSION.

"Is this 'criticism,'" and the view you insist upon taking upon this awful Subject, one that you would bring forward if addressing the very Poor, the Homeless, the Wretched, the

Half-starved poor creatures, many in hopeless ill-health and abject Poverty?" *Emphatically not!* I would never, in their case, think of alluding to such a Subject! But I am *not* addressing them! This Book is written for, and addressing the young, the healthy, with all life before them, placed by God's providence far above abject want!

To you, with *your* advantages, these awful responsibilities *have come*, — you cannot shirk them! To *you* there is a Christian's life to be chosen, or rejected! In nothing is the monstrous conceit and assumption of modern teachers shown as in their assuming to be more just, more merciful, more philanthropic, than the *God Who made them!*

"But are you aware of the terrible condition of the very Poor? When you calmly discuss, with such unmerciful criticism the 'Eternal Hope' for all, are you aware that every Night in London, Glasgow, or New York, wretched creatures sleep out in the open air on the stone seats, even *though a wet night!* Poor, downtrodden, hopeless, diseased in body, and too often in mind, "cowed" men, the very last copper literally gone? Do you know all this?" *Certainly!* Have sat by them, heard the tale of woe, and temporarily relieved. The only topic to such we would broach would be their present condition. To the destitute child, we should speak of good Dr. Barnardo's Home, *open Night and Day*, (18, Stepney Causeway, see page 268), to whose "Homes" we all subscribe, and to which *every Reader* of this Work might *surely* send a *little* support! To the hopeless adult we should speak of General Booth's Shelters, where, for *fourpence*, the change from a terrible night on the Thames Embankment, could at once be secured. That *needed* fourpence can be gained at the "General's" Workshops, 36, Upper Thames Street.

But what would it be for thousands of the wealthy in London, as a wet evening set in, armed with a heavy bag of coppers, to run a cab along the *whole line* of wretched creatures, and bestow the needed fourpence? We, who only visit London for a day or two, three or four times a year, read the reports in Booth's "Darkest England, and the Way Out" with *amazement*, that in Cities of such untold Wealth, such things should be! There are scores of thousands of rich Families who could *clear London Streets* by "Shelters" without *ever feeling*, or knowing, that the *money was gone!*

Dear Reader, do not try to shake off *your own* responsibility by pretending that there cannot be a Hell, because thousands seem born into the world, with absolutely no

chance in Life. *Admitted* that it is so,—not through God's providence, but through the wickedness, sins, and selfish disregard to the poor against which the awful words of Christ are *especially* directed. What then? "The times of this ignorance God winked at." In cases where a terrible, utterly neglected, childhood, amidst crime,—drunken parents,—and awful surroundings,—ripen into a ruined life,—who dares to say that that indulgent eye does not wink still?

Who dares to say that God judges the *almost* irresponsible with the same rigour as the well taught, the well trained, and the rich? "Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?"

Whatever may be the allowances the Supreme may choose to make,—and we feel sure *does* make,—in *those* sad cases, *be assured* that He will make *no such* allowances for *us*! Here lies the danger of deceptive teaching on this dread Subject to audiences comparatively well off, and unquestionably responsible before their Maker! What we have to see to, dear Reader, is *not* the responsibility of *others*,—but *our own*! To test ourselves by *Christ's* Standard,—not *man's*,—how *we* stand for Eternity,—which course *we* are steering, the Christian or the Christless,—the upward or the downward Path,—to *which* Home *our* steps are tending,—to Heaven, or to Hell?

Whatever may be the fate of multitudes around us,—*we* who have long heard Christ's call of entreaty, should *indeed* make haste to obey it!

As sure as there is a God *there is* a Heaven, and *there is* a Hell!

But,—from our Childhood to our Grave, the Blessed God is ever saying,—“Come now,—and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord! Though your sins be as *Scarlet*, they shall be as white as *Snow*,—though they be red like *Crimson*, they shall be as wool!”—*Isaiah* i., 18. And our Lord,—though He abates not one word of His solemn warnings,—is ever assuring the Sinner that “There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance!”

EVANGELICAL, TRUE, SERMONS.

Dear Reader, if you are in a distant place,—apart from the great Centres,—where the Gospel is poorly preached, and feel a desire to peruse the earnest, faithful, eloquent, and loving, appeals, of one who has led, the past thirty-five

years, thousands to Christ, and to their Heavenly Home,—apply to Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, for some of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

Although not connected,—in any way,—with the Denomination, or Congregation of this, the greatest Preacher of our Generation,—the Writer,—in common with thousands, the World over,—has, for years past, read these Addresses with deep benefit, not unmixed with *amazement*!

Thirty-five years have rolled by since first that grand voice preached a full Gospel to immense audiences in New Park Street Chapel,—Exeter Hall,—the Surrey Music Hall, and (March 25th, 1861,) the Great Metropolitan Tabernacle. Yet still, week after week, ever since 1854-55, come, as from an exhaustless Fountain, these amazing efforts! Always something fresh, some ennobling thought, some new earnest incentives to a Christian Life!

Like a River ceaselessly flowing,—we have Warnings, Encouragements, Exhortations, Advice, Persuasions, Exposition, Entreaties, adapted for every Mental State and Spiritual Condition, from the unawakened Sinner, to Christ's devoted Servants? Amidst a period of prevailing Unbelief,—while Priests are *going to Law* with their own Bishops who consecrated them, whether they may light candles in the day time, mix water with wine, assume eastward positions, turn their backs to the Congregations, squabbling over such childish nonsense, while around them is a sinful and dying World, and countless souls are going out into Eternity unwarned, unsaved,—that grand voice has never ceased to present,—in tones that *will* be heard,—in common, thank God, with thousands of other earnest Ministers of the Church of England, and Dissenters,—Christ's solemn Warnings, and Christ's Gospel to Mankind!

Although not connected with the Established Church, the Writer does not for a moment deny that we have splendid men now in *some* Church of England Pulpits,—large hearted,—liberal,—mixing with their fellow Ministers amongst the Dissenters in good work,—devoted,—indefatigable,—heart and soul given to the Work of the Good Master!

Of whatever Denomination, the Reader will never regret perusing the following Sermons of the Great Baptist Preacher.

"In the course of forty years, my Brethren, what changes take place in every Community, in every Church, in every Family! A Friend showed me, last Thursday, a Photograph of myself, in the midst of my first Deacons. W

was taken hardly thirty-eight years ago, yet of that entire group of loved ones I only now survive. Those loved associates of a youthful Preacher have all passed away."

"I remember the Earl of Shaftesbury saying, 'I should like to live longer. I cannot bear to go out of the world while there is so much Sin and Misery in it.' You know how that dear Saint of God laid himself out to aid the Poor, the Oppressed, the Needy, all his life. You, young man,—yes,—God can make you too, a blessing to many souls! As I look back upon my own history, little did I dream when first I opened my mouth for Christ in a very humble way, that I should have been honoured to lead many to Christ! Blessed be His name! The glory indeed is His alone! I cannot help thinking that there may be some other Youth here, such as I was then, whom He may also call to do service for Him! When I had a letter from the Deacons of New Park Street to come up to London to preach, I thought there was some mistake, so I sent it back by the next post telling them so, that I was only a lad of nineteen, happy amongst a very poor and lowly people in Cambridgeshire, who loved me. But they wrote again that they knew all about it, and that I must come."

"I am here as a recruiting Sergeant. True I have no ribbon, nor have I the shilling, but I cast a longing eye upon many a Youth now present! Fervently do I long that he should be enlisted in the Master's service."

"A member of the Church lay in a critical state. As I sat by his bedside, my dear friend said to me, 'Pastor, do you remember when I was baptized thirty-five years ago?' you said, 'Let us praise God for our brother, may he be a precious gift to the Church! Lord, make him useful, grant him grace to serve Thee for many years to come.' I remember it as well as if it was yesterday,—how you ended the prayer,—'and when his feet touch the cold waters of Death may he find the bottom firm to his feet!' Ah! dear Pastor! It is firm beneath my feet! I was never so happy, or so joyful as I am now in expecting soon to behold Him Whom I love! How little hope does modern theology supply to a man on the brink of Eternity! I want no Theories about Inspiration, or the Atonement! The Word of God is true to me from beginning to end, and the precious blood of Jesus is my only and sufficient hope!"—*Extracts from 1891 Sermons.*

Selections of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, 1855 to 1890, all in print. Supplied at one penny each, by Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London.

The double numbers are only sold together. Those with the Star, are especially striking Addresses. It must be remembered that the earlier numbers were the efforts of a young Preacher of some twenty years old. It is unfortunately, needful at times, to take the double numbers, in order to obtain the one selected.

1855—	No. 73	Dr. Palmer the	No. 100
No. 39-40	81-2	Poisoner, hung the	102
64	83	previous day, Sat.,	104
		14th June, 1856.	
1856—	84	No. 90	106
68	86	94	116

FORTY YEARS GOSPEL PREACHING.

1005

No.	135	No.	1059	No.	1702	No.	1970
1857—			1119		1711-12		*1991
	165		1137		*1714	1888—	
	173-4		1160		1723		*2004-5
	182		1164		1724		2007
	194		1179		1735		*2009-10
	*200		1199		1736		2011
	219		1207		*1743		2016
	220		1235		*1745-6		2019-20
	225-6		1259		1753-4		2024-5
	260		1296	1884—			2027
1860—			1320		1773		2033
	299	1876—			1789		2039-40
	313		1325		1797		2049
	344	1877—		1885—			2051
	373-4		1348		1819		2053-4
	403	1878—			1833	1889—	
	410		1414-15		1837		2063
	416		1432-3		1843		2064
	417		1445		1844		*2067
	429-30		1454-5		1847		2070
	436	1879—			1864		2074
	444		1474		1877		2075
	486		1475		1878		2081
	*518		1488	1886—			2084
	524		1501		1893		*2088
	549-50		1546-7-8		1895		2089
	593-4	1880—			*1905-6		2098
	*595		1551		1907		2104
	603		1562-3		*1908		2105-6*
	613		1573		1910		2117
	622	1881—			1911		2120
	650		1593		*1915-16	1890—	
	667		1613		1919		*2130-31
	682	1882—			1925		2133
	*710		1647-8		1926		2140
	761		1658		1929		2141
	778		1660		1931		2145
	827		1676		1933		2149
	833		1679		1936		2150
	849		1680	1887—			2153-4*
	850		1690		1939		*2157
	*859		1698		1944		2162
	871		*1699		1951		2173
	996-7	1883—			1960		*2178

*2179-80-81	No. 2193	No. 2209	No. *2225
1891—	2198	*2216	2226
2185-6*	2203	2220	2227
2188	2206	2224	2235

Note.—The Reader of these Sermons,—as in the case of Bible Reading,—cannot expect much result,—unless the Reading is accompanied by Prayer. In the mere purely Intellectual Reading of *any* Book upon Religion, when this duty is neglected, the Writer has not the slightest belief.

Without the enlightening,—softening,—Grace, which the actual Presence of God, the Blessed Holy Spirit, can *alone* impart to Mankind, no Sermon, Good Book, or the Bible itself, ever has,—or ever will,—lead any human Soul to Salvation.

POETRY.

In your reading do not omit Poetry. A few selections are given worth learning by heart.

"The Arsenal at Springfield;" "The Village Blacksmith;" "Resignation;" "Seaweed, &c.;" and a few verses in "Evangeline,"—in Longfellow's poems.

The first verses of "In Memoriam," some of the smaller pieces of Tennyson, such as "Mariana," the "Sleeping Palace," "The Revival," &c. There are also some beautiful lines of his on a tomb at Clevedon, in memory of his friend Hallam.

"The Church," in Matthew Arnold's poems. "Ginevra," in Rogers's poems on Italy.

"The Raven" and "The Bells," by Edgar Allen Poe, whose story, "The Gold Beetle," is a remarkable one, and generally to be had in the same volume.

"Eugene Aram's Dream," "The Song of the Shirt," "I remember, I remember," "The Bridge of Sighs," the last verses of "Killmansegg;" also the "Avenue of Elm Trees," and some in the "Haunted House," in Hood.

Portions of Byron's "Childe Harold," such as the verses on Waterloo, beginning, "Stop! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust," &c.; and also his "Destruction of Senacherib," "Hebrew Melodies," &c.

"The Widow of Nain," and "Absalom," in Willis's poems [it is to be deplored that such a piece as "The Princess Mary" should be bound up at the end with these otherwise beautiful poems].

"My Brother's Grave," written by that wonderful boy,

John Moultrie, when a School-boy at Eton. The "many sided boy." — poetic, — athletic, — (he was captain of the School Eleven), — scholarly, — contemplative, — humorous, — pathetic. After fifty years' devoted life as a clergyman, he died of fever, — caught while visiting the sick, in 1874.

In Bryant's poems "The Departure from Yale College" is a fine piece; also his "Thanatopsis," which continues, — "When thoughts of the last bitter hour come o'er thy spirit," &c.

"The Burial of Dundee," "Aytoun's Lays of Scottish Cavaliers."

"Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," and "The Soldier's Dream," by Campbell.

"The Graves of a Household," "The Better Land," and "Casabianca," by Mrs. Hemans.

"The Elegy," and the lines on "Eton College," by Gray.

"The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith.

"The Irish Emigrant," "Poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn."

"The Red Fisherman," "The Little Vulgar Boy," and the last portion of "The Execution" in the "Ingoldsby Legends."

The beginning of and the death scene in "Marmion," the Stag Hunt in the "Lady of the Lake," and one or two of Sir Walter Scott's smaller pieces, such as "Helvellyn," "The Highland Boat Song," &c

"Sir Patrick Spence," "Chevy Chase," and the "Ancient Mariner;" a few verses of "Beattie's Minstrel;" also a few in "The Castle of Indolence," will repay the trouble of learning.

There are some fine verses in Young's "Night Thoughts;" also in Thomson's "Seasons," such as those on "Winter." "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden. "On the receipt of my Mother's Picture," and the humorous old piece on "John Gilpin," by Cowper. "The Battle of Blenheim," by Southey. "The Universal Prayer," by Pope. "Brothers, and a Sermon," by Jean Ingelow. A Pastoral by Cunningham, and an Epigram by Martial, together with some extracts from Milton, especially "The Conversation between Adam and Eve," and other poems will be found in "Murray's English Reader," 1st series. The oration of "Brutus and Mark Anthony," the "Seven Ages of Man," and other portions of Shakspeare, may also be learnt by heart. The Song of the "Huguenots," by Macaulay. "The Beggar's Petition," and a piece entitled "The Mariner's Dream," by Diamond, conclude the poems, — taken from

memory,—I have at the moment in my recollection ; but your own taste will enable you to select others. In spite of the distaste I have reason to think, is felt for poetry by men of a practical turn of mind, the acquirement of such pieces will be found not so entirely useless and without result as such may be inclined to think. That the acquirement of poetry is a source of much pleasure, and tends to soften and elevate the feelings and improve the taste, cannot be denied. Mackay's "1000 Gems of Poetry," also his "1000 Gems of Prose," "Bell's Standard Elocutionist,"—an *excellent* work, 3s., "The Standard Reciter," Carpenter; also his 1s. Vols. of "Penny Readings," and Professor Greenback's "British Orator," contain good collections, both in prose and verse.

Three verses from Pope's "Universal Prayer," Liberty in Religion.

"Let not my weak,—unknowing hand,
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And hurl destruction o'er the land,—
On each I deem Thy foe !

"If *I am right*,—Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay !
If *I am wrong*, Oh ! teach my heart,
To seek the better way !

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to *others* show,
That mercy show to me !"

Three verses from Mrs. Hemans' "Better Land."

"Is it far away, in some Region old,
Where Rivers wander o'er sands of Gold,
Where the Sapphire bright and the Ruby shine,
And the Diamond lights up the secret mine ?"
Not there, not there, my child !

"Is it where feathery palm trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright, birds, on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
Not there, not there, my child !

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle Boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy :
 Dreams cannot picture a World so fair !
 Sorrow and death may not enter there !
 Time doth not breath on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the Grave,—and beyond the Tomb,—
 It is there, it is there, my child ! "

" *Graves of a Household,*" by Mrs. Hemans.

" They grew in beauty,—side by side,
 They filled one hearth with glee,—
 Their graves are severed far and wide,—
 O'er Mountain,—Stream,—and Sea !

" One, midst the Forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid ;
 The *Indian* knows *his* place of rest,
 Far in the Cedar's shade !

" One lies where Southern vines are dressed,
 Above the noble slain,—
 He wrapped his colours round his breast,
 On a blood red field of Spain.*

" The Sea,—the deep blue Sea,—hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep,—
 He was the loved of all,—yet none,—
 O'er his lone grave may weep.

" And parted thus they rest who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Their voices mingled as they prayed,
 Around one Parent's knee !

" They that with brightness lit the Hall,
 And filled one home with mirth,
 Alas ! for love, if this were all,
 And nought beyond this Earth ! "

*This fine youth is supposed to have been killed while nobly saving the colours of his regiment under our Great Duke of Wellington, in one of those desperate battles with the French in Spain.

The Beacon.

" The following Poem, — " The Beacon, " — has greatly puzzled publishers of collections of poems, — as to who was the Author. It has been ascribed to Byron, — Sir Walter Scott, — and various other poets. It was really written by Mr. Paul Moon James, — a Birmingham gentleman, — (See page 278 of

Book I.,) and first appeared in a printed collection of his poems,—for private circulation amongst his friends,—only. Probably very few copies of the Poems were ever printed, and are extremely rare.

The locality of the poem is believed to have been the Light from the "Flat Holmes," in the Bristol Channel.

The Scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if Day in his pride had arrayed it.
The Night breeze blew mild, and the proudly arched sky,
Looked pure as the Spirit Who made it !

The Beacon light shone on the Sea's silver crest,
No mist the wide Ocean encumbers,
The sea fowl had flown to her wave-girded nest,
And the Fisherman sunk to his slumbers !

One moment I paused on the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billow's commotion,
And I thought that the Beacon looked lovely as Hope,
That light to Life's perilous ocean !

The Time is *long passed*,—and the Scene is *afar* !
Yet,—when my head rests on its pillow,
Will Memory oftumes rekindle that Star,
That shone on the face of the billow.

In Life's latest hour,—when the trembling Soul flies,—
And the heart stills her last faint emotion ;
Oh ! *then* may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a Star in Eternity's Ocean !

Epigram, by Martial. (Some say by Dr. Doddridge. See Page 900.)

"*Live while you live !*" the *Epicure* will say,
"And seize the pleasures of the passing day !"

"*Live while you live !*" the sacred *Preacher* cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies !"

Lord ! in *our* lives let both *united* be !
We live to *pleasure*, when we live to *Thee* !

Four verses from Miss Jane Taylor's "Squire's Pew."

Believed to have reference to the old Church at Bury Pomeroy.

A slanting ray of Evening light,
Shoots through the narrow pane ;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
 (To rob the velvet of it hue,)
 Hath come, —and *passed away* !
How many a setting Sun hath made,
 That curious lattice work of shade !

In days of yore, that now we call,
 When the first James was King,
 The courtly Knight, from yonder Hall,
 Hither his train did bring.
 All seated round in order due,
 With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

• • • • •

And when that Race is swept away,—
 All to their dusty beds,—
 Still shall the mellow Evening ray,
 Shine gaily o'er their heads !
 While other faces,—fresh and new,—
 Shall occupy,—the **Squire's Pew** !



Ancient Winepress

Note.—The young Reader will find Part III. of this Essay on Money, the one most useful to him, giving examples how to Save his Money, &c.

Money.



CHAPTER XI. PART I.

MONEY. GOLD. £ s. d. MAMMON.

Money made, and Lost, by Speculation.

PRIVATE "PLAY." RACING. THE PUBLIC MUST LOSE IN TIME. PUBLIC GAMBLING. SIXTY YEARS AT THE "TABLES." "THE WINNERS ALWAYS *Return!*" THE CHRISTIAN BELIEVER'S DEFINITION OF "LUCK." "CHANCE," AND "FORTUNE." "THE DICE," AND GAMING IN 1531. A "KNYGHTE'S" OPINION OF "FOOTE-BALLE" 360 YEARS AGO. OUR "Y. M. C. A.'S."

Note.—The following Chapter is not especially addressed to the professing Christian. It is a sustained effort to convince the Young Reader that "Gambling,"—however conducted,—*"does not Pay"* the Public;

admittedly a low ground to take,—but, if it only produces the salutary Conviction which it is intended to do,—all will agree,—in our day of "Speculation,"—to produce that Conviction is, in itself,—
"a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

GAMING. PRIVATE AND PUBLIC.

IN one respect private Gaming,—if it involves playing for any appreciable amount,—appears,—of "two evils," to be the worst.

In Private "Play" you win money from,—or lose it to,—your acquaintances and friends,—while in Public Gaming, you win from,—or lose to,—persons whom you do not know, and, therefore, naturally, feel no interest in. To win anything larger than a nominal sum,—say Sixpence, or a Shilling, at "penny points," at Whist, &c.,—from an acquaintance, or your Friend, *does seem*,—when one comes to think of it,—a most unpleasant,—not to say *mean* piece of business! How frequently the harmony, and pleasure of the meeting is lessened! *Why* go through such an ordeal at all? How anyone,—without a feeling of shame, degradation, or regret,—*can* put any appreciable sum of his friend's money into his own pocket, and walk away with it, does seem, to some of us, amazing! It is often urged that there are excellent games of skill, which, from their very constitution,—absolutely require a small, (*however* small),—stake, to give them sufficient interest to old Players. If *this could be proved*, then an insignificant stake,—so many counters to the shilling, &c.,—might, perhaps, be permitted.

But the past Records of this Country,—and we have ever been noted as an essentially "Sporting" Nation,—have proved, for the past 90 years, that Cricket, (and till lately), Football, Tennis, Bicycle, Billiard, &c., Matches,—Running, Swimming, &c.,—have been sufficiently exciting in themselves,—and have given vast pleasure to countless thousands, without the "Betting Element" being introduced at all! And without the spectators, or players having one penny pecuniary interest in the results! Why, then, cannot this happy state of things continue? Why cannot these delightful, healthful, and excellent English Pastimes, including the indoor Games,—essential in our somewhat inclement Climate,—Chess, Draughts, Billiards, Whist, &c.,—be all alike played for their own sakes alone? The question the Young Reader should ask himself is,—
"What do I want to win my friend's Money for? It cannot

be for the love of the game, surely it must be greed after money, and it proves that I *care* for the *latter* more than I *do for my friend!*"

Pretty mean state of things *that*, dear Reader!

Note.—Prizes offered by a Club to induce proficiency and improvement, are, of course, freely admitted to be perfectly legitimate, and, no doubt, helpful.

"GAMING,"—ON THE LOWEST GROUND,—A MISTAKE.

A vast number of Youths will, undoubtedly, peruse this Book,—in the Public, and other Libraries,—who make no pretensions whatever of being "Christians,"—or being at present,—(pray God they all may be one day),—under the influence of the Gospel. They "Play," or "Bet" simply and solely to win Money. The following effort is, therefore, made to oppose Betting, or Gambling, upon,—admittedly,—the *very lowest* ground,—namely that it is, in itself, *a mistake!* In plain English, that Gambling *does not pay!*

If we cannot prove it to be *wrong*, the next best thing seems to be to prove it to be a delusion, or, as the *certainly not* very moral remark of the Frenchman has it, "It is worse than a Fault,—it is a Blunder!" "A very low ground to take, that!" a Christian Reader will say. *It is indeed!* And yet, dear Reader, could we but have amassed,—during the past 90 years,—an immense Collection of "data," giving the personal experiences of the outside betting Public, even in our English Races,—think you,—though it *is* a low ground to take,—that that disastrous Record would not have *some* effect upon the Young Men of 1891?

Let us also have the details of the great "Gambles," "Corners,"—"Time Bargains," and "Swindles" of the Stock Exchange; "Bogus" Mining, and other "Bubble" Companies, with their swindling Promoters, and "Directors," and their Victims, the past 90 years, in our collection,—giving the immense Sums the Public have lost,—and surely a Lesson on "Gaming" of every description,—would be taught, difficult to forget!

Families brought to ruin; the immense Properties of our Aristocracy, going, not to good, useful, purposes,—but to "Trainers," "Betting Men," "Jockeys," &c.,—a *pretty* history would our racing Gamblers have to relate!

It is not the loss of Money merely,—it is the *demoralising* effect of English Gambling, which is so striking. The shabby, mean, tricks, the *dreadful company* it leads to,—from the office Youth,—induced by his losses,—to the first act of

dishonesty,—stamps,—loose cash,—no matter what,—to the Earl with "encumbered" estates,—the same cry would come to us, "*Gambling does not pay!*"

"I made *my* fortune at it," the "Betting Man," Trainer, Jockey, Speculator, "Promoter" of Companies, Stock Broker, &c., may reply.

No doubt it pays *you*,—you are "in the swim,"—you have your "Commissions," in and out,—your tips,—intelligence,—you work together,—"*You scratch my back, I will scratch yours,*"—of course the Money of the Public went into *somebody's* pocket! A *pretty* tale *you* could tell us if you chose! But we are Speaking of Gambling, not paying your clients,—the "outside" World, our contention being that to the immense majority,—of which the Reader will undoubtedly be one,—as a legitimate,—money-making,—investment, for the Masses,—Gambling, of *all kinds*, does *not pay!*

GAMING, SPECULATION, &c., DOES NOT PAY THE PUBLIC, EVEN WHEN HONESTLY CONDUCTED.

Lacking our individual experiences of Gambling at Racing, &c., the past 90 years,—let us take the actual authentic, returns of a Modern (1891) Public Gaming Company. Once more we shall see that,—like the old English Government Lotteries alluded to on Page 754,—the Promoters,—the Bank,—the Agents,—are the "winning" Parties. The Gaming Public,—as usual,—lose!

PUBLIC GAMING. MONACO.



A "Table" at "Monte Carlo" in the *quiet* Season, (June to October). From January to May, 13 Tables are at work, each surrounded by a Crowd *three deep*, for the greater part of the play hours (Noon till 11 p.m.) Sundays *inclusive* (!)

"At Monte Carlo play is conducted as fairly and equitably as at any place of the kind, and far more so than in any of the more obscure gambling hells which are to be found in nearly all large cities at home and abroad. But even at Monte Carlo the chances are terribly against the players, and in spite of the occasional

brilliant successes of mysterious "punters," whose bank-breaking exploits lose nothing in the telling, it is evident from the published accounts of the company who conduct the saloons that every shilling they pay out must come back to them in pounds from the pockets of the dupes who throng their tables. In no other department of enterprise will investors go on year after year trading at a heavy loss, but at Monte Carlo hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually sunk in purchasing about an equal number of shillings or half-crowns, the difference going into the pockets of the Casino proprietors and the local authorities who are their aiders and abettors. At the half-yearly meeting of the Gambling Company, which was held at the saloon on Friday, the accounts submitted showed that the past year had been the most profitable in the history of the Society, the total receipts from the gaming tables amounting to £840,000. This is £40,000 more than in the previous year, notwithstanding that in March last some half-dozen plungers carried off among them about £40,000. The loss, however, came back twentyfold in the course of the six months. The result is that after making large appropriations, devoting £40,000 to a sinking fund, £360,000 to expenses (including £50,000, the semi-annual payment for the concession, £10,000 for public purposes, and over £200,000 salaries and police, &c.), and a further large sum to the payment of the municipal expenses of the Principality, the company is able to divide 38 per cent., and its £20 shares stand at £80 in the market. If the company were free to distribute all its net profits, the dividend would evidently have been over 50 per cent. Anyhow, it has taken out of the pockets of the public £840,000 more than it has put into them, and it is the experience of the company more or less every year since its formation. Yet the public continue to flock to its tables as though they were a mine of wealth instead of a huge suction-pipe for draining the pockets of their votaries. As a matter of business there is probably no form of investment which yields so uniformly bad a return as gambling. Of its demoralising influence it would be altogether superfluous to speak. The excitement of play doubtless counts for something with the genuine gamester, but even for him such "violent delights" would unquestionably lose a good deal of their charm if he knew beforehand, what the experience of the Monte Carlo Casino Company attests, that the vast majority of those who try their luck at its tables must lose heavily however fair the play.

—*Daily Paper, November, 1891.*

Surely the above figures support our contention as to *where*,—and to *whom* the money of the Gaming Public goes by the above "irresistible Logic of Fact!" For here we have no "Welchers," "Touts," roguery,—Jockeys, or Horses "got at,"—"things made a certainty,"—horses scratched,—

"not to win,"—"pulled up," Owners and Riders interested deeply that they should *not* win! No horrible demoralising language, or company, as at *English Races*!

On the contrary, we have everything conducted with the quiet, and precision of a London Banking Establishment! The Public paid if they win,—to any amount,—and in a minute's time. Yet we see, under the most favourable circumstances, Gambling by the Public does not pay. We see what they lose! "But the tables are so greatly against them!" *How?* At an English Race there are several horses running, *either* may lose, but here there are *but two*, a "Red," and a "Black;" *only one* can lose! There is no delay, no "false starts," the Race is over in one minute, and there are 450 to 500 "Races" on each "Roulette" Table a day. Why is it more against the Public than these English Races which have been permitted in this Country for a Century past? Thousands do not think so! For it is well known that numbers of wealthy Englishmen,—and, indeed, of every Nationality,—have been for years, Season after Season, in the habit of frequenting Monte Carlo. They did not go there to *lose*; they went to *win*! The Gaming Company met them one and all, and has, for Forty years been proving our point: That it is a losing Business!

But many *do* win! *Do they?* Watch your "winners" for, say five years. True! He did win, and took it away with him! Did he go again? *Of course* he did! While human nature remains the same the winner will assuredly try again. As the old, experienced "Croupier" remarked, "The Winners always (*toujours*) come back!" *As for the Losers*,"—and here a gesture, and a shrug, intimated that,—having *deposited their money*,—whether *they* came back was a matter of *perfect* indifference. Undoubtedly we must *add* to the £840,000 the amount carried off by the Winners, before we can arrive at what *someone* lost! Say the Public took away £160,000 last year, then the losers contributed £1,000,000!

The *Bank* did not lose a *penny*. Again, say £160,000 *was taken away* by "Winners," surely it is but taken away *for a time*, for as certain as the Season recommences most of the winners of the above sum will return to the scene like the Moth to the Candle! The Croupier was *right*! It is human nature! Return they will!

IN GAMBLING IT IS BEST TO LOSE.

"Nonsense!" *Is it?* Ask old, experienced, Players,

ask the officials. Those who have lost most,—have most injured themselves,—by Gaming,—began with that fatal *first win*! For years the Story has been repeated monotonously at all the Gaming Establishments. Amongst thousands of losers some,—from that unexplained train of causes, for causes there must be for everything,—called "Fortune," or "Luck,"—seem, at first, *unable to lose*! Then, —from some equally obscure reason, or sequence of events,—cease winning *altogether*. "Fortune,"—as it is vaguely described, "goes dead against them!"—(whatever that may mean).

They are powerless! They can do nothing! They go to the same Table,—play the same game,—lose constantly, *whatever* they do,—*persist*,—"get behind,"—lose not only all they won, but a great deal more in addition,—and finally return, *far poorer* than if they had *never won at all*!

What "goes against" them,—what would in the end, go against *you*, dear Reader,—is the simple fact proved by the experience of ninety years of "Play," betting, gambling at Races, &c., that the immense majority—of which *you* would prove *one*,—always have,—do now,—and always will *lose*,—if they only continue long enough!

The old Croupier was right, in the vast majority of cases, "The Winners always come back,"—and *lose*!

A RACING TRAGEDY!

Amongst thousands of instances of lives and characters ruined by the Turf,—and the fatal consequences of a *first win*,—success *at first*,—take the awful career of Dr. Palmer, the Rugeley Poisoner. An acquaintance,—asked how a certain sum might be best invested, replied, "Well!" If I were you I would put it on "Flying Dutchman." A celebrated Race Horse of that Period. Palmer did so,—and *won*!

That fatal win led him on; possessed of an ample Fortune at the time, he "went on the Turf" to get more, and lost all,—squandered a large Fortune,—was declared a defaulter, borrowed thousands off the Money Lenders at sixty per cent (!) and kept paying the latter by forged Bills for thousands, drawn on his Mother, which were of course "impounded" after his execution. Then began a Series of sudden deaths of Persons *to whom* he owed money, or *from whom* Palmer came into property. From first to last, no less than thirteen mysterious deaths were attributed to *him*! One creditor,—a Mr. Bladen, came to their house by

invitation,—“Come down, and you shall have some shooting here, and I will pay you before you leave!” wrote Palmer. He came,—sickened,—and died! “My poor Mother died on a visit here,—last year,”—said his poor wife,—“now this man! What will people say?” *What indeed!* Shortly after, poor Lady,—*she* too was in her Grave,—insured by her Husband for £13,000! And to show how Gambling,—and a Gambler's life *deadens*,—nay,—*petrifies*,—every feeling of a man, or human being,—the Wretch, now living with the Maid Servant,—ruined like fourteen other girls in the neighbourhood it was stated by a resident, (who would give their names, &c.)—coolly continues his Diary of events! A few days after his poor Wife's murder he says in the Diary, “October 8, 1854,—Sunday at Church, *Sacrament (!)*”

(Note.—What an illustration of the views expressed upon “Immorality,” page (622 of this vol.) “Palmer made a great show of Religion. He would travel far to reach Rugeley in time for Divine Service on Sunday. He would read the responses louder than any; he was extremely attentive, and took notes of the Sermons.” (See Palmer's “Life,” Ward, Lock & Co., 1856). The “Sun” office proposed resisting the £13,000 claim, but the “Norwich,” and “Scottish,”—not knowing that Palmer had employed two poor old Medical Men 80 years old,—himself being the third,—considered that three Doctors certifying to the death, could not be held out against. No “Post Mortem” was therefore insisted upon, and the £13,000 was paid to Pratt, the Money Lender, and his clients who supplied the 60%. (l) Loans.

Next his Brother died, insured for a similar amount, (£80,000 was attempted, but failed,) but now warnings came to the offices. “*His Wife died after payment of the first Premium, be careful!*” And, this time the “Prince of Wales” absolutely refused payment! John Parsons Cook his Racing companion, next died in agony at Master's, “Talbot Arms,” Rugeley, on the night of 20th November, 1855, attended by Palmer. But the end was near, an unexpected Relative of Cook's turned up,—to Palmer's dismay,—a Mr. Stevens. Cook's Pocket Book, and £1,000, were not to be found,—Palmer had been seen searching immediately after the death. Mr. Stevens became suspicious,—was not to be cajoled, and insisted on a Post Mortem. The attempt to bribe the Coroner, and to get the Post Boy to upset the Jars, failed, the arrest, and ten days' trial followed.

As an instance how the human mind can cling to hope with tenacity, under the most desperate circumstances, even in the middle of Judge Campbell's masterly "Summing up," the Prisoner threw over the Bar a slip of paper to his Solicitor, on which was written in a clear, firm hand, "I think they'll find a Verdict of 'Not Guilty!'"

Had Palmer been a *poor*, unknown, man he would have been hung without a word. But thousands of pounds were at issue, if the Money Lenders and their clients could get him off, then the Insurance Companies would have had to pay them. Every effort was made. The *impulsive, injudicious*, Public,—as in the *Maybrick case*,—were appealed to,—letters flooded the Papers,—the then notorious "Jack Smith," the Birmingham Solicitor, did his best, but in vain!

Murders, Forgeries, Thefts, Immoralities,—why do the "Public" interfere, and try to force the authorities to spare the *well-connected* criminal with *wealthy connexions*,—and yet let the *poor, unknown*, murderers be hung without a word?

Why, indeed, and,—mark you,—Betting, Gambling, "Racing,"—and the dreadful Associates *they lead to*,—were at the beginning of this awful life!

Last scene of all at Stafford (8 a.m., Saturday, 14th June, 1856), a maddened crowd of 25,000 of his fellow countrymen, livid with speechless rage!

The Colliers were there,—they came for weary miles in Bands,—forcing their way by sheer force to be near the Scaffold, to shriek and rave at the Murderer! Thousands had been patiently trudging all through the rain of the previous night,—had waited for hours,—with but one thought, namely to howl, and shriek, and curse him! 80,000 Tracts and a quantity of Testaments, &c. were distributed amongst the immense crowd by a Mr. Radcliffe, of Liverpool, and others. Public executions are now happily extinct.

"An old, and obsolete story,—truly,—to illustrate the evils of 'Racing,' and 'Betting!'"

Well, dear Reader, take last year (1890). How about that poor creature who wrote that pathetic letter,—the papers printed,—just before he committed Suicide,—concluding with "*Ask ———*" (a well-known Betting and Racing Man) "*he knows all!*"

Was there no modern Tragedy think you, *here*? Gaming makes men cruel. Gambling converts even educated men,—moving in good Society, into—mean,—rogues; cheating, even their friends,—as recent disclosures have proved.

The Writer has thus endeavoured to place boldly, resolutely, and firmly, before the Reader the humbug and falseness there is in thus condoning and tolerating Murder, Immorality, and loathsome Vice, where there is Money, Position, and the power it gives, and in drawing the attention of the Young Reader to the fact that a wicked Man or Woman Poisoner, &c., moving in "Good Society" is as vile and dangerous as a poor one.

Surely well-educated, cultured, Criminals, with ample means, and in good Position, are far more guilty in God's sight, than unintelligent, uneducated, persons, whose terrible Poverty often exposes them to almost overpowering temptations!

If you are to hang *any*, by all means hang the former. Like the worthy foreman of the Maybrick Jury, many a Reader may, with him, be opposed to Capital Punishment. Small blame to those who are so.

Abolish Hanging by all means,—if you can do it safely,—but if the experience of every Nation in this World, proves that you cannot, —and that Society can protect itself by no other means, then execute *all* convicted Murderers alike, or else *none*! Men or Women,—Rich or Poor,—mete out the same perfect Justice to all alike! Hang all,—or hang none!

The Working Classes of England and America should see to this! Because the Convict is of the "best Families,"—because there is Position,—and "Money" behind,—we are forsooth, to sign Petitions, and move Heaven and Earth to get the Criminal off! But if the Convict be one of the "Lower Order," obscure, "uninteresting,"—in no Position in Society, with no influential friends, or Money to pay the Lawyers,—why then, in *that* case, we are to let the Law take its course, and our fellow Citizens, in humble life, are to have the usual brief Epitaph,

"The Convict ———, who was convicted of ——— at ———, was executed this morning, at ———; two Repartees were present, ——— was the executioner. Death appeared to be instantaneous."

And no one says another word about the matter!

WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

Well! It does not say *much*.

Probably foreseeing that Society can always be left to secure its own security, and safety! *Self-preservation* does not require many *Rules*! It is the Primary Law of

Nature! Still we read,—what our common sense tells us also,—

"For Rulers are not a Terror to Good Works, but to Evil. But if thou do that which is evil be afraid,—for he beareth not the sword in vain." (The well-known Roman bundle of weapons carried before the Judge in the Court of Justice). "For he is a Minister of God,—a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil"—*Romans xiii., 2-4*.

St. Paul, speaking before the Bar of Justice of his day says :

"If I have committed things *worthy of death*, I refuse not to die ; but if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar !" — *Acts xxv., 11*.

Does this not prove, that Paul, the Christian, *fully recognized* that there were crimes for which God fully intends, in all ages, the life of the Murderer shall be the forfeit. (of course always admitting extenuating circumstances, sudden anger, &c.,) and, had he been thus guilty, that he, Paul, would have considered his Execution *Just and Proper*?

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood,—by man shall his blood be shed,—for in the image of God made he man."

"And He said, 'What hast thou done? The voice of thy Brother's blood calleth unto Me from the Ground!'" (The First Murder). — *Genesis iv., 10*.

"They that take the Sword shall perish by the Sword!" — *Matt. xxvi., 52*.

The Master has said it. And He "knew what was in Man."

WELL-CONDUCTED GAMBLING UPON ITS DEFENCE.

Returning from our long digression, let us hear well-conducted Gambling "upon its Defence."

"The Public Gaming Establishment at Monaco, is infinitely to be preferred to the so-called 'moral' Englishman, with his private Gambling Clubs, where excess is encouraged in secret, by means of *drink or bad company*,—his Racing Men, with their system of organized robbery,—or his swindling Promoters of Bubble Companies, and well paid, fraudulent Brokers and Directors with their cooked-up accounts, and lying Prospectuses! These wretches give the Public no chance. At Monte Carlo all have a fair chance given them. It is far removed from all Commercial Centres, and no person in a dependent position,—throughout the District,—is permitted to enter. The clerks and employes of Nice covenant with their Employers, upon entering a Situation never to Play. The Administration devotes £400,000 a year in support of Law, Justice, Churches, and Charities, and relieves the entire district, from taxes, and poverty."

"The Roads, Terraces, Gardens, &c.,—the Music, &c., Rooms, free to all, have been a boon to thousands of Invalids. So far from being urged to play, or even to enter the Gaming Saloons,—

the latter are kept totally distinct from the free departments,—and, in order to play, every person must personally ask permission to enter, apply for a new ticket each day, and give Name and Address, &c. Not a known bad character is allowed to live in Monte Carlo, detectives from the chief Capitals of Europe are ever on the look out. A Troop of Soldiers are ever on the Premises, and more could be wired for in a minute from the Barracks. The most perfect order, silence, and etiquette, as to dress and behaviour is insisted upon! For an entire day you will not hear a bad word, or oath, boisterous talking, &c.,—or indeed any but subdued talk, if any, in the Gaming Rooms.

"There is more swearing in a Town or Village in England in one day than there is *here* in ten years.

"There is no place in Europe where Ladies can stroll about in perfect confidence and more free from annoyance! Not a Beggar is permitted anywhere,—nor do the Working Class use the Gardens, &c. at all.

"Even too dusty boots will cause rejection to the Saloon! 'Tone' is resolutely kept up.

"The number of "Suicides,"—the past 15 years, have been terribly and wilfully exaggerated,—you can count the Graves yourself,—in the detached position of the Burial Ground,—a mere handful! In proportion to the influx of Visitors they compare favourably with suicides in Paris, or London, or at other places. The great majority of those who play, and the *only* Class the Administration wish to use the Room *at all*, are well-to-do transient Visitors,—passing through on their Continental Trips, "doing" Monte Carlo, *en route*, as they "do" Rome, &c.,—having,—and naturally having to pay for,—their little "flutter,"—risking, and admittedly generally *depositing* their 5 franc pieces with the Bank,—very acceptable to the Company,—and learning, in return, the salutary lesson as to the folly of Gambling, and the wisdom of "never doing so any more!" "Gambling" is understood to be the hazarding of money, which it is our duty to apply to *other* purposes. Carried to excess it is a Vice,—a Madness. It should be considered as an,—admittedly *expensive*—Amusement, only suited for the Wealthy Classes,—it has always been endeavoured to rigidly keep other classes from the Rooms,—and even the Rich ought not to lose more than they would spend upon other evening Entertainments,—the Theatre, Balls, &c. The Bank does not at all solicit or desire reckless Play, at Monte Carlo, but if Millionaires think that they can "Break" them *let them try!*—they are prepared to hold their own against all comers!

"With 13 tables, in the height of the Season, at work, and these inconveniently crowded,—so far from the Company wishing losers to continue playing, they would only be too thankful if the unsuccessful would wisely bow to the *inevitable*,—retire with a trifling loss, which they would never feel,—and be content to

enjoy,—during the remainder of their stay, the many other amusements provided for them gratis,—and,—*make room for others.*

“No drink,—or indeed Refreshments of any kind,—have ever been permitted on the Premises.

“While Tea, Café, Light Wines, “un Siphon,” &c. are the invariable choice of the polite Visitors in the beautiful Cafés near. Drunkenness, Noise, &c. is unknown, would not be permitted for a moment! Everybody is polite and courteous,—all is high tone, refinement, quiet and decorum. The visit alone teaches the rude English an educational lesson!”

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

A very smooth, ingenious Defence, dear Reader! It certainly makes us coarse, wicked, English with our vulgar “Betting,”—Horses prevented from Winning,—Welschers,—Cheating at Cards in private play,—mean tricks,—horrible language,—bad company,—and *the drink*, look *very small indeed!*

We must, however, be permitted to remark, that, though Gaming is conducted, with all this “Sweetness and Light,”—the irrepressible fact remains that the *losing* Section of the Public paid last year £840,000 *plus every penny* that the *winners took away* with them from Monte Carlo, being a total loss to a vast majority of the Community, the losing Section, of,—probably,—a Million Sterling; establishing our contention that *Gambling does not pay!* The Bank wins. The Public loses. This immense Sum lost, *must* mean terrible distress to *some!*

Probably it *would* actually pay all Parties, if the Benevolent Desires, expressed by this *Paternal* Gaming Company could be all carried out!

Better still, if the Place could now do without the Gaming at all. Spa, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Baden, &c. have now done so for twenty years, (since 1872), and they seem to be as popular, as much frequented, and as prosperous, as ever they were.

We can see some reason why a Gaming Company are really not anxious for very heavy play,—wealthy Players or Syndicate of Players—occupying the chairs all day,—and simply playing their Capital against that of the Bank. Formerly,—when any Table was unfortunate,—when its Capital for the day (say £3,000 or more)—had been

reduced to a certain sum,—that Table stopped for that day, a cloth being thrown over it,—as if to hide its disgrace,—this was called “Breaking the Bank.” Now the Company,—confident in its strength probably,—elects never to stop any Table, during Play hours, but to support it,—come what will,—and lose what it may! This must give,—even to the Bank,—an element of excitement; the experience of ninety years tells them that they can do it,—that they must win in the end,—still, the *temporary outgoings* may now be *large*.

Thus on Friday, the 13th of March, 1891, a card table ran very adversely for the Bank, it is many years since so heavy a loss occurred.

NOTE.—The late Monsieur Le Blanc said, that in his many years' experience as Proprietor of the Gaming Houses at Homburg, and, subsequently, at Monaco, a *Card* table had been known to *lose* for three successive days, but a *Roulette* table never more than *one* day.

Three heavy Players were playing their Capitals against that of the Bank,—placing “Maximums,” (viz: the utmost amount permitted), say, 6,000 francs, (£240) six 1,000 franc Notes,—upon the Table every “coup” or deal. This would mean at least £1,000 per two minutes, for the *other Players* usually follow successful Gamblers.

True to its new law never to stop, a gentleman present says, the “Garçons” were kept trotting to and fro to the Treasury for fresh Rolls of Thousand franc Notes, (£40 each): the Table was to be supported to the last. Here comes the *one* advantage of the Player, he can,—when he has won, and begins to lose,—*stop*. The Table *cannot*. Had the Winners gone on they would have lost all, nothing can *continually* stand against the Bank, but they wisely gave over, with winnings of various amount. The Bank lost £40,000, probably *more*. But how exceptional an occurrence! May not occur for years! And what an advertisement, or “tice” for the next Season, to wealthy Players!

And, with it all,—the Best Season—viz: £40,000—ever experienced, upwards of a Million taken,—and the £20 Shares, at £80! Do we think that the Winners will keep their gains,—*never return*,—our common sense tells us that they *try again*! The only class likely “never to return” are the Losers. Take the case of one of the Winners last March,

“For *twelve years* he has been a regular player at Monte Carlo, an experienced Gambler, with a thorough knowledge of the

chances, &c., and yet he has never left less than £10,000 per annum in the coffers of the Bank! Sometimes it was £15,000 and even more. Ten days ago he was £20,000 out upon this Season's play, but the long Series of "Maximums" have enabled him to recover the loss this Season with £1,000 to the good. Altogether, however, his losses the past ten years amount to £125,000 (!) He 'can therefore claim,' he remarked to me, 'to have, at least, given the Game a *fair trial*!' He intends leaving on Saturday, never to return. The others all agreed that even with sustained good luck, you might for a time hold your own, against the Bank, but that, in the end, it was impossible to *make Money at Monte Carlo*."

Do not these facts, dear Reader, establish our contention that **Gaming**,—by the Public under, admittedly, the least objectionable surroundings,—**does not pay?**

SIXTY YEARS AT "THE TABLES."

"MESSIEURS,—FAITES VOTRE JEU!"

ROULETTE.



The ball is flying round!

The Public can place their money,—or get the Croupier to do it for them,—on any part of the Table, while the ball is flying round.

The Croupier, in the picture, is pushing the last gold piece, of that injudicious old Lady,—with his "rateau," (Rake)—at her request into "No. 28." The Spinning Croupier—starts the cylinder with his fore-fingers upon the cross-bar,—holding the small ivory ball between his thumb and other fingers,—exclaiming the four French words above given.

The Wheel fairly started,—with a knack for which nothing but months of practice are needed,—(a Novice

would send the ball flying about the Room,)—he projects the ball into the cylinder, the *reverse* way to which it is spinning. All then sit quietly,—awaiting the result,—*hoping* for the *best*.—like the injudicious old Lady in the Picture,—and,—if they are wise,—*prepared* for the *worst*!

The moment that certain warning sounds come from the cylinder, indicating that the ivory ball has finally made up its mind, and is about to fall into one of the 36 numbered cells,—or into the 37th viz:—O, or "Zero,"—the Croupier cries, "Rien ne va plus!" After which no money can be placed on,—or taken off,—the table, and immediately after, the ball falls. The Croupier cries the number,—“Douze!”—adding in a lower, subsidiary, tone for the information of the Public,—something which sounds like—“Rougparramang.” What he really says is “Douze” twelve; the ball has fallen into the cell, number 12,) “Rouge” (Red,—cell No. 12 is coloured red,—a red number) “Pair” (“Even” number, you can divide it by two,) “Et” and “Manque” Fails,—that is it fails to reach *half way* in the 36 Numbers. Thus 17 is “Manque,” 18 is a “tie,” quits, neither wins or loses, 19 is “Passe,” (past half way).

The Rakes (Râteaux)—a *very important* feature in Gaming Houses,—are then applied, and the Players,—including the injudicious old lady,—*if wise*,—will retire to the warm sun, orange trees, and gardens, outside,—(*much better* than “Roulette.”)—and resolve to “Play” no more!

A modern Philosopher informs us that in Gambling, the happiness of the winner, necessarily implies,—and *requires*,—the misery of the loser, consequently it is *essentially* a selfish pursuit, not like *legitimate* “Business” which produces money to all, and gives to Society, *in addition*, the conveniences, and necessities of life.

SIXTY YEARS OF PLAY.

The Writer three years ago (1888) met on the Continent, however, with an old French Gentleman,—known to be a wealthy man,—who took a different view. He died last year. If the Young Reader is still unconvinced that Gaming is a decidedly losing business, the experience of this old gentleman,—an entire lifetime at the Gaming Tables,—may have some effect. He had been playing for Sixty Years! Commencing, while young, in the old days of the “Twenties” (1820) in Paris.

It seems that until Louis Phillippe cleared Paris of its Gaming Houses, (say 1830,) that the Palais Royal, &c.,—was “honeycombed” with Gaming Rooms.

Monsieur — left Paris in 1832, and followed the late Le Blanc to Homburg,—and, finally, to Monaco. A man of means, he took to the life evidently as a Member of a Whist, Chess, Cricket, Football, or Tennis Club does to his "hobby." It was indeed *his* "hobby" in life,—of course he had other amusements, but all seemed poor to this one. He had had, of course, his wealthy friends around him during the "Seasons" at Homburg, also at Monaco,—the play had become a necessity to him. He had probably never allowed the passion to cause him any great loss or anxiety. A very cautious, moderate, player, he would have his winning,—and much more frequently,—his losing,—days, but he was willing to pay for his favourite amusement; it suited him. He lost,—on the whole,—but accepted it as one of the expenses or luxuries of a rich man's life. "I played almost daily, formerly, sometimes for nine months in the year," he remarked. "Did you win on the whole?"—the Writer ventured to ask,—a silly question,—knowing well what the reply would be. "Oh, dear no!—certainly not,"—was the answer, in a tone which implied that all hope of *that* had gone long years ago.

He gave some curiosities of his long years of Play. The smallest stake in the old times, in Paris, allowed to be placed on the Tables was 2 francs at "Roulette,"—5 francs at the Card Tables. Now, 5 francs and 20 francs respectively, are the smallest permitted. Before the Railway was constructed to Italy, via Genoa and Pisa,—the players reached Monaco by a small steamer from Nice, which took them back at night. There was then no "Monte Carlo,"—it was merely a scene of barren rocks. The late M. Le Blanc brought the soil in ships to plant his Palms, &c., in. There have been almost as many fortunes *made outside* the Gaming Establishment, by Hotel Proprietors, Buyers of Land, &c., the last 20 years, as have been *lost inside* it! The contrast the passengers' countenances,—in the steamer starting hopefully in the morning,—presented to the mournful, melancholy, woebegone, visages on the return at night, is said to have been most striking! Had the "instantaneous photographer" been in existence in the "Fifties,"—deterrent pictures of the "Gambler returning," or, "before and after," might have been now useful. A cut, or illustration, should have been here inserted. No doubt some nasty nights at Sea, and no little danger of shipwreck, had also, in those days, to be encountered.

The first gaming saloon was on the top of Monaco rock,

opposite the Palace, and is now part of the Barracks. The stakes were at first small, and *Counters* were employed, no doubt, similar to those to which the attention of the "British Public" has recently been extensively drawn.

What a mysterious hold Gaming,—once confirmed,—seems to obtain over its votaries!

True the late Monsieur—— might say we all must have our two or three hours' relaxation a day. You have yours, I chose mine!

But what a life! We can understand enthusiasts in Music, Painting, Study of all kinds,—or in Pursuits requiring Physical, or Mental power, practice, or Science, Cricket, Football, Tennis, Golf, Scientific Croquet (*unhappily* almost extinct) Gardening,—or Chess, Whist, Billiards, &c.,—continuing *their* "hobbies,"—and if taken in moderation, healthfully, and happily so,—to an advanced age. In all these, pleasure and interest, is afforded to *others*, besides *oneself*.

But to sit for hours, for Months together, for Sixty years at a Gaming table, watching a game, in which there is absolutely nothing to be done on your part, no skill, no *merit* in winning, does seem to be an extraordinary life.

Still, it does certainly prove the mysterious attraction "Play" seems to have,—a Spell cast over its followers.

So through the "Thirties,"—before some of us were born,—through the "Forties," and to some of us, sweet early "Fifties," the old gentleman played on,—sometimes,—"Roulette," but, generally at the Card Tables. The "High Old Times" of the gold Discovery in California,—then in Victoria,—came,—the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Civil War in America, the Continental Convulsions of 1866—1870,—came, and slowly becoming History,—passed. M. Le Blanc left Paris, then Homburg, then "created" Monte Carlo and died,—yet still, up to 1890, the indefatigable old gentleman was still at his post, solemnly pricking his card at the Card table, and after fluctuations, solemnly "losing on the Season!" What Millions of Money he must have seen lost on various Tables throughout the Season during those Sixty years!

Surely it was a lifelong devotion, worthy of a better, nobler, cause! Croupiers came,—grew old,—died,—others took their places, cried for years, "Le jeu est fait!" "Rien ne va plus!"—and,—in time,—disappeared!

Spa, Weisbaden, Homburg, Baden, Saxon, all spun their *first* coup at Roulette.—laid out their cards for the

first and their *last* time,—and after winning Millions of Public Money closed with *desperate* reluctance under the iron hand of Bismarck, in the Autumn of 1872,—yet "Men may come, and men may go," but, the indefatigable old Monseieur ——— seemed to "go on for ever!" I think that the Young Reader will admit that such a life was a delusion,—a mistake,—and that,—taking its Social, Enjoyable, Mental, or Intellectual aspect, as well as the financial one, "*Gambling does not pay!*"

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE AT GAMBLING.

He mentioned a few of the many curiosities of Gaming during his long experience. Days, Weeks, Months may pass, then *something happens!* For instance,—one night, in the old days in Paris,—probably in the "Twenties,"—at one of the Roulette Tables at Frascati's, the Ball fell *six consecutive times*, into No. 6! Six times running! *Centuries* may pass before such a thing happens again! Three times do occur at rare intervals.

Again, he mentioned, that in September, 1861, one of the late Le Blanc's card tables, at Homburg, after a "red," gave 29 Black Wins running, without a "refait!" (Note.—"Refait," a "tie," "quits," "dead heat," neither "win nor lose,"—caused by the two rows of cards giving the same results). He considered that "400 years might pass before it occurred again."

Fancy, dear Reader, your *own* amazement upon "tossing" a coin to see which side is to have the choice of going in first at a Cricket Match, if you could toss 29 consecutive "heads,"—quickly one after the other,—"without a single "tail" ever coming! Well, try it! Try to get *Six!*

This is the danger, and delusion of all Gambling! If we cannot say that—at Gaming—"The unexpected *always* happens," at least we can say it *may* happen, at any moment!

There is nothing contrary to Nature in these exceptional cases. A German Statistician studying what is called the "Law," or "Theory," of "Chances,"—spun a coin the same way for a solid Month, (!)—so many hours a day,—and recorded his "results." During that Month, although he never had any approaching 29, he obtained three or four sequences, or "runs" of 9 to 11 "Heads" or "Tails." But when the respective totals were obtained at the end of the Month, the "heads" balanced the "tails" almost *exactly!*

Nature,—give her time,—is ever true to herself. Mean-time, "exceptional" occurrences take place which human intelligence cannot explain, much less foresee.

Thus,—on a Roulette Cylinder, as nearly perfection as possible, adjusted every day before the Public enter, by altering the position of the cells, in order to produce equilibrium, and to give out all the numbers all day with perfect equality, and impartiality,—a certain number has been known to come up *only once* in the day of 11 hours' play, or some 450 turns.

It *ought* to have come, and *will* come, on a Month's "data," once every 37 times,—or as often as any other of the 37 cells. Again, the 37 cell, No. 0, or "Zero," one day,—some years ago,—at one of the tables, never came a single time, during that entire day! The Croupiers,—relieved every two hours,—passed the word to their successors, a watch was kept,—and the fact established. "I think," said one of the witty Croupiers, in French, "that Monsieur 'Zero' has gone to the 'Carnival' at Nice!"

Note.—Each Table requires 8 "Croupiers" (who are relieved say every two hours.) Thus 13 Tables need an army of 104, at Monte Carlo. Private omnibus belonging to the Company booking them from and take them back to their homes at night. Indeed there is a strong tendency to do the thing well. Civil, pleasant, imperturbably good-tempered, ready either to pay the Public, or to take up their money with equal, and most *sublime* indifference whatever the amount.

THE DANGERS OF GAMING.

Again,—early in July, 1881, a Roulette Table gave out 11 of the smaller numbers,—(that is the *lower* numbers of the 36),—running without a "3rd dozen" number (25 to 36 inclusive) appearing.

Then came one of the latter (No. 26,) and then,—for *half an hour*,—came a run of 31 spins, during which the ball never once fell into a large number cell again! This was,—excepting the solitary No. 26,—an amazing run of 41 turns (taking at least 45 minutes) during which,—with that solitary exception,—not one of the "3rd dozen," (25-36) ever came! These last named numbers are placed as *nearly* alternately as they *possibly* can be side by side with the smaller, from which they are only divided by the thinnest possible metal partition. The wheel was spun violently,—revolving countless times,—the ball flying round the *opposite* way,—left for a minute to go where it will,—yet for some 45 minutes,—for 41 turns,—it fell repeatedly into the *next* cell to a large number, but never *but once* (26) into one of the "last dozen" numbers!

Now for the *Moral*. The observant, "knowing," players noticed the *first* run of 11, and, naturally, expected the appearance of the "3rd dozen" numbers, so that when *another* run of 11 smaller had been reached they played heavily upon the "3rd dozen,"—now confidently expected to come *every turn*! They lost,—tried that fatal "slight progression" (increasing the Stake) to recover the losses,—buoyed up with the absolute certainty that "35 to 36" *must* one of them now come!

They failed! One gentleman losing £100. A wealthy Player,—called out of the Reading Room,—and told of the affair,—hurried in,—and, with practically a run of 30 in his favour,—commenced playing heavily on the "3rd dozen." The table spun on,—he lost,—piled on to recover, again and again,—approached the Maximum permitted to be played,—and lost all,—"cleared out" at least, for that visit,—losing a serious amount! Directly after,—on the 32nd Spin from No. "26," or the 42nd from the commencement,—No. 29,—at length,—turned up! It is this "last dozen," (Nos. 25 to 36) which is shown in the picture at the bottom end of the table. It is to be hoped that the unfortunate Players depicted, are not having a "run" of 41 against them!

Here then is the delusion and danger of all Speculation. Here we have *cool, long experienced, sagacious* old Players, deceived.

They went upon "infallible" past Records, of days, and months, nay, *years* of play,—(tables had been watched for 11 hours a day for 100 days, and every single deal or spin recorded, tabulated, and analyzed,)—they could have proved to you that such a thing was "absolutely impossible." *Theoretically* they were right! It *was* impossible, —*until* it actually occurred!

It is not the desire of the Bank that these inequalities, or "runs" should take place at all, for the Public,—instead of "thinking," or arguing, might have given up all preconceived ideas and "Systems," and simply gone *with* the table instead of *against* it.

The constant aim of the Croupier is to let all the numbers come out all day long, in their proper proportion, and here Nature will assist, for the "absent" numbers, or "dozen" will assuredly "come in" later on,—make up arrears, and as the German statistician found,—in a week or a Month's play,—equilibrium has been established.

Thus the Gambling Public are *always* wrong, and

probably more has been lost by attempting "Theories,"—"absolutely infallible" Systems,—and observations of the Tables, than if they had never taken any "observations" at all!

IS THE GAMBLING PERFECTLY FAIR?

Yes! As regards the Roulette Tables, it is,—in a sense, perfectly Fair to the Public. The "Zero" is a single one, not a double one,—viz., two cells of Zero, a "Black" and a "Red" one, as formerly at Baden Baden,—or with the addition of the "Spread Eagle" of America to act as another "Zero." It is only one cell in 37,—it may not occur for an hour or more. When it does turn up very little money may be on the Table. Again, it must be remembered that the Public need not,—and often do not,—place their money on the Roulette Table until the Croupier has started the Ball,—then how can he tell *where they are going to put it!*

True,—but, as a Supposition,—suppose that a large Sum is staked constantly, that a certain event is going to occur on a certain part of a Table, as in the instance just given,—and the Croupier knows it.

Do you think that,—with the practice which weeks, months, and years may give,—he can spin so as to drop the Ball into an adverse portion of the Cylinder, and thus avoid giving a win to that Player?

As the "Black" and "Red" cells occur *alternately* on the Cylinder, as far as the "Simple" chances go,—viz., Pair or Impair (odd or even) "Black" or "Red," &c.,—*once* the Ball is let go, no Croupier or power in the World, can tell which of these chances it will choose.

But the question,—Can the Croupier by *infinite delicacy* of spin, let the Ball finally into the *group of numbers* in a *certain Section, or Portion, of the circle of cells* in the Cylinder, is a different matter, one which has been watched for years!

Some incline to think that,—though he will often fail,—yet, in an hour's spinning,—give him an inducement to do so,—an experienced Croupier *can*,—they believe,—greatly favour a portion of the Cylinder, to the disadvantage of the other numbers. Take an instance.

Some years ago, when things were more leisurely conducted in the late Le Blanc's time, an English gentleman,—conversant with French,—took down in pencil,—the numbers which occurred at a Roulette Table, and strolled

out to the open-air Restaurant for "a coffee." The Croupier at that table being relieved, also came out to an adjoining seat for refreshments, joking the spinning Croupier at his alleged failure,—during his term of office (about two hours)—in throwing the "No. 10" four times,—which it seems he had undertaken for a trifling wager,—Coffee or Wine to all of them,—to accomplish. He contended that he had done it; and recognizing the Note-taking Englishman, at the next table to theirs, politely, begged in English, to be permitted to look at his record of the play. The latter, unknown to them, thoroughly conversant with their language, acceded, and it was found that "No. 10" had actually been thrown four times during his term of spinning. This incident led the Note-taker to analyze the Play. The nearest,—or "neighbouring" numbers to No. 10 on every Roulette Cylinder, are,—and ever have been,—the following five numbers on each side,—1, 33, 16, 24, 5, 10, 23, 8, 30, 11, 36, these taking up about a third of the entire Cylinder of 37 cells. He found the above numbers constantly occurring during the two hours, to the natural exclusion of the rest. Not that they occurred constantly, but that the decided *bias* or *tendency*, for the two hours, was towards the Ball falling into that Section, or portion of the wheel, which contains the "10" and the above "neighbouring" numbers.

The supposition,—of course it was but a supposition,—naturally was this;—1st. Here we have an inducement,—incentive,—to throw the Ball into "No. 10." 2nd. We have the Ball frequently falling,—not actually *into* "No. 10,"—that would be a *miracle*,—but, on the whole, into the cells *nearest* to it.

But, it may be asked, could not a Croupier have confederates "posing" as visitors, at his table, continually *covering* (which they could easily do) all the *nearest* numbers to the one he is aiming at? It being understood between them to alter the point aimed at every half-hour, so as not to attract the attention of the "Chef," or Head of that Table! Say aim at "No. 10" for *half-an-hour*, and then at "No. 26."—(exactly on the opposite side of the cylinder) for another half hour, with *its* "neighbouring" numbers, 31, 28, 12, 35, 3, 26, 0, 32, 15, 19, 4?

Undoubtedly it *could* be attempted. Whether all this is purely conjecture, is a point upon which the opinion of the old player is,—has been for years,—and probably ever will be,—divided.

That the Croupiers are most narrowly watched,—and are expected to bring out all numbers as equally as possible,—all day long,—there is no doubt.

That some Croupiers spin with far more "fortune,"—that is far more to the advantage to the Bank than others,—seems to be admitted. Many old Players mark such a one and *never play* at his table. They choose a Croupier whose spinning they "fancy" better; generally, the result seems to end pretty much the same! As a player once remarked,—"Let us *lose as slowly as we can!*" A very *modest* ambition, truly!

The wretched part of "Play" is that,—unlike Chess, Whist,—and noble games—played without any money stake—where skill, judgment, memory, tact, patience, self-control, &c., are all exercised,—who can deny beneficially to the Mind,—and give the pleasure of a well-earned reward in winning the game,—Gambling,—"Play,"—is all a game of so-called "Chance." The most *stupid* person may *shut his eyes*,—step up to a Roulette table,—while the wheel is spinning, place a stake anywhere without even seeing where he puts it, and yet *win!*

The following appeared in the Papers, November, 1891.

GAMBLING AT MONTE CARLO.

"The Nice correspondent of the *Times*, telegraphing on the 8th inst., says:—Mr. —, the Londoner whose recent winnings at Monte Carlo have attracted so much attention, claims to be the author of a system of play which is as nearly infallible as human ingenuity can make it. If this were proved to be beyond question it would be good news for the swarms of men and women who for the past quarter of a century have been coming to Monte Carlo bent upon the discovery of some such plan for enriching themselves at the expense of their neighbours and ruining the bank if possible. In talking over the matter of his success with Mr. — before he left for England this morning, I endeavoured to persuade him to divulge his secret and give to other players an opportunity of joining in what to most of them would be the delightful occupation of compelling the Casino Company to wind up its affairs twenty years before its concession for gambling had expired. But Mr. — *had no such benevolent intentions*. He said that his fellow gamblers were of course able to watch his play and to follow his stakes if they liked, but so far his experience had shown that the great majority had not the courage to do it, and if they had the courage they did not care to risk the capital necessary to carry out the system. Why then he was asked, not keep on himself, and complete the ruin of the concern? Because neither he nor

any one man had the physical endurance to sit continuously for eleven hours a day. To follow his game it required the most careful watching, and after a week of it he had again determined to leave it for another month or two. He had further, *so much confidence in the chances of the bank against ordinary players* that he had just bought £2,000 worth of shares in the gambling concern. He therefore proposes not only to keep this infallible system all to himself, but also to draw an annual interest upon the profits made by the losses of his fellow players !”

NORZ.—The old, old, “Infallible System” in 1891, commenced about 1800.

“After watching the game of this gentleman for some hours, it does not seem to me that he has made any very novel discovery in the science of playing roulette and trente-et-quarante. The secret of his success rather seems to be in the courageous way in which he attacks the tables and his cool-headed manner of treating either great success or any rebuff which may be encountered. Most men get excited in either event and lose control over their play, and then the table has its turn. But Mr. — keeps on steadily with his double stakes, which in total range from £240 to £960, insuring himself at each coup by payment of 1 per cent against the “zero” or “refait,” thus making the chances for bank and player equal, following up the table assiduously with the maximum when a series is running, and dropping his stakes to smaller amounts when the cards are persistently intermittent. All this has been done thousands of times before, but few have had the courage to risk repeatedly for eleven hours a day close upon a thousand pounds at almost every coup. In the long series for which all old hands are ever on the alert he would make five or six thousand pounds in a few minutes, and accomplish the feat of breaking the table several times a day. Yesterday, for instance, the trente-et-quarante table had only been opened half an hour, when he had taken all its Capital of £4,000, and the cashier was obliged to seek a second pile in order to complete payment upon the last coup. *All this he lost*, however, during the afternoon, *together with a thousand pounds* of his original capital, notwithstanding the use of all the tricks of this famous System.

Let players, therefore, not run away with the idea that the problem of *how to win always* has been solved. A much better stroke of business than all the systems ever discovered, and *another of the secrets* of Mr. — success, was that he *left for England* to-day, after having transmitted the greater part of his winnings of £30,000 by cheque through his bankers. Mr. Wells has the rare faculty of *knowing when to stop*, and the good sense to leave the table when he finds his good luck on the wane. But he intends to repeat his exploit in another month, and is confident that his system will again bear the test. We who have heard this story so often can only respond “*Nous verrons.*” Mr. —

remarked that he had no fault to find either with the conduct of the game or with the management of the rooms generally, but he protested strongly against the system of espionage employed by the Casino detectives outside. The way in which a large winner like himself was followed about by these men in their endeavour to find out who he was, where he came from, and who were his friends, was intolerable."

Note.—Probably naturally anxious to ascertain whether they were playing an *individual*, private, player, or a wealthy English Syndicate with perhaps a subscribed capital of £100,000 or more (which could easily be obtained) equal to their own resources.

"He had also been much annoyed by well-dressed men and women who pestered him for gifts and loans, and he had received hundreds of letters from people mourning their losses at the tables and asking for assistance. One poor lady had the temerity to demand £6,000 which she had lost, and which she said was included in the money won by Mr. ——. Another asked for his daughter's 50,000fr. (£2,000) which had been gambled away in a similar way. After returning to England in July with his £30,000 in winnings, he received a large number of similar appeals from his own countrymen. These facts are interesting as showing how low men and women may fall by indulging in this passion for gambling."—*Daily Paper*.

Note.—A very black feature in the History of Public Gaming is the admission of Women Players.

The sum above mentioned as lost by Ladies, entails upon them, no doubt, immense distress. Money left them probably by Relatives,—which had taken long years of patient labour to produce,—squandered, hopelessly, in a few hours, in this miserable manner; for women are miserable "players,"—never again to be theirs,—for Women,—unlike Men,—have *few chances* of making another Fortune to replace the one lost!

Ladies—Women—should be entirely excluded from the Rooms,—or at any rate, not permitted to Play. They lack, naturally, every attribute of the successful Gambler.

THE "INFALLIBLE" SYSTEM IN 1872(?)

Some twenty years ago, "the Sensation" at that time like Mr. ——— in 1891, was a Gentleman known as the "Maltese Gambler." Eyewitnesses describe him as "a big, heavy, coarse, tawny coloured, Native gentleman, not unlike a prosperous Butcher." He had some fifteen "Sittings" at the Card Table, of several hours each. He was accompanied by his "Secretary," and a tin box, tightly crammed with bundles of 1,000 Franc Notes (£40 each). Where he kept his Treasure Box, when not playing, is not known, perhaps, the Bank,—for a commission,—locked it up for him with their own for the night.

Exactly like Mr. ——— in 1891, *he* also covered "Refait." Just what a "Gambler" should be,—Phlegmatic, with little

susceptibility, or refinement, Solid Physique, iron Nerve, or no Nerves *at all*.—stolid, systematic, confident in his "Bank's" strength,—he, also, stood runs of 7 to 11 maximums *against* him, with perfect indifference, and *won* 7 to 11 times with the same perfect calmness. "He was very lucky!" was the general opinion. Like Mr. ——— no sooner did his "Fortune begin to wane" than he left. But before he went he sent a letter to the late Le Blanc, offering, it is alleged,—to remain and play again, if,—as an exceptional thing,—the Total Limit or Maximum (allowed to be placed on the Table) was *increased* to a certain Sum. The Bank took, it was said, a day to consider, and,—*declined*.

Like a wise man, the possessor of the 1872 "Infallible Secret" never returned,—nor has he been seen again at Monte Carlo.

1891.

Now what in Mr. ———'s 1891 "System," is there different to this? *He* also covers the "refait," "to get on *even terms* with the Bank,—he also then plays "Capital against Capital," *even* ;—but what is there "infallible" here? *Why* should he win oftener than the Bank? Dear Reader, it is "infallible" nonsense! Like the Maltese, he "was very lucky," and playing *heavily* won, of course, heavy sums. Had he, or the Maltese, continued,—as the chances were even,—the Bank would have had its turn, the "*infallible*" *would have become* "*fallible*," and all would have gone again! They merely avoided this,—as their fortune was turning,—*by a retreat*! But to call this an "infallible" *System* of winning is absurd! The exceptional Winners it is admitted, do take away large Sums of,—*whose* money? Well! The *money of the Public*, the money of the Losing section of the Public. It is *they, not the Bank*, who *lose*.

The Bank "*loses*" *nothing*.—goes on *just the same* after the Maltese, or Mr. ——— leave, as before, and pays, it seems, 50 per cent. with its £20 Shares at £80! It is the Losing Public who pay them all! Finally,—Mr. ——— has so much confidence in the success of the Bank over ordinary Players that he has bought its Shares!

Surely, dear Reader, a more *significant*, ominous, sign could not be given. Mr. ——— evidently adds *his* conviction to our contention that Gambling,—is to the general Public,—of which the Reader is one,—a losing Game!

Young Reader. "Well! I confess from what I have seen of young Gamblers,—Betting,—playing for Money, &c.,—they certainly do not seem very happy, very successful, and decidedly not a high-toned lot!

When he wins, no one is pleased,—when he loses he loses his temper also. Gambling is selfish work; it makes men unfeeling, and cruel."

But what,—after all,—is this mysterious "Luck," "Chance," or "Fortune?"

THE CHRISTIAN BELIEVER'S DEFINITION OF "FORTUNE."

The Believer boldly, and absolutely, denies that such a thing as a blind, irresponsible Power, usually called Chance, Luck, or Fortune, exists at all! What the unthinking vaguely call by these names,—also such expressions as,—*"By the merest chance!"* *"As my luck would have it!"* *"I chanced to,"* &c. *"It happened most luckily for me that just then,"* &c.—present no intelligible meaning to the Christian! If there exists a blind, irresponsible, irresistible, Power, called Luck, Fortune, Chance, or Fate,—then there is no God! You cannot, dear Reader, *have both!*

The Believer sees God in History,—in the great and critical Events of the past. In some mysterious way,—without interfering with Human Freewill,—God was undoubtedly there! Did it never strike you, dear Reader, as very singular that Gold should have been discovered, *near the Surface*, in distant Countries needing Population,—and does not occur in Countries already too crowded? Is there nothing of an over-ruling Providence here? Just when the Populations of the Old Countries were becoming too great, America is discovered,—later on, Gold draws countless thousands to the Wilds of Australia! Is this all "Chance?"

To the Christian,—and he has here the Scientific Men with him,—there is a *Cause*, there *must* be a cause for the minutest, as well as for the most important Events in History!

There was a cause for what we term the "most trifling,"—"insignificant,"—occurrence, or incident! There was a cause—though it took place in a speechlessly short period of time,—which "caused" that Roulette Ball, or Billiard Ball, finally to enter,—or not to enter, that Cell, or that Pocket,—or the Dice to take that last turn in the Dice Box!

The Christian denies that blind, self-existing, unconscious,

irresponsible "chance" is permitted by the Creator to exist in this World at all!

He believes that,

"The Lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord!"—*Prov. xvi.*, 33.

He maintains that, though,

"Two sparrows are sold for a farthing,—not one of them shall fall on the ground—without your Father!"—*Matt. x.*, 29.

God marks the *minutest* occurrences! God is *everywhere*! The Atheist may assert that all Phenomena is caused by a blind, irresponsible, unconscious, power which he calls "Fate." The Christian—and he has the Scientific Men with him—challenges the assertion by pointing to the Beneficent "Laws of Nature;" that if we were left to a blind, unreasoning "Fate," or left to "chance," neither this World, nor any other of the Myriads around us, *could exist for five minutes*! Everything, always excepting the *Freewill*,—*Freedom of Choice* in Mankind,—is under an inflexible Law! Then under *What* Law,—under *Whose* Rule,—does this Law exist, which governs "Chance," "Fate," "Luck," or "Fortune?" The Atheists who admit that an all controlling Law *does* exist, call it the "Law of Nature."

The vague word "Nature" conveys no intelligible meaning to the Believer without an Eternal cause beyond it, for *what is* "Nature?" How came it that it is controlled by resistless laws, which it must, and as a matter of fact, always *does* obey? Who gave it those laws and keeps "Nature" to them? We have seen what the Atheist thinks of Nature. (Page 660) and,—take away the ever sustaining, all controlling, ever present, and Almighty power of our omnipresent, omniscient Creator,—"Nature," as the Sceptic there asserts, would indeed be meaningless! The "Laws of Nature" are, to the Believer, the "Laws of God!"

Every minute circumstance,—every incident in his life,—his future,—his happiness,—the Christian firmly believes, depend solely upon the Will and "Providence" of the Blessed God! Hence, the Believers—encouraged by the commands of our Lord to "Pray always,"—to ask for all things in His name,—leads a Life of Prayer.

Confident that the Almighty Ruler can answer prayer, he discerns Divine Guidance and blessing in the minutest surroundings of his life, knowing well that our *lives* and *characters*, depend on a vast number of *minute circumstances*. He asks God's blessing, therefore, upon *everything*. *Nothing* is too small or apparently insignificant, but what will be

the better for the blessing of the Almighty! Gradually such a life leads to complete trust, faith, and confidence in God! Everything is asked for "consistent" with the Divine Will, and anxiety, despondency, care, seem unknown to the true Christian!

"Why, you never get your prayers answered!" sneers the Atheist.

"On the contrary," replies the Believer, "I never knew any prayer of mine,—which was for my real good and God's glory,—which has *not*,—in time,—been answered.

I once, like you, cared nothing for God. I asked for love to Him. I have got it! I asked for "success in life,"—consistent with His will. I got all that was good for me, and am perfectly happy and content! I asked for changing grace from God the Holy Spirit. I *got* it. Things I cared for 30 years ago,—and hurtful, evil things, too,—I care nothing for now! *Whence* this change?"

THE TRUE "INFALLIBLE SYSTEM."

Dear Young Reader, longing for "Success in Life,"—longing for Wealth,—Money,—Gold,—seeking to obtain it by "Betting," "Gambling," &c.; try *another Plan*. Try what an honourable, industrious, patient, ten years of honest work, and wise saving, will do! Try ten years of *self-denial, self-improvement, observation, tact, resolution*, try the Life suggested, and detailed in this volume for the next ten years, and do all with constant prayer for God's Blessing, and *then look round you!* Opportunities which opened to you,—*you* know not how,—*God knows*,—character improved,—the respect of others obtained,—openings for usefulness seized,—in favour "both with God and man,"—you will look back with *amazement* at the time when you thought a "Lucky Spec.,"—a "good hit,"—"Money won,"—constituted "Happiness" or "Success in Life." Believe me, money is but *one* item out of a *score*, needed to bestow happiness upon our lives! Depend upon it, "Money is *one* thing,"—"Happiness is quite *another!*" And the experience for the past 90 years, of countless thousands, has proved that Gambling never brought to them, either the *one* or the *other!*

"MONEY" IS NOT HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a calm, inward experience, almost entirely dependent upon the state of the Mind, Heart, and Soul,—quite distinct, and apart from, outward possessions, pecuniary success, animal enjoyment or pleasure,—or, indeed,

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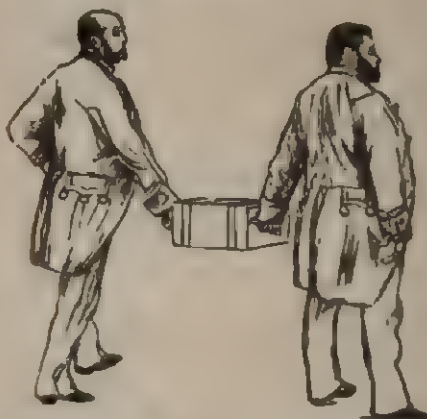
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any of the passing things of Sense and Time. It is obtained from *within* rather than from *without*! And the experience of countless thousands,—for the past 90 years,—has conclusively proved that **Gambling** never,—to the immense Majority,—ever brought to them Money,—on the one hand,—or Happiness on the other!



11-0 p.m.

"Voilà le commencement de la fin!"

11-0 p.m. Officials bearing away the "Capital" of each "Table," *plus* its winnings for the day,—in its respective box, to the Treasury. £840,000 taken from the players last year,—the losers also providing the £160,000 (?) taken away by the winners. Total sum provided by the losers probably £1,000,000 sterling.

MORAL—"Gambling does not pay."

THE SEASON RECOMMENCED, 1891-92.

Since the above was written, the following Reports have appeared in the Papers. The old Marker's Prophecy has, once more, been fulfilled! The Winners have *returned*!

"MONTE CARLO, November 17.—The recent reports of enormous gains at the tables here have produced their inevitable consequence in attracting to Monte Carlo swarms of Visitors from every quarter of Europe, most of whom frequent the Casino with one dominant idea—that of 'breaking the Bank.' The absorbing topic of conversation from morning till night is still Mr. ——— and his System, which everybody agrees is simplicity itself, and is bound to succeed, but everyone does not possess the advantages enjoyed by Mr. ———. Few Gamblers have, at their command,

the same amount of capital, and still fewer have his courage, perseverance, and cool self-restraint. The attempt to rival his exploits at roulette or trent-et-quarante is, therefore, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, attended by disastrous consequences. To make a serious business of Gambling by sitting at a Table eight or ten hours a day, without food or drink, and without losing one's head, is not possible to the average man or woman. A good many hundreds have attempted the exploit within the last week or two, to the no small profit of the Casino Shareholders. Several well-known English ladies and gentlemen have made themselves conspicuous by the persistency with which they have endeavoured to work out to a successful issue the infallible system which Mr. ——— confided to the correspondents of certain London Journals. Foremost among them is Mr. ——— from London, who last year took part in an attack upon the Bank which, in the end, proved so successful that it cost the management close upon a million francs (£25,000) in a single day. One Englishman, who is known to have lost £100,000, and who is said to be so wealthy as to regard such losses with comparative equanimity, has a mania for planking down more money in stakes than he can receive, even when he backs a winning number, as losses on other chances more than counterbalance his gains. But whatever may be the outcome of their experiments, most of the Gamblers stick to their favourite Systems, and in the end the tables reap a golden harvest. The shares of the company, which in 1888-9 were quoted at 300 francs (£12), now realize 2,000 francs (£80). Strange to say, despite the steady increase of Gambling, there has not of late been any corresponding increase in the number of suicides. Many months have elapsed since a case of self-destruction in consequence of losses at the tables was reported."

"MONTE CARLO, December 1.—The heavy rain, which lasted without intermission from Sunday until Thursday, has now been replaced by magnificent weather, and Nice, in company with the entire Riviera, begins to show the greatest signs of activity. The hotels are filling rapidly, and every *train de luxe* from the north comes laden with visitors. At Monte Carlo the hotels are already well filled, and play at the tables has been high. There is no doubt that much of this is due to the reports which were so extensively circulated concerning the large winnings made by Mr. ———, for it is certain that at no time within the history of the Casino have the tables been so well patronised at such an early period of the season. This week the luck has been decidedly against the players. On Wednesday last an American gentleman left for Paris after losing over £12,000 in a few days, and on Thursday I saw a young lady calmly stake and lose at the roulette tables, within one hour, 125,000 francs (£5,000)! The trente-et-quarante tables are the most sought after, and it is

difficult to approach them, so great is the crowd around them. There the play is unusually high, but since the wonderful exploits of Mr. ——— I have *not yet been able* to place my hand upon *a single person* frequenting the Casino who *who has not lost* money. At Cannes the weather is superb, and English visitors of distinction are arriving daily."

The Reader will, no doubt, be wise to accept many of these large Sums,—alleged to have been won, or lost,—with some degree of caution. They are necessarily, but "hearsay" reports, and for some reason, there always seems to be a tendency to exaggeration in these cases. Fancy however, dear Reader, £100,000! or even £5,000! fooled away in this absurd manner. What a blessing would such Sums,—wisely, and judiciously, employed for the benefit of the Poor, Helpless, and Destitute,—have been, and what rich happiness, and reward would the Donor himself have enjoyed! Like that noble American Banker, Peabody, whose splendid Blocks of Houses for the Poor, have been such a success in London.

THE LATEST NEWS OF THE "INFALLIBLE SYSTEM."

Mr. ——— returns. "Le commencement de la fin."

"The return of Mr. ——— to the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo is scarcely worthy of notice as an event of extraordinary import, because his case is simply the repetition of thousands of others who have had the good fortune to win large sums of money and then come back to make a little more. This is only human nature, and particularly it is the nature of those under the insatiable influence of the gambling passion. He who wins wants more; he who loses is desperately anxious to get his money back again; but many people believe Mr. ——— to be a myth and the story of his winnings pure fiction—an invention, in fact, for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Casino. Perhaps when they see the reverse of the picture they will be convinced that we are not at all subvented by the bank. Mr. ——— is not a very fascinating personage, but he is a bona-fide player for all that, and one doing his best to beat the bank. He came to Monte Carlo in August last, and again in December, and certainly won the large sums as telegraphed at the time. Now he has been foolish enough to tempt his good luck, and Dame Fortune has rebelled. Mr. ——— is another example going to prove the truth of *Peré Blanc's bon mot*, that he who breaks the bank to-day will most surely return to-morrow and let the bank break him. For four days he has been doing his utmost to repeat his former feats; but, notwithstanding his vaunted system and his coolness and courage, the tables have beaten him continuously. He began operations on Thursday last by playing *trente et quarante*, and backing both chances for one, two, and three thousand francs each. At his first sitting, however, he lost £2,000, and the following day he contrived to drop £3,000 at the tables. On Saturday, finding that the run of luck was against him, he lowered his stakes, in some cases to five louis a coup, but in spite of occasional winnings fortune still frowned on him and his infallible system. Disgusted with *trente et quarante*, he then tried roulette, but it was only the game that changed, not the luck. In three days he lost over £4,000." (Jan. 1892.)

"A Monte Carlo telegram says Mr. ——— resumed playing yesterday afternoon. At first fortune seemed to favour him. He then, however, lost steadily, until

he was reduced to such straits that he had only three louis left. This amount sharing the same fate as the rest, Mr. — left the rooms. He soon returned, however, with another two thousand francs, which he lost in a few coups. He then retired."

"A Monte Carlo telegram says Mr. — was seen at the roulette table again last evening, when he commenced with a capital of 10,000f. He had no luck whatever, and finally lost every louis he had."

CARDS AT HOME.

Young Reader. "Well, am I to play at Cards 'for love,' or never play at Cards at all?"

Older Reader. "Would you, if a Family Man,—with Children, Wife, and Servants under your control,—introduce Cards into your house, or let your children learn, while young, to play at Cards at all?"

Dear Reader, younger or older, these things are a matter of personal or individual conviction. The Writer can only say, that in the latter case above suggested, he most *emphatically*, and *certainly*, would *not*!

Supply your Boys, by all means, with all agreeable Games for Indoors,—(they will take care of *themselves* in Summer outdoor Sports)—the finest Bagatelle Boards, Draughts, Chess, Dominoes, Backgammon, &c., that your means will allow. Make their Home the *pleasantest*, and *happiest* place in the world to them! But do not introduce Cards! Why? Because you do not know what use your boys will make of their knowledge when they grow older! Our position, and circumstances,—and our corresponding responsibility,—constantly vary. It is one thing to "make a fourth" at Whist, at a friend's house,—or while travelling &c.,—where there are no children, and it is understood that you personally decline ever to play for money. But it is an *entirely* different thing for a Christian Parent to accept the responsibility of introducing cards into his home!

CARDS ON STEAMERS, &c.

How easily would young people thus accustomed early to cards, fall in, as they grew older, into the parties for Cards so usual at Clubs,—on board Ships, &c.,—during their travels.

Men with Families,—not in very affluent circumstances either, have been known to lose £100, and it was alleged, even £500, at "Poker," "Loo," "Nap," &c., during a single voyage across to America, or Australia (!)

It is indeed, asserted that knowing old "Rooks;" cool, long-practised, and, at times, playing *too well*,—(an *ominous* phrase!)—make a livelihood by continually crossing the Atlantic,—constantly changing their vessel,—and playing Cards in the Smoke Room, &c. Since that exposure in the Aristocratic (?) Paris Club,—and the discovery of an immense quantity of cleverly "doctored" cards,—it behoves all to be careful.

Nearly twenty years ago it was alleged that packs of cards,—made up properly in the usual wrappers,—had all but the Court Cards cut the least degree smaller than the "Honours."

Long practice,—a thumb kept very supple and sensitive, and coolness and dexterity which custom produces, would enable a Player to manipulate such cards, as frequently as it was thought safe to do so, greatly in his favour. "Oh! Nonsense!" *Is it?* The Writer has been three times round the World and has seen *quite* as much, dear Reader, as you have. Watch closely the admirable quickness of an able Card Trick Expert! The once famous "Wizard of the North" (Anderson), of 30 years ago, the great Hermann, Frinkell, Dobler, (a splendid manipulist), Dr. Lynn, Heller, Trewey, Beaumont, and even our Modern *Amateur* Conjurors, show what can be done with Cards outwardly much like ordinary ones.

We know what we know! Let then the Young Reader, —when in company of strangers,—beware! You will enjoy your favourite Games infinitely more, if you accustom yourself to play them for their own sakes alone.

Infinitely happier is the man who finds his pleasure in healthy, Athletic Sports, and never ending interest in a well contested struggle at Chess, or other intellectual Games, without a thought of money making.

He has his reward in the memory, patience, sagacity, and self-command which such noble games undoubtedly produce, without any desire to deprive a fellow creature of his money, and without losing a penny himself.

GAMBLING, DICE, AND "FOOTBALL," IN 1553.

"The Boke called the Gouverneur" (Governor.)

Having alluded to Football at the commencement of this chapter,—the opinion of Sir Thomas Elyot, Knyght, —in his rare black-letter, early educational Work of 361 years ago,—may amuse the Young Reader.

The Writer quotes from a fine copy in his possession, "Imprinted in Flete Strete, in the house of Thomas Berthelet." The First Edition was dated 1531,—others ran to 1553;—probably later.

THE DICE BOX.

The worthy Knyght exhorts the Youth of 300 years ago, to avoid the Vice of *his* time,—Dice throwing. The dice Players he calls "Dysars." He asks,

"Who herynge (hearing) a man called a dysar, dothe he not suppose him to be at once of lyghte credence, (light, loose character) dissolute, vayne, and remysse? (Remiss.)

Howe many gentylmen,—howe many marchantes (Merchantes) haue (have) in this ———able pastime,"—

(The Knyghte employs *very powerful* language)

"consumed their substance,—as also that of their Parents, who with greate study, and peinefull trauayle (painful travail,)"

(Money was hard to get, and hard to keep, in those troublous times.)

"in a longe tyme acquired it?"

The Young Reader will note the circuitous, and, to us, complex way, "Bokes" of that day took, to convey their meaning.

"Playnge at cardes, and tables,"—

He continues, (alluding to some games not now known.)—

"is somewhat more tollerable but onely as much as therein wytte is more used, and less trust is in fortune; all-be-it therein is neither much laudable study nor exercise. Yet men delyting in vertue, moughte (might) with cards or tables deuise (devise) games, wherein mought be much solace, and also study commodious, if played with pleasaunt and honeste inuencion" (invention).

Even in 1531, the idea of playing games *for their own sakes alone*, had dawned on the mind of Sir Thomas Elyot, Knight.

CHESS.

"The Chesse of all games,—wherein is no bodily exercise,—is moste to be commended, for therein is ryght subtile (right subtle) engyne (ingenuity), whereby the witte is made more sharp, and remembrance quickened, and it is the more comendable also commodious,—if the players (Players) haue red (read) the moralization (!) of the Chesse,"—

(viz.: have studied the "Staunton's Handbook," or "Cook's Synopsis" of 1531)—

"and,—when thei playe,—do think upon it,"—

(viz. : remember Steinitz's "openings,")—

"which books be in english, but thei be veraie scarce, because fewe men doo seeke in plaies (games) for vertue and wisdom !"

This worthy "Knyght" deserved to live in our happier days ! He would now find Books, and Analysis, enough upon Chess, to give him the brain fever !

SWYMMING. (SWIMMING).

The "Knyght" then goes into Athletics at great length ; giving Classical Anecdotes to encourage Youths to "swymm" (swim),—to shootyng with a longe bowe,— "Tenyse"—(Tennis,) referring, of course, to the Indoor Tennis Court of that day,) and to other Games. He cites the case of Alexander the Great.

"Desiring to conuey (convey) his host ouer (over) a Ryuer (River) of wonderful greatness, caused his horsemen to "gage" the waters. They went in water to the neck, and durste not adventure to pass over. He with a dolorous maner (manner) in this wise lamented :—"O howe most unhappy am I of all others, that have not of this tyme learned to swymme !" And therewith he pulled a tergate (wooden or straw shield) from his souldtours (!) (shoulders) and castyng it into the water, standyng on with his speare conueyed himselfe with the streme ; gouernynge the tergate wisely,"

(The Reader must accept as much of the Classical Illustrations as he can possibly take in.)

"brought himself to the other side (!) Whereoff his people being abashed, some assaied (essayed) to swymme,—some holding fast to horses,— others by spears,—many on fardels, (Bales of goods?) Shakespeare asks 'Who would fardels bear ?') and trusses, gate ouer the ryuer, (got over the river) in so much as nothing was perished saue (save) a lytell (little) baggage, and of that no greate quantitie." (Page 56).

Moral,—Learn to swim !

TENYSE. (TENNIS)—(not "lawn.")

Of Tennis,—speaking of the curious, old, rude, "Tennis Court" of his day,—the Knight remarks :

"Tenyse,—selledome plaied,—and for a lytell space,—is a good exercise for younge men."

(What would the Knyght say to six, ten, or twelve hard "sets," played by a Younge Man, in one day at a Modern Lawn Tennis Meeting ?)

"but it is more violente than shotynge, (archery) by reason that two men do play. Wherefore neither of them is at his owne libertee to measure the exercise. For if the one stryke the balle,"

(He *really* ought not to do it.)

"verie harde,"—

(Probably referring to the "Renshaw Smasher," of 1531.)

"the other that intendeth to receyue hym (receive, or "return" it) is then constrayned to use semblable violence, (equal "strength") if he woulde retourne the balle from where it came to hym. If it tryll (?) (does he mean a "Shooter?") fast on the grounde, and he entendeth to stoppe; or if it rebounde a greate distaunce from hym, and he wold efstones (?) retorne it, he can not then hope any measure in swiftness of motion."—Page 82.

(Here we confess, the "Knyght" *fairly beats us*. Perhaps the Lawn Tennis Reader may be able to grasp his meaning?)

ARCHERY. "SHOTING IN A LONGE BOWE."

Here the Knyght comes out *Strong!* Those were the days of English Archers! It is even stated that so late as the Battle of Leipsic, (October, 1813) the wild Cossacks and Tartars, accompanying the Russian Army, still used the Bow, and killed many of the French Soldiers with it (!)

"That Shoting in a longe bowe is principall of all other exercises."—(Cap. xxvii.)

"In myne opinion, none maie be compared with shootyng in the longe bowe, and that for sondry atiltees, (sundry advantages) that come thereof, wherein it incomparably excelleth all other exercise.

For in drawing of a bowe, easy and congruent to (suited to) his strengthe, he that shooteth do moderately exercise his armes, and the other partes of the bodie, and if his bowe bee bygger, he must adde to more strength, wherein is no lasse (less) valiaunte exercise than in any other whereof Galene writeth."—(Page 82, The Fyrst Boke.)

(Once more, we confess, the worthy Knyght's meaning is, to us, *obscure*.)

THE "KNYGHT," UPON 1531 "FOOTEBALLE."

"Some menne wolde saie (some men would say) that, in mediocritee, (moderation) which I have so much praysed in shooting, why shoulde not houlyng (Bowling) Chyshe (?) (some game not now known?) Pynnes, (Modern Skittles?) and koyting, (Quoiting, Quoits?) be as much commended? Verily as for the two laste, let them be utterly abjected (abjured) of all noble men."

"In the likewise, "foote balle,"—wherein is nothing but beastely furie, and extreme violence,—whereoff proceedeth hurte; and consequently rancour, and malice do remaine, with theim that be wounded.—Wherefore it is to be put in perpetuall silence (!)"—
(Page 82.)

Note.—As the Writer cut out of the Papers,—during one Season,—14 cases of Players being killed at Football,—the Young Reader is quite at liberty to copy this strong opinion of the 1531 "Knyght," and to hand it to the Captain of his "Footeballe Club,"

What would the worthy "Knyght" say to £1,000 "Gate Money," taken at a great Football Match, in 1891,—or to the 35,000 spectators packed at Kennington "Oval," London, last "Boat Race" day, (21st March), to see the "Final" of "Association Football!" What would he think of the following:

"—, of —, generally supposed to be the best "forward" in Scotland, at the present time, has been approached by several agents of the English Clubs. But his terms,—£150,—"to sign," £25,—"on arrival,"—and £4 a week, are prohibitive, so that the — Club need not watch —'s house so closely for fear that he should leave Scotland."—*Daily Paper, Dec., 1891.*

It would be interesting to see a specimen of the 1531 Football,—to know whether the play resembled the "Association," or "Rugby," whether there were any "Rules" of *any* kind, whether the players wore wooden clogs, and whether there were any competent Medical Men, or Hospitals, in the vicinity.

THE IMMENSE PRIVILEGES WE ENJOY.

The Young Reader will notice the extraordinary change which has taken place in our English Language in 361 years! Words with their meanings totally altered,—spelling,—to us in 1891,—of the most frantic, and wildest character,—strange, involved, and complicated, methods of expressing the meaning of the Knight.

Would that the Young Reader could see his small, stout "early educational Boke," with its rude, fearful type; strange, uncouth "black letter" printing; few stops of *any* kind, and these usually in the wrong place; few capital letters, or anything to assist the unfortunate "Younge Man" of 1531 who "assaied" to read it!

How *immense* are our advantages in this day! What *beautiful* books upon every branch of Learning are now available to the Young, instead of having to wade through the 432 pages of the "Boke named the Governour,"—which ran, however, for twenty years,—with its prosy, strange *inexplicable*, jumble,—conveying little meaning to the mind.

We have, indeed, cause for thankfulness that that day of darkness has passed! The "Knyght" concludes,

"And thus I conclude: to write any more of consultation (?) which is the last part of moral sapience, and the begynning of sapience politike." (Does he mean "Political Economy?") "Nowe all ye readers that desyre to haue your children to be gouernours, or in any other auctoritee (!) (authority) in the publike weale, (Civil Service Examination) (?) of your countrey, if ye bring them up in suche fourme as in this boke is declared, thei (they) shall than (he never uses our modern 'then') seme to all men worthie to be in authoritee honour and nobleness; thei shall be beholden and wondered at, and after the death of their body their souls for their endeavour shall be incomparably rewarded of the geuer (Giver) of wisdom to Whom be geuen eternall glory. Amen."

Peace to "Sir Thomas Elyot, Knyght!" His *heart* was in the right place, wherever his grammar, stops, or spelling may have been! Living in a dark time, he did his "little best" to put down the Gambling, and "Dysars" of his time, and what he,—probably rightly,—says were, in his day, "Beastlie" games.

THOSE WRETCHED "NOVELS" AGAIN!

What would he say to the following issue of Books in 1890, taken from the "Church of England Book Society's Report,"—speaking, it is presumed, of Great Britain alone.

"In 1890 there were no fewer than four thousand, four hundred, and fourteen, new books produced, one-fifth of which were Novels, tales, and other works of Fiction. No need to ask then, the oft-repeated question, "What do the People read?" Out of the 46,905 volumes issued in the year from Clerkenwell Free Library 37,100 were Novels (!) This is a reasonable basis on which to judge the literary tastes of London's Working People, while the following figures give particulars of the issues of books from the libraries of six Large Provincial Towns in one year:

Name of Town.	Books of Instruction and Magazines.	Fiction.	Total Issue for the year.
Wolverhampton	18,648 ...	44,253 ...	62,901
Bilston	1,824 ...	48,100 ...	49,924
Birmingham	42,956 ...	201,668 ..	244,624
Manchester (six libraries)	136,968 ...	600,932 ...	737,800
Sheffield (central library)	31,392 ...	92,260 ...	123,652
Liverpool (two libraries)	88,034 ...	295,528 ..	383,562

Totals..... 319,822 1,282,741 1,602,463

It will thus be seen that in the free Libraries of these six towns

319,822 volumes of instruction were issued, against 1,282,741 works of Fiction. The magazines will form a very large item in the 319,822 classed as Volumes of Instruction; they may safely be put down at one-half "Fiction."

If so, it leaves only 158,911 "Volumes of Instruction" to 1,441,652 of Fiction! The Young Reader will remember our struggle with the Novel Reader (page 670); it *does* seem deplorable that the splendid opportunities of our day should be squandered upon a mass of senseless, and too often, immoral Tales,—and Sentimental, Fictitious, Twaddle!

The Report continues,—

"These figures can in no way be satisfactory to the Religious Public: they cannot be looked upon as a hopeful sign of the Times. The evils of the present are so near, so real, and press so persistently upon us, that we cannot escape their force. The intellectual life of our Time cannot be accepted as encouraging, and it is felt that the Readers of to-day cannot be enlisted on the side of Virtue and Religion. What scope there is therefore for the philanthropic and educational work of the Religious! What an opportunity is here presented to reach the hearts of the People by scattering good books among them!"

It would be a happy thing for our Nation, if every one of the 4,414 New Books Published in England, in 1890, had only been as *moral, useful, high-toned, and well meaning*, as the Quaint old "Boke, named the Gouvernour," of 1531!

OUR "Y.M.C.A's." AMUSEMENTS, WITHOUT GAMBLING.

The terrible old Times,—the dreadful Past,—with its neglect,—its ignorance,—its Brutal "Sports,"—will come again,—thank God,—no more! Every future step will be in the direction of multiplying Institutes and Associations for the Young, in which Gambling, Betting, Drink, Bad Language, and Bad Company are unknown,—and would not be tolerated for a moment!

Youths and Young Men, in 1891, can, if they choose, now join our excellent "Y.M.C.A's.," of which already some 4,000 exist. The Writer has visited them with pleasure in America, Australia, &c. The great advantage to a Youth upon leaving one locality of being a Member, is, that he finds a ready welcome at any other "Y.M.C.A.," the World over; with aid as to finding a Situation, &c.

An unfortunate Prejudice,—that *dreadful* delusion "Prejudice,"—seems to keep too many well-meaning Youths

from joining these excellent Institutions. "Oh, they would not suit *me*! All "Religion!" "The Parson" always about! No real manly Games or Amusements! Your non-Smoking, non-Drinking, non-Swearing, non-Theatre-going Lads are all "Molly Coddles!"

Indeed! Come, dear Reader! A challenge for you! The Writer will find you any day Youths of your own Age and Weight, who will "take you on" at any manly English Game you choose,—"*bar none*,"—who abstain from all the above practices! You certainly shall not find them "Molly Coddles!" It will "take you all your time" to "best them!" While as to *Parsons*,—why, dear Reader, we will find you specimens "right away" who, at Cricket, Tennis, Golf, Bowls, Swimming, Football, Chess, &c., and, on occasion, a friendly "set to with the Gloves," "Sticks," or "Foils," would cause you "*Un mauvais quart d'heure*,"—a bad fifteen minutes! The Parson would beat you "into fits!"

Remember also that there are no inquisitorial Examinations as to "Evidences of Piety,"—"Change of Heart," &c., to qualify you for admission. It is false to deny, that it is hoped that these happy results will follow later on. The Y.M.C.A.'s boldly assert that it is their Mission, their very aim, object, and purpose to produce this change, and to enlist your aid and service for the good Master! They boldly claim to be a "Means to an End!"

Let there be no mistake about *that*! In the end, it will be "Christ,—or nothing!" But,—meanwhile,—you are invited to join these well meaning Youths in these Institutions,—at admission Fees which all, surely, can command,—to enjoy,—and to improve,—yourself,—in an innocent, rational way, without the Drink, Oaths, Gambling, filthy talk, and Bad Company, of the former dark times.

Let us take the following "Conditions" and advantages of a fairly representative "Y.M.C.A.," (Birmingham.)

PRINCIPLE, AND CONDITIONS, OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE "Y.M.C.A."

It is instituted with a special desire to promote the welfare, social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, of Young Men engaged in the Offices, Shops, Warehouses, and Commercial Establishments of the Town.

It cannot be too widely known that all commercial young men (over sixteen years of age) of good moral character, are eligible to join as Associates, without any Religious test being required.

They thus secure the advantages offered by the Association in its Reading Room, Lectures, Library, Classes, Meetings, Gymnasium, and Clubs.

All young men who accept our Lord Jesus Christ as their God, and Saviour.

are eligible as Members, irrespective of Sect or Denomination. By them, mainly, the Religious Work is carried on.

The Association thus, practically, becomes a Young Men's Club, with Christian influences, where those away from home may spend their spare time in congenial company, and find recreation and instruction.

The Gymnasium is open for exercise from 9-0 a.m., to 10-0 p.m., each day. In addition, the Members have the use of the splendid Gymnasium of the City Athletic Club, for two nights in the week. Instruction in the Dumb Bells, Indian Clubs, Horizontal and Parallel Bars, Rings, Ladders, Ropes, &c., also in Single Stick,—given by a Professional,—Swimming Club, Harriers, Football, Cricket, Chess Club, Debating Society, Lectures, Medical Chats, Shorthand, Typewriting, Choir, Ambulance, Languages, Drawing, Painting, Book-keeping, Bible Class, Young Men's Meeting, Worker's Prayer,—and other,—Meetings, (for visiting the Poor), with excellent Series of Lectures.

Note.—In addition to the English Games, the excellent Y.M.C.A's of America, doubtless have their Base Ball Clubs,—(the National Game of the U.S.)—Lacross, Skating, and Curling Clubs, of which we see too little in England.

Surely, dear Reader, the Young Men of our day cannot say that they are forced into the Public Houses, and Concert Halls, for Amusements,—in our day!

Try the "Y.M.C.A." for yourself!

Judging from the following item amongst Lost Articles, in the December "Record," you will not find them quite such gloomy Companions as you may apprehend.

"Lost, on October 24th and 31st, between three and five o'clock in the Afternoon,—Two Matches, (Football) against ——— and ———, any Person guaranteeing that we shall Win the Return Matches, will be suitably Rewarded."

The eminently *practical* Nature of these Associations, and their resolve to neglect nothing likely to encourage a good, and healthy life, is shown by the following advertisement in the same "Record,"—

Young Men are invited to strengthen their own resolves, and to exert to the utmost their influence for Purity, by joining the Social Purity Alliance (founded 1873), which is unsectarian. Subscription is quite voluntary. Read the "Pioneer of Social Purity," published quarterly; "Some Medical Opinions;" "Sins of the Flesh," by the Head-master of Clifton College; and other publications. Apply, Secretary, S.P.A., 1, King St., Westminster, S.W.

Efforts are now being made to shorten the terribly long hours of Shop Assistants, &c., in our large towns, and it is hoped that such may soon be able to avail themselves of these excellent Institutions.

YOUTHS OF THE POORER CLASS.

It is deplorable that our Modern excellent "Institutes" for the Young,—like almost all good things,—seem never to reach the Children of the Very Poor. The Wise Man never uttered truer words for A.D. 1891, than for B.C. 1000, when they were first spoken,

"The Destruction of the Poor is their Poverty."—*Proverbs* x., 15.

The Members of our "Y.M.C.As." should remember their less favoured poorer brothers, and, in the Sunday School, &c., try to cheer, and help, the Children of the very Poor. For what, dear Young Reader, should we have done all those happy Years of Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth, had God's Providence not given us kind Parents, Pleasant Playgrounds, decent Schoolfellows, Games properly conducted, which gave us countless days of innocent, and healthy exercise, and enjoyment?

Force yourself to observe the pitiable condition of the Children of the very Poor, in our large towns! Too frequently drunken, deadly selfish, (so-called) Parents, keeping, by their Vices, their Families in abject Poverty; poor little children, unwashed, uncared for, untaught, no toys, or pastimes, to cheer the little ones' lives. No proper Playgrounds,—as they grow older,—no apparatus for Games,—no education, no training in self-command, to enable them to play fairly, and with enjoyment. What horrible (street) companions are *their* (so-called) Playmates! Dismal (so-called) "homes," cross, unkind, ignorant, too often vicious Relations, Vice, Drink, Coarse Language everywhere around them, living in dreadful "Courts," and too often rarely taught how to obtain an honest livelihood! Something really ought to be done for the still terribly neglected Children of the very Poor!

The Wealthy Classes whose Fortunes were made by Generations of Working Men, *should* consider their responsibilities here!

Something has already been done in Corporation Playgrounds, Board School Gymnastic Competitions, &c., and the Parks, also, "Dinners for Poor Children," "Boot Fund," &c., during our long Winter Months.

Booth's splendid efforts for the neglected Masses, 101, Queen Victoria Street; Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18, Stepney Causeway, London; The "Ragged School Union," Mr. Kirke, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, &c., are organizations which reach countless thousands of the very Poor!

Besides that most useful organization, The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, London. Remember these, dear Reader!

Instead of fooling their Money away at Races, Private Gaming, or the Monte Carlo Tables, what incalculable good might our Wealthier Citizens do amongst the Poor, with the Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds of Precious Money, which they squander upon their Vices!

Who doubts, for a moment, that the Immense Fortunes now possessed by our Wealthier Classes, are a "Talent" given to them by the Providence of God, for which "the Rich Man" will have to give an account?

THE FOOLISH, RICH, (?) MAN.

PARABLE OF OUR LORD.



The Selfish Rich Man.

There was a certain rich Man who fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar, named Lazarus, laid at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the Angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich Man also died, and was buried,

No doubt a splendid Monument,—recording his many virtues,—was placed over his Grave, for, amongst Tomb Stones, we often come to, "Here lies," ("Hear lies.")

"And in Hell he lifted up his eyes, and cried 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me.' But Abraham said 'Son, remember that thou, in thy lifetime, receivedst good things,'"

Immense wealth,—a life of ease,—every comfort,—enjoyment, and pleasures for, perhaps, Sixty Years,—and all lost upon a selfish, cold, Christless soul!

"but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."—*Luke xvi. 19-25.*

We will conclude our Chapter on Gambling, with the opinion of a Great Statesman,—

"Horse-Racing,—as practised in this Country,—is a vast Machine of National Demoralization."—*Disraeli, (Lord Beaconsfield).*

Criticism on the two once most Popular Games perhaps ever invented.

SCIENTIFIC CROQUET.

It is to be deplored that, the splendid Game,—Croquet,—*properly* played, —twenty years ago the most popular Pastime the World over, should,—since 1882,—have been allowed entirely to disappear!

The Croquet spoken of is not the childish one of wide flexible, hoops of thin iron,—small Mallets,—flirtation, and chatter,—but, an earnest, scientific, struggle between two (or four) first-rate Players, with the narrow, rigid, cast steel hoops, (three and three-quarter inches,) one eighth of an inch only larger than the Balls (three and five-eighths inch)—heavy Mallets ("Turf Spankers") and thoughtful strategy, in playing the "correct game,"—proper "strength,"—leaving the balls by "rushes" or "cuts," *easy* for the *next stroke*,—the great secret of John Roberts, Peall, North, &c., at Billiards.

On a "fast ground,"—(namely a close cut, well rolled lawn) many of the Billiard Strokes,—such as the "following" or "running through,"—split stroke (divided object ball), and others, can be made with certainty, while the above tight hoops can,—with practice,—be taken, by a good Player, at *apparently* impossible angles.

The charm of the Game, was that a clever Lady Player, like Mrs., and Miss Walsh, could hold her own against the strongest and most powerful man alive, if only by practice, she became a *good shot*,—learned to play with delicate "strength,"—laid the Breaks carefully for her Partner, or for her next Ball,—and kept the "live" ball (opponent's next playing ball) far off. Age did not prevent the old Player,—if he had this intelligence, from contending with younger men. Another excellent point in this Game was that a good long shot, at any time, night,—if properly utilized,—recover an apparently hopeless game, winning after all! The excitement with good Players never, therefore, was over!

No doubt it was a game *most trying* to the Temper; but, in this, again, it was most educational and instructive! Only children can be excused losing temper at a manly game! In short, true Croquet is an *intellectual* game, every stroke needs headwork, plan, and knowledge of the game. Not one Player in a hundred ever understood it; when they "got the balls" by a successful shot, they *did not know* what to do with them!

It was voted a stupid game, because so few could play it; it was really *too* good a game! The thoughtless, unskilled player, was so hopelessly outplayed by a proficient, that most gave it up in despair! The Public seem never to take to any game which, like Scientific Croquet, requires "head-work," plan, decision, and forethought; they seem to favour only Games which need no intellect, and depend upon little else than mere physical brute force, strength, and endurance.

LAWN TENNIS.

Thus we have, for ten years, seen little else but lawn tennis, a Game utterly unintellectual, demanding Youth, Physical strength, and activity of an exceptional kind, to play well,—giving Women no chance against a first class Male player, and cutting all elderly persons out from competing on equal terms!

Unlike Croquet, we have here, a Game, when a Prize is aimed at,—demanding incessant, exhausting, exertion for an hour together; the player who can stand it out best, and can play several Sets a day will win,—who tires first, loses. A Game not one in 500 seem, after years of incessant practice, able to become proficient in,—probably they *never* will do! How few,—after years of banging their first ball (at the "Serve") into the net,—seem to do any better! Look at him, or her, after five years' time! Just the same! Bang into the net goes "Serve No. 1," then a childishly easy "Serve No. 2," is necessitated, which he can seldom return.

The Writer for 40 years has made a point of witnessing the best Professional, and Amateur, Talent in all parts of the World, at almost every manly game known. If Lawn Tennis had side and end walls,—as in the real "Tennis," or Racket Courts,—some really thoughtful, scientific play, knowledge of angles, good rallies or "rests"—not needing such exhausting covering of ground to get the ball up, as at lawn tennis,—would then be witnessed. No one who has seen high-class Professional or Amateur Racket Matches, the marvellous strokes, and precision, of such players as the late H. Fairs, formerly Marker at Prince's,—the Grays,—the present Champion, Peter Latham, &c.,—or at the Tennis Courts—the splendid rallies and returns of the late Barr, the Frenchman,—(of the Tuilleries Court 30 years ago,)—Lambert,—Tomkins,—Pettitt,—Saunders, Mr. Heathcote,—&c. will ever look on at *ordinary* lawn tennis play with any interest! It is not a Ladies' game at all! Watch an ordinary lawn tennis effort by essentially mediocre Players! Frantic persons of both sexes, hot, tired, with red faces, rushing after a ball, which they seem habitually unable to "return," no idea of "placing," no command of the ball, the only really good stroke being a "fluke!"

Bad play at lawn tennis is surely the most stupid game the long-suffering Public were ever asked to waste their time in looking at. It is about equivalent to watching two very bad players at Battledore and Shuttlecock, when the latter falls to the ground every second stroke!

Let us hope that,—as the absurd pastime "Roller Skating,"—which many hoped was dead, and buried,—has revived,—that the excellent game, real, Scientific, Croquet, may also one day, "come in" again, and prove,—as it should do in this intellectual age,—one more example of the "Survival of the Fittest!"

The following Epitaph, or Monument upon Croquet, recording the decease of,—at one time,—the most popular game ever invented, may be interesting. Croquet was never properly understood. Not one player in a hundred possessed the nerve, intelligence, eye, knowledge of "strength," or the *good temper* which nothing could ruffle, needed to play first-class Croquet!

WIMBLEDON. ALL ENGLAND, CHAMPIONS.

CROQUET.	LAWN TENNIS.
1869,—Joad.	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center;"> <div style="font-size: 4em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="text-align: center;"> Lawn Tennis Not "Come in." </div> <div style="font-size: 4em; margin-left: 10px;">}</div> </div>
1870,—Peel.	
1871,—"	
1872,—Blake, C.	
1873,—Heath, James	
1874,—"	
1875,—Gray.	
1876,—Colonel Bush.	
1877,—Eveleigh.	
1878,—Spong.	
1879,—Eveleigh.	Gore.
1880,—Spong, A. H.	Hadaw.
1881,—"	Hartley.
1882,—"	W. Renshaw.

CROQUET.

LAWN TENNIS.

1883,—	W. Renshaw.
1884,—	"
1885,—	Croquet"
1886,—	"went out ;""
1887,—	because not oneH. T. Lawford.
1888,—	in a hundred couldE. Renshaw.
1889,—	play it !W. Renshaw.
1890,—	W. T. Hamilton.
1891,—	W. Baddeley.

CHESS.

The Young Reader is strongly advised to master, while young, the rudiments of this Splendid Game. It is adding a life-long, innocent, intellectual, Pleasure to his life, which years, and even failing physical powers, can never deprive him of, when once the taste for the "Royal Game" has been acquired.

Hints.—Early join a Chess Club. You will never, otherwise, become a Player. Avoid swagger, and conceit, if the winning Player;—hanging down the pieces, and taunting the Antagonist; a sure sign of a vulgar Cad. Never take back a piece *once touched*,—nor permit your opponent to do so,—under any circumstances. It is not Chess to do so, it lowers it to a child's game.

It is equivalent to letting a Batsman put on his bats again, and perhaps win the Match by a *second* innings. "Let the loser down gently," quietly suggesting "another game." Never play, when you can avoid it with a player decidedly of inferior "strength" to yourself, on the other hand, after losing three consecutive games never refuse to "receive odds." Go where you will, the World over, as the Writer has done, you will be pleasantly welcomed as a Visitor in all Chess Clubs, and will find Chess Players, as a rule, a superior, high-toned, class of acquaintances. If you cannot understand a word of his language you can still enjoy a game of Chess with him, you know perfectly well what your Chess opponent "is after," though his language may be "double Dutch!"

The Young Reader may perhaps, like to see the "Mate in three" (see page 609) which Arthur,—who got it from his Club,—is puzzling Tom, and Papa with, here it is.

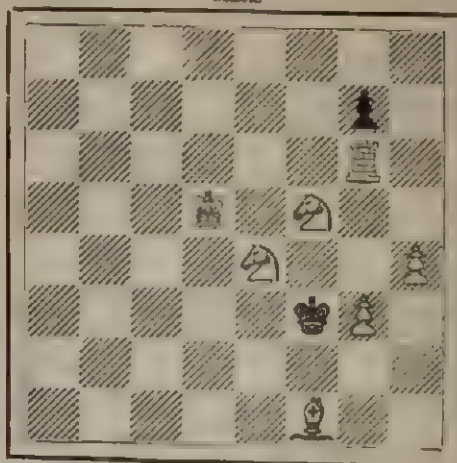


"A good Move." "Mate in Three."

Arthur has given Tom a puzzler: Papa thinks so too.

No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play. Mate in three moves.

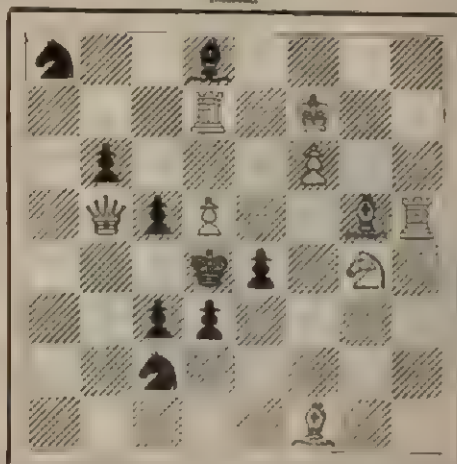
NOTE.—White must allow Black a move. He claims to be able to deliver a *foréal* "Mate in three," not a "Stale Mate."

Papa highly commended this Problem for its fewness of pieces, and very neat finish.

There were also three Problems, "Mate in two;" the Tea Bell would ring in ten minutes, and they agreed that, being only "two movers," that that time should be sufficient. So to it they went! Papa took No. 2, Tom No. 3, and Arthur No. 4.

No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Errata Page.

1064A

Substitute, for the "No. 3" Problem, the position here given. The black bishop being correct, but a black pawn should be on black's K 3, as under,

No. 3. Corrected.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to Play, and Mate in two Moves.

The Errata Page permits the sorrowful announcement of the sudden death of the Rev. H. M. Sherrard, M. A., the author of the above Problem. It has a melancholy interest from being shown by him on his last visit to his Chess Club, a Month before his unexpected, and premature decease, 6th Feb., 1892. "Come, — Mr. S., —" he remarked to the Writer, — "You like a Mate in two, here is one!" The key move is neat, as it blocks the black Queen from her Knight's 8th.

Never allowing Chess to intrude upon his Duties, the Rev. Sherrard was one of the strongest players in the Birmingham District. A proficient also at Tennis and Football. He was the first to succeed in the construction of a perfect "promotion" Problem, — a task which Centuries of Constructors attempted in vain, — and which had come to be regarded as equivalent to "squaring the circle." Kind, modest, an excellent loser, ever willing to explain his most ingenious attacks, and how he thought they ought to be met, — he was extremely liked, and his Death at, comparatively, a very early age, was totally unexpected, and proved a heavy blow to his Club, and to all who knew him.

To fill this "Errata" Page the two following extra Problems are added, which we will call "No. 6," and "No. 7." Some years ago Mr. Cook, of the "Synopsis" told the Writer that "No. 7" took *him* half-an-hour to solve, when it first came out.

Solutions.

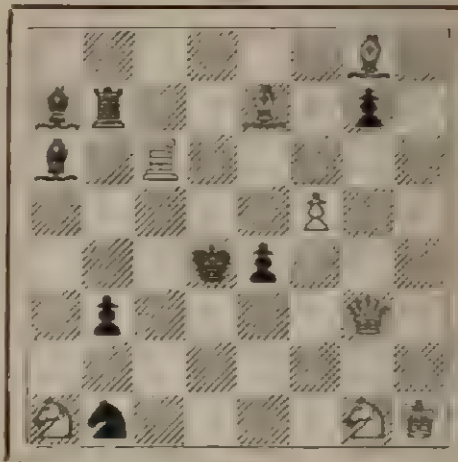
Have a good try before looking at them.

"No. 6." The *key* move, — B Kt 5, — is met by — R B 4. The only move is to "choke off" the Black rook, — thus, — R B 7, whatever Black now does, it leaves a Mate on.

"No. 7." *Attack, follow, and keep attacking*, the bishop on its 5 possible moves. Thus, Q to KB square, — then "follow the bishop," — Q Q 3, or Q B 5. A motto for the Lady, — "Follow the Bishop," — that is, — if he be a *good* one!

"No. 6."

BLACK



WHITE

White to Play, and Mate in two Moves.

"No. 7."

BLACK



WHITE

White to Play, and Mate in three Moves.

No. 3.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play. Mate in two.

NOTE.—The Bishop is accidentally printed a *black*, instead of a *white* one—adjust this.

This took "No. 3;" Arthur "No. 4."

No. 4.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play. Mate in two.

It was terrible work ! *Un mauvais quart d'heure !* Five minutes passed and found Papa vainly trying to come to an understanding with that subtle Knight to the left of No. 2, who wouldn't move ! "Not on no account !"

While Tom was expostulating with that "very firm old Rook," (not to be caught with chaff) to the left of No. 3, who would insist either upon taking the white pawn, or stopping the Mate by "disengage check," when Tom tried to succeed by giving up his Queen.

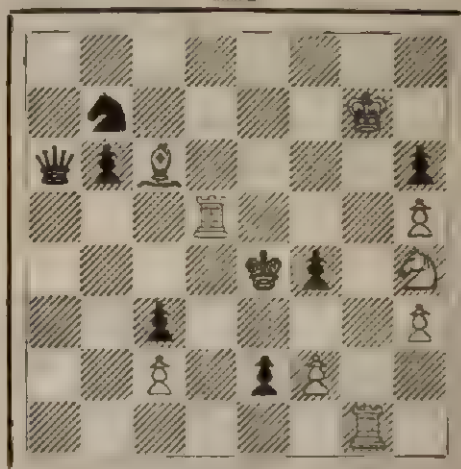
While poor Arthur was having a "harsh time" with "No. 4"

But just before the hour struck Papa, at No. 2, suddenly exclaimed, "I *have* it, Arthur, *excellent*, very good indeed !" The bell rang the next moment, and they postponed the rest till after tea. As for No. 5 they did not like the looks of it a bit ; there is something behind that "disengage" Papa thought, "those easy-looking Problems are generally stiff ones !"

In this Arthur concurred, and they eventually agreed to send "No. 5" up to good-natured Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Lee, or Mr. Muller to "Simpson's Divan," Strand, it being, in Arthur's opinion, "a regular scorcher !"

No. 5.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Young Chess Player "What, ten minutes' time, and only 'Mate in two?' They *must* have been 'duffers !'" *Indeed !* Come, dear Reader, a Challenge ! Ten minutes' time, "honour bright," — 2s. 6d., (or 5s. if you can spare it) to go to good Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Poor Boys, 18. Stepney Causeway, London, if you fail !"

Is it a bargain ? Then *out* with your watch, and the half crown, and take the "two movers," one after another on the same terms !

Note.—The Answers will be found in the Addendum ; but any *child* can look at "Answers." *Have* a resolute, intellectual struggle with the above, In the Three Moves, if *beaten*, only look at the *first* move, then try to find out the *second* for yourself.

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE CHARACTER OF CHESS.

Mr. Anthony of Hereford whose splendid reception of the "Counties Chess Association," associated with the "Masters' Tournament," in 1885, will not easily be forgotten, has estimated the *possible* ways of playing the first ten moves, on each side, at a Game of Chess, as follows. Mr. Steinitz quotes this in his "Modern Chess Instructor," Part I. Taking the population of our Globe as 1,483 Millions (at least 35 Millions die every year) and every living creature played all the possible variations at one Set per minute, incessantly, it would even then take them 217 Billions of Years (!) to exhaust all the varieties of playing the first ten moves ! Amongst the Billions played, no two original games of Chess were ever,—or ever will,—be played exactly alike.

Unlike Cards, Billiards, &c., Chess has the immense advantage of being played for its own sake alone, and not for money. It is a very inexpensive amusement, equally suited to the Peasant, in his humble hovel, as to the King upon his gilded throne, and,—if not allowed to take up too much valuable time, played occasionally as an intellectual high-class amusement only, and not as a severe Study,—it will never be surpassed.

Once master its rudiments so far as to play a fairly strong game, and you will acknowledge, with worthy "Knyght" Elyot, 360 years ago, that,—before Chess,—all other Indoor Games must take second place.

ANSWERS.

Do not look at them without a *good try* first.

"No. 1."—Give up both your Knights and Mate with Bishop,—protecting Rook at same move ; thus,
 K. Q. 6—K. x Kt.
 B. K. 2—K. x Kt.
 B. Q. 3 (Maté.)

"No. 2."—Very simple, when we are shown how !
 P. Q. 6 (!) Black *anything* !

"No. 3."—A neat move of the Knight. (A Problem by the Rev. H. W. Sherrard.)
 Kt. to Q. Kt. 2. Black *anything* !
 (Bishop, or Queen, Mates.)

"No. 4."—B. K. 4. Black *anything* !
 (Q. Mates, on the R's. squares.)

"No. 5."—Simply move the nearest R. a square to the left so that P. can take it,—"*Queening*" thus,
 R. K. B's square. If P. x R. (Queening.)
 Kt. K. B. 3. If now Queen checks,
 R. K. Kt's. 5.

"Disengage Check,"—covers the check,—supports the Knight, and Mates, by one move.

If, R. K. B's square—P. K. B. 6 (Best.)

Then, R. Kt's. square, that is,

Simply goes back again,—Mating on Kt's. 4. (A "*stiff*" Problem.)

Note.—The young Reader will find Part III. of this Essay on Money, the one most useful to him, giving examples how to Save his Money, &c.



CHAPTER XI. PART II.

MONEY. GOLD. £ s. d. MAMMON.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE WEALTHY.

"Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—
Hard, and yellow,—bright, and cold,
Molten,—graven,—hammered,—and rolled,
Price of many a Crime untold!
Spurned by the Young,—but hugged by the Old,
To the very verge of the Churchyard mould!"

Eight hours Work, — *Eight* hours Sleep, — *Eight* hours Play,
A Wife, and *Eight* children, — *Eighty* years to live,
And Shillings, — *Eight* a day!

"A Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—*Luke* xiii., 15.

"We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." 1 Tim. vi., 7.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

"And the People brake off their golden earrings, and brought them unto Aaron. After he had made it a Molten Calf, he fashioned it with a graving tool, and they said 'These be thy Gods, O Israel!'"

"Get thee down, for thy People hath made them a Golden Calf, and have worshipped it!"

"Oh, this People have sinned a great Sin, and have made them Gods of Gold!"—*Exodus xxxii.*, 3.

"Thou shalt have none other Gods before Me!"—*Exodus xx.* 3.

"Thou shalt not go after other Gods, for the Lord thy God is a jealous God, lest the anger of the Lord thy God be kindled against thee, and destroy thee from the face of the Earth.—*Deut.* vi. 15.

"Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first Commandment."—*Mark xii.*, 30

"For what is a man advantaged, though he gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?"

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

"No man can serve two Masters."

"Where your Treasure is, there will your hearts be also!"

"But Covetousness,—which is Idolatry,—let it not be once mentioned among you as becometh Saints. For ye know that no Covetous man,—who is an Idolater,—hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ, and of God."—*Ephesians v.*, 3-5.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF WEALTH. WHAT IS A SOCIALIST? PHYSICAL FORCE. RIOTS. ANARCHY.

"YOU have given me much good advice,"—a YOUNG READER may say,— "You have spoken of Money and Character, lost through Gambling, in the last Chapter. You have persistently urged Piety and Religion towards God, as the chief aim, end, and object of my life,—the *only* object,—in fact,—Almighty God could have had in creating us at all. But, at my time of life, you will allow that I am right to look also to my future in a *worldly* point of view. Tell me, therefore, something about Money, before you close; and about 'Success in Life,' from a 'Secular' standpoint.

As a young Workman (either of brain, or of hand) I hear constantly of Trades' Unions, Strikes, 'Socialism,' &c., surely, you are not going to close a somewhat exhaustive Book without giving me some hints about the,—(to the *Worldly* mind,)—all-important Subject, MONEY. 'Eight shillings a day' about £124 a year, might do, but I aim at £500 a year, *then* I would be quite contented and happy.

Dear Reader, are you quite *sure* of that? Doubtfullish! You might then find £1,000 a year, on the whole, more satisfactory, with *eight* children.

That happy, philosophical, period of contentment, in which "Much," has not wanted "More," has yet to dawn upon Mankind!

Anyway, the Working Classes have certainly not reached that period of contentment,—Strikes, Discontent, Unions, "Knights of Labour," &c., prevail the World over, and the one cry is "More Pay," and "Less Work!"

As this work will be in the hands of the sons of the Working Class, it is proposed in this Chapter, to present to them the following:—

- (I.) The Responsibilities of the Wealthy.
- (II.) What is a "Socialist?"
- (III.) Physical Force Socialism.
- (IV.) True Socialism.

And, having cleared the way, close with a few hints to a Working Youth, in PART III, on the Subject of Thrift.

(I.) Responsibilities of the Wealthy, (Christian Standard).

We have noted your remarks on Millionaires (Page 223). — "bottling up" their Millions:— we see by the daily Papers, (Nov., 1890), that Mr. —'s wealth is now estimated by the best informed Lawyers and Financiers, of New York, at nearly, if not quite, Fifteen Millions sterling. "He is a gentleman of the most quiet and unpretending habits. He lives elegantly but simply. He is coming to England, and has taken — House, London, to look after large holdings of British Consols, and French Rentes; he will remain with his family abroad for a year. So moderate are his tastes and habits that, but for the extensive Charities which he is known to support, it would

be impossible for him to spend any appreciable portion of his income."

The late Mr.—used to be called,—“The Landlord of New York.” Fifteen Millions, will be three times the five Millions represented on the table of Sacks, (Page 224.)

“Now, we” (the Socialists) “claim that these immense Fortunes, not only of this worthy gentleman, but others of his class, if we go deep enough,—have been produced by the labour and “sweat of the brow,” of generations of “Working Men,” who,—with their Employers,—must be housed in Cities,—at whatever rents they have to pay. It is *their presence*,—their toil and labour,—which have sent Rents up. We claim, then, that a large proportion of the immense Incomes of the Wealthy ought to be employed for the good of the Working Classes (who produced it) in the direction of supporting Hospitals, Parks, Educational Institutes, and decent, wholesome dwellings, (with play grounds for their children,)—for Working Men, similar to the splendid Blocks founded by that noble American Philanthropist,—Peabody.”

Unquestionably it ought! *Why?* What do you mean by “ought?” *Who* says so? Your *authority* for “ought?” The Christian has but one Standard,—he acknowledges but *one Authority*,—namely *Christ*.

You come back to it, dear Reader, in discussing every Subject connected with the welfare of Humanity! Christ *is always there!* He lived for suffering Humanity,—for the Poor! His total indifference to Wealth, or the Wealthy, and His remarks, teachings, and commands upon the Subject of Money, are, to a worldly mind, simply amazing! He knew “What was in Man,”—our natural tendency to selfishness—to hugging our Wealth, and “bottling up” our money! The *times* we live in were *foreseen!* Persistently, ceaselessly, whenever the Subject of Money came up,—does our Lord solemnly insist upon all who would be His followers,—employing their time, talents, and money in assisting their poorer brethren! Dear Reader, they were not merely sentimental teachings,—they were *commands!* You know the penalty of disobeying them. The wealthy may like it, or not like it,—but *there they are!* He gave no impracticable lessons! Christ set the example Himself! The Master *led the way!* Mark the speechless amazement of the “Upper Classes” the “High Priests” of his day. Their long expected King, who, they fondly hoped,—in

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON.



"REHOBOTH A GREATER THAN SOLOMON IS HERE!"

their Worldly, ambitious minds,—was to lead their Nation on to Victory, and to make it the greatest People and Kingdom ever known,—*come at last!* The great Messiah, of Whose glories sacred Bards had "sung their deathless songs,"—Whom Prophets had foretold,—and Whose advent Angels had heralded,—come at last, and instead of leading them to the Conquest of the World, went about incessantly, *not* amongst *them*,—not amongst the "Upper Classes," the Rich,—but amongst the Poor,—the "Working Classes,"—the down-trodden,—the Helpless,—the Leper,—the diseased, the depraved! Oh! It was a bitter disappointment! Conquerors,—Warrior Kings,—they had had! For a *Monarch* they were *prepared!* But such a Scene as *this* had never been imagined!

What! The "Messiah, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace," come at last,—*passes us by*,—and goes *at once* to the *Poor!* Come as a carpenter's son,—commands us to follow His example,—that "unless ye have the *spirit* of *Christ*,—ye are none of His!" If the Working Classes of 1891 would but see it, *what* a lesson does our Saviour's life teach to Mankind!

Well, indeed, might our Blessed Lord exclaim—"The Queen of the South came from the *uttermost* parts of the World to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and Behold a **Greater than Solomon is here!**"

"And the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with Camels that bear Spices, and very much Gold, and Precious Stones. There came no more such abundance of Gold, and Spices, as those which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."—1 *Kings* x., 2-10.

Surely our Lord cannot speak with more appalling distinctness as to His intentions of Judging the Selfish, Covetous, Rich,—and the habitual neglecters of the Poor, than His memorable words from His Judgment Seat.

I.

THE ONCE CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR TO BE THE FINAL JUDGE OF MANKIND.

"Wherefore hath God highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in Heaven and things on Earth." "Far above all Principality and Power, and Might and Dominion, and every name that is named not only in this World! but also in that which is to come." "And hath put all things under His feet." "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all Judgment unto the Son, that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father." "We must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ."

II.

THE SAVIOUR ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His Glory, and all the holy Angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His Glory. And before Him shall be gathered all Nations, and He shall separate them one from another, and He shall set the Sheep on His right hand, and the Goats on the left. Then shall He say unto them on His right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World. For I was an hungred, —and ye gave Me meat. —naked, and ye clothed Me, I was sick, and in Prison, and ye came unto Me.' Then shall He say also to them on the left hand, —'Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels; —for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me no meat, —naked, and ye clothed Me not, —Sick, and in Prison, and ye visited Me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, —but the Righteous into Life Eternal." —*Matt. xxv., 31-46.*

The Selfish Rich Man.



"There was a Certain rich Man who fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain Beggar named Lazarus laid at his gate, full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the Beggar died, and was carried by the Angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried."

"And in Hell he lifted up his eyes, and cried 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me.' But Abraham said, 'Son, remember that thou, in thy lifetime, receivest good things,'"

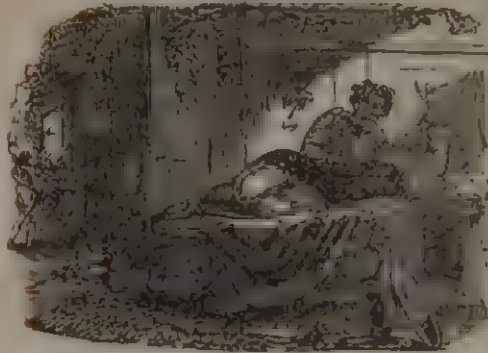
(Given,—in God's Providence,—Rich Parents,—Time,—Leisure,—Culture,—Money,—to employ for the good of others.)

"and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." —*Luke xvi., 19-25.*

PARABLE OF OUR LORD. THE SECULARIST.

"And He spake this Parable unto them. The ground of a certain Rich Man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, I have no room where to bestow my fruits. I will pull down my barns, and build greater."

The Selfish Rich Man.



THE "SECURIARIST," (This World only) A.D. 33.

and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say unto my soul. — (*Presently the doctrine of the "Securiarist" of 1891.*) "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." (Care for this world alone, banish all thought of God and the Future). But God said unto him, "Thou! Fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee!" So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."—*Luke xii., 16-21.*

We may hear these Solemn Warnings of Christ,—or we may forbear; you may Believe Christ's Words, or you may Reject them, but, do what you will, **there they are!** These terrible Parables only too truly confirm that deep-seated fear which exists in every Selfish Heart, that the present enormous Contrasts in the Circumstances, Lots, and Lives of Men,—the Luxury of some, and the abject Misery of others, are but *for a time*. That this World is but a deception,—a passing Show,—and that a terrible equalization will obtain in the Future, and Endless Life, unless the Rich feel their Responsibility before their God, Who gave them every penny they possess, and employ their vast Wealth for the benefit of their poorer Fellow Creatures!

THE RICHEST MEN LIVING.

According to statistics just published, we learn that there are about 700 Persons with over a Million Sterling, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India, and 125 in other countries. The richest amongst these Millionaires are the following.—Jay Gould, the American railway king, worth £55,000,000, (Annual Income £2,800,000.) This gives £233,000 per Month; £58,000 per Week; £8,285 per Day! Mackay, £30,000,000, (Income £2,500,000); Rothschild, England, £40,000,000, — (Income £2,000,000); Vanderbilt, £25,000,000, — (Income £1,250,000); J. B. Jones, United States, £20,000,000, — (Income £1,000,000); Duke of Westminster, £16,000,000, — (Income £800,000); J. J. Astor, United States, £10,000,000, —

(Income £500,000); W. Stewart, United States, £8,000,000,—(Income £400,000); J. G. Bennett, United States, £8,000,000,—(Income £300,000), the Duke of Sutherland, £6,000,000,—(Income £300,000); the Duke of Northumberland, £5,000,000,—(Income £250,000); the Marquis of Bute, £4,000,000,—(Income £200,000.)

Note.—The above Estimates were given some time since, and, as the Tendency of these Vast Accumulations, unfortunately, is ever to **increase**,—Money begets Money,—it is feared that these Immense Incomes have now become even greater! Instead of 10 Millions, and 8 Millions,—in two instances alone—the “Hoard” is claimed to be *now* 25 and 15 respectively! The late Vanderbilt had succeeded,—in some ten years,—in making the 10 Millions, left him by his Father, into 20 to 25 Millions Sterling (!)

These ever increasing Hoards,—bottled up by a few Families,—instead of the Money,—like the Rain,—being circulated for the benefit of the Community,—really constitute a Danger to Society! Should these vast accumulations get into evil hands they are a Menace to the rest of Mankind!

Glance, dear Reader, at that mass of Gold Sacks, depicted on the Diagram, or Table, Page 224. How would *you* fare if attempting to oppose the owner,—however just your cause,—in the Law Courts, through which he could take you,—one after another,—till you would be swamped, and Ruined, by the Legal Expenses alone, while he would never feel them, or know that they were gone! Take an instance; the following appeared in the daily Papers, 1890.

“The ——— case which has dragged along for several Years (!) in the various Courts, has at length, been settled out of Court. When ——— died he left a big bequest to Judge ———.”

(Note. The Reader need hardly be informed that this is an American, *certainly* not an English illustration.)

“a Lawyer, but the bulk of the immense Property went to the Widow. Judge ———, it was alleged, managed Mrs. ———’s Estate for her, with such effect, that when she died, most of her money had vanished. ——— said that she had spent it in various ways, but Mrs. ———’s Legal Heirs thought otherwise, made serious charges against him,—and went to Law to recover her Fortune. Judge ———, an enormously wealthy man, expressed his intention of fighting to his last dollar. The long purse would make itself felt.”

(Note. Not quite so in *England*, thank Heaven,—yet !)

“So becoming tired of the litigation, they suggested a compromise. Judge ——— had the best of it. The Sum originally claimed was something like £1,400,000; he retains everything except £200,000.”

BRIGHTER SIDE OF THE MILLIONAIRE PICTURE.

The late excellent Madame Boucicault of Paris,—a self-made Woman,—of

"Bon Marche" fame, left (1887) £2,400,000. She bequeathed £400,000 to found, and endow, a Hospital in Paris,—and, after munificently remembering the 232 persons associated with her in, and employed by, the "Bon Marche" Establishment,—(she left her faithful old Coachman £20,000 (!)—she bequeathed the residue of her prodigious Fortune to the Four of Paris, under the Supervision of the Charity Board.

Dear Reader, which would you rather be,—this splendid Philanthropist or the "enormously wealthy" Judge ---?

Again, —this time in England,—we read, last Year,

The will of the late ——— of the Firm of ——— (Limited), Manchester, has been proved at £2,574,922. The amounts specified have been left to the undermentioned religious, educational, and philanthropic societies:—Religious Tract Society, Owen's College, Baptist College (Regent's Park, London), Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools, and Lancashire and Cheshire Congregational Chapel and School Building Society, £10,000 each; Manchester Royal Infirmary, Manchester Royal Eye Hospital, Manchester Lock Hospital, Wigan Royal Albert Edward Infirmary, Manchester and Salford Asylum for Female Penitents, London City Mission, Manchester City Mission, London Missionary Society, Baptist Missionary Society, Protestant Dissenting Ministers' Relief Society, Nationalist Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers, Ministers' Friend or Associate Fund, Baptist Pastors' Income Augmentation Society, Lancashire Congregational Union, Lancashire Independent College, Nottingham Congregational Institute, and Bala Independent College, £5,000 each; Manchester Young Men's Christian Association, £3,000. Sunday School Union, Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, Lancashire Congregational Ministers' Provident Society, Lancashire Congregational Pastors' Aid Fund, Lancashire and Cheshire Congregational Pastors' Insurance Fund, and Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, £2,000 each; St. Mary's Hospital (Manchester), Clinical Hospital for Children (Manchester), Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refugees and Homes, Girls' Home (Higher Broughton), Girls' Orphanage and Training School (Manchester), Sheltering Home for Children (Liverpool), Monthly Tract Society, "Stirling" Tract Enterprise General Baptist Missionary Society, and Mission in Belleville (Paris), £1,000 each; Manchester and Salford District Provident Society, Hazlewood Home for Young Men (Ryde), Ryde Young Men's Christian Association, and Gardener's Royal Benevolent Institution, £500.

If only our 1891 "Millionaires" would follow the Example of these Splendid Philanthropists, and thus give back, to the Working Class, some fair portion of the Money obtained by the Toil of Generations of Working Men, and Women,—in perhaps the best possible way they can do it,—the "Socialistic Problem" would be solved!



Note.—The following is an effort to open the Subject of "Socialism" to the Young Reader,—whether he is likely to be placed, in God's Providence, in a position of Wealth, as an Employer of Labour,—or to belong to the Labouring Class. If the requirements of the Modern Socialist are not fairly stated, then their accredited Lecturers, Speakers, and recent Literature, are in fault, as the latter have been carefully consulted.

II. What is a Socialist?

DISCONTENT. CAUSES. THE ERA OF MACHINERY BEGINS. A TERRIBLE TIME. THE LAW INTERFERES. WHO GOT THE ACTS PASSED TO PROTECT THE POOR? THE "CHRISTIANS," THE TRUE SOCIALISTS. "THE FEW" GET THE MONEY; "THE MANY" DO THE WORK. THE MILDEST,—OR "FABIAN"—SCHOOL OF SOCIALISM. HIS MODEST PROPOSALS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.

What is a "Socialist?" We may ask that question, dear Reader, of a dozen persons, and receive about as many different answers. There appear to be already various "Schools" of Socialists,—differing very much in their Views, and, still more in their proposed Methods of obtaining what they want.

But, should a Socialist, whatever School he may belong to,—whether "Fabian," "Demonstrative," or "Physical Force,"—ever glance at this Chapter, he will not,—it is thought,—either challenge, or resent, the General Definition,—that a "Socialist" is "a discontented person!"

In fact, the two most "discontented" Persons in the World,—who boldly admit it,—are,—have been,—and ever will be,—the True Christian, and the Socialist! They are always for Reform! They alike maintain that a perfectly selfish, contented, person, contented—so long as he is all right *himself*,—with the Poverty, Misery, and Unhappiness around him,—never wishing to see anything better,—and, worse than all, perfectly contented with *himself*, and his own despicable character,—is the most hopeless and useless of God's creatures!

Discontent is the Platform, nay, so to speak,—the Gospel,—of both the "Christian," and the "Socialist;"—not,—mark you,—discontent at their own position,—but that noble discontent at the miserable condition of the great bulk of the Poorer, labouring, Population around them.

So far they go heartily together,—both are for Reform,—(the "Christian" ever *has* been),—where they differ is in the Methods by which the Reformation is to be effected.

The "Christian" is more for Reform commencing *from within*,—for the Working Class to *supplement* the Laws now passed in their favour, by good habits, &c.,—Religion,—self-control,—self-improvement,—thrift,—and education. The "Socialist" appears to be more for Reform *from without*,—Legislation,—impracticable equalization of Wealth,—the Stupid equally rewarded with the Able and Talented,—and the impracticable living together of "all sorts and conditions of men," in one vast Community, or Commonwealth. The death of "Individuality," and the birth of "Every body sharing with everybody else!"

It is this noble Discontent,—however,—which alone has produced Reform!

For a Century past Christian Philanthropists,—always the most persistently discontented people,—in that sense of the word,—in the World,—have been incessantly at work,—obedient to the imperative commands of **The Master**,—Who set them the example,—pleading the Cause of the down trodden and oppressed; urging the claims of the Poor,—the Labouring Class,—and the responsibilities of the Rich.

A long line of devoted men,—whose efforts only ceased with their deaths,—Wesley, John Howard, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Shaftesbury,—down to the Plimsoll, and "General" Booth, of our own day,—have been urging the Cause of the Poor, and the necessity of passing Laws to restrain the rapacity and deadly selfishness of too many of the *former* Race of Capitalists, Employers, Millionaires, Mine Owners, Ship Owners, &c. Who can doubt that were it not for those *Laws*, things would soon be almost as bad as ever they were?

Few would like the old, "leave the Rich alone," experiment to be tried; human nature is pretty much the same in 1891, as it was in 1750-1840.

The attention of the Young Student of "Political Economy," is particularly drawn to the fact that every Reform was only made Law after a desperate fight with the Capitalist, the former Employers of Labour,—in short the Property Owners,—the Rich. It took some forty or fifty long years,—terrible years for the Labouring Population,—to get Acts passed, and effectually carried out,—to ameliorate the Tyranny which the "Golden Calf," and its devotees exercised over the Labouring Poor!

Reader,—do not attempt to challenge this assertion! It would be useless. The Reports of the Commissioners,—the sworn evidence,—and Details of the Inspectors are upon record. You can peruse them for yourself.

With what horror, and indignation, do we English read of the deadly, systematic, heartless, selfishness of that execrable class the old French (so-called) "Nobility,"—before the Great French Revolution swept their power away for ever! A wretched, starving People, made by Law to purchase Salt,—when they were dying of hunger,—in order to bring in Revenue to their Tyrants,—wretched Peasants compelled to work so long in the week for the great Seigneurs,—and to exist upon the labours of the other days,—made to flog the pools *all night*, to prevent the *croaking of the Frogs* from *disturbing* the great Lord in the adjoining Chateau (!)

But softly, dear Reader! Let us look nearer home! Nothing but our English Laws,—passed in spite of the strongest opposition of the Capitalists and Employers of Labour,—have saved the Poorer Class of Workers in England from a slavery almost as atrocious!

UNRESTRAINED SELFISHNESS. UNCHECKED "INDIVIDUALISM," 1740-1840. THE RULE OF MAMMON.

In 1750 Kaye invented the Fly-shuttle, and in 1767 Hargreaves the Spinning Jenny, working 80 spindles. A prophetic instinct,—on the part of the poor hand Spinners,—forced into idleness by the machines,—induced them to break up all they could find! Riots and bloodshed, of course, followed, only to be suppressed.

The Era of Machinery had commenced! The doom of the hand Workers,—who had so long been working happily, in their little Cottages,—living a manly life of independent Industry,—was sealed! No more "Individualism" for them! They were condemned,—with their children,—to hard labour for life in huge Mills. Machinery won the day, and the Capitalists owned the Machinery.

In 1785 Steam Power was employed in Cotton Spinning in Nottinghamshire. The "Power Loom" followed in 1787, and the sleepy, quiet, wholesome, English Country life disappeared!

Immense, gaunt, terrible Mills arose, with their dismal surroundings, and, around them sprung up those cold, grey hard, horrible Towns, like Bolton, Bradford, Oldbury, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, &c., depressing even to pass a

day in! The Writer protests,—after visiting most parts of the World,—that he would rather live upon a Pumpkin, Cocoa-nut, and Fish,—a Native of "Climes beyond the Sea," with Warmth, Sunshine, and Beauty around him, than spend a lifetime, as an operative in the gloom of these dreadful places! Then came the never-ending whirl of Machinery, and the "White Slavery" of Mill operatives commenced! Poor creatures! No wonder that there were Strikes,—terrible Scenes,—and Distress; The children of the Savages in so-called "Heathen Lands",—fat, healthy, and contented, with Sunshine, warmth, fresh air, and freedom, were in an earthly Paradise compared with what our own English children went through,—in those callous, brutal, deadly selfish, Times 1740-1840! Children were sent in large numbers to the North, to work in the Mills; they were housed in "Pentups" adjoining, and kept to terribly long hours. Immense Fortunes were made in Lancashire during those Fifty years! The Work went on night and day;—no sooner had one relay of exhausted children had a few hours' sleep, than they were driven to the Mill, and the others took the beds. There were only half the proper number of the latter provided. (See Clarke's Essay, "Industrial.")

Fevers ensued, stunted growth, ruined health, prematurely old children,—sad, wan, and hopeless, with minds vacant, and almost imbecile, were worked by the Mill owners, and Capitalists, without any restraint, or Legislative Interference. The *People* were not then represented. The whole Political administration was divided between the King and the Great Families. Not one person in 500 possessed so much as a vote. *Even in 1831*, 150 Persons returned a Majority in the House of Commons (!) Birmingham had not a single Member! So with other Towns. Seats in the House, obtained by Bribery; a Gambling, Drinking, Corrupt, Aristocracy, the Public Money disgracefully appropriated; a Population sunk, naturally, (how could they be otherwise?) in Midnight darkness,—no Education for the Poor,—a Foxhunting, Drinking, so called "Church" of Christ (?) generally asleep to all her Duties except when fat Livings, Tithes, and Preferments, were in the Market!

Look at Hogarth's inimitable Pictures (in his prime, say 1720-50) for an idea of the state of Society.

Who was there to interfere? Whose business was it to espouse the cause of the Labourers, the oppressed, the helpless, or to commence that never-ended struggle to

rouse the Religious Conscience of the Country? This Book is addressed to a Christian Country,—not a Nation of Atheists, and the Writer insists upon the fact,—and calls History to prove it,—that it was Followers of Jesus Christ, the "Christians" who did the Work! It is ever so! Whilst Scientific Atheists are quarrelling, with Huxley, over their Fossils, and old Bones,—pulling each others' Theories to pieces,—in the vain attempt to prove *that there is no God*,—Christ's People,—his true Followers,—have ever been at Work for the Poor, and the oppressed,—obeying their Master's commands,—and proving by their efforts, with His Blessing resting on them, *that there is a God!*

In the Mines children of both Sexes worked together, half naked, in stifling passages underground for often 16 hours in the day, and then came up to so-called hovels,—called their "homes," to drunken, brutalized, so-called "Parents!" The brutality of the Men was like the selfish ferocity of Wild Beasts!

For the Starvation Wages,—Price of Wheat the (4lbs.) loaf at 1/6 to 2/-,—against our 4d. or 5d.—(See Pages 948-9.) Wheat 17/- a Bushel even in 1847 (!)

Drunkenness and Immorality prevailed,—the Children were often maimed for life, and, at times, killed outright, "and nothing was done!"

No Government Supervision, no Newspapers, no Publicity, no Inspectors, the Mill or Mine owners "Justices" *themselves!* Such was our England, the Land of Freedom, a Century ago, under the unrestrained Rule of the Selfish money-making Capitalist! What changed it? The efforts, with God's aid, of *Christians*,—Christian Philanthropists! God always has His Witnesses! Christ is always there! The "Secularist," the "Atheist," may sneer, but he cannot unmake History! Who,—in that darkest day,—went on horseback, at the peril of his life, to the most remote parts of England, to these neglected Miners,—carrying everywhere the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—the Gospel of *True* "Socialism,"—of Love, Repentance, Change of Life, and Eternal Hope?

Who? Why John Wesley,—the Christian!

Who penetrated the horrible Dungeons of those days,—where Englishmen were left for years rotting for debt,—for having been unsuccessful,—for being poor? Why, John Howard,—the *Christian*;—Fry, the Quakeress,—once a Lady of Fashion,—then, a *Christian*! Who first opposed, with persistent resolution that *awful* National Crime,—

Slavery? Clarkson, Wilberforce, Sturge, and others,—the *Christians!* Who, amidst desperate opposition, for fifty years fought the Capitalist, and, at length, induced the Government to pass Laws to protect the Working Classes? Why, Shaftesbury, the *Christian!* (Died Oct. 1st, 1885.)

Who left their homes, for ever, to carry their Master's Message to the Indians,—to the bloodthirsty savages of New Zealand and the South Seas,—and have now changed a Race of Cannibals and Demons into Christians! (Well, dear Reader, quite as good Christians as *some of us at home!*) Why, the devoted Brainard, Carey, Martyn, Ellis, &c., the *Christians!* Christ is always there. Let the "Socialist" ponder those words of profound meaning,

"Without Me ye can do nothing!"

Reluctant English Statesmen were, at last, induced by Christian Philanthropists, and the *awakened conscience of the Nation* which their *persistent* efforts produced,—at first very inadequately,—to *interfere*.

The very first Act was only passed in 1802. It was 1819 before the "Cotton Mill" Act became law. It limited the age of the Children. It also diminished their work hours to 72 hours (!) per week in a Coal Mine (!) Children who ought to have been playing in the green fields, and sunshine, which the Good God intended them to be brought up in!

Every step,—every effort,—every Act for the protection of the Working or Labouring Class, met, from the first, with determined opposition from the Capitalists!

Never forget *that*, dear Reader; your own ancestors may be Employers of Labour, the Writer cares not what they were,—but he calls you, who are probably to succeed them,—to mark that *every effort* for the rescue of the Working Class from the abuses of that day, were opposed by the Masters, the wealthy Employers! When you,—in God's Providence, step into their place, do you assume a different attitude! Visit the Poor! Wisely employ your Influence and Wealth in doing somewhat for the Moral elevation, and best happiness of your workpeople!

How those heroic Christian Philanthropists worked against desperate opposition,—to get the long series of Acts passed for the protection of the Poorer Class! At length, in 1831, *Cotton Mill* owners were *disqualified* from acting as Justices in cases of the Infringement of the Acts,—a most wise and needful precaution! That splendid Christian

man Lord Ashley, (Lord Shaftesbury),—or the Earl of Shaftesbury,—had appeared upon the scene! For 40 years Lord Shaftesbury devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of the down-trodden, and helpless! Who were his strongest opponents? Sir Robert Peel, the son of a Lancashire Capitalist, but his "most bitter and persistent" opponent,—says William Clarke, M.A., in his Essay "Industrial,"—was Bright,—the Mill Owner. So long as the operatives were hard *at work in his Mills*,—no one could "roll it out" more in powerful speeches against the great Landlord Class! It is when an Act treads, in any way, *on our own toes*, that the Orator begins to alter his tone. And, judging from their published wills,—what some of these great Orators ever did for the Working Class, or Benevolent Institutions,—*except talk*,—seems doubtful. "Actions speak louder than words!"

It took 40 long years (!) before Lord Ashley could get passed effectual Acts abolishing the horrible cruelties of "Chimney Sweeping!" (See Page 713.) What miseries the previous Sixty, or Seventy years, had witnessed in this Country before these Acts were finally passed, *God only knows!*

Meanwhile, the Money the Capitalists made in those years, must have been enormous! In eight years,—1792 to 1800,—the quantity of cotton exported from the Slave Plantations of America,—where thousands of Slaves were working often for 18 hours a day ceaselessly,—increased from 138,000 pounds to 19,000,000 pounds! How the "Field hands" were worked under "driving," brutal Overseers,—paid a premium if they could produce a certain quantity of cotton,—by the absentee Slave Owners,—let unprejudiced persons who lived on the spot tell! *They* were not "Legrees" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." *They* did not want to kill their Negroes at once! They merely worked them to death! But it is with the other Slavery at home we have now to do. The cotton thus produced, came over to be worked up by Gangs of "white slave" operatives, and children in the gaunt Lancashire "Mills."

The "Socialist" appears to ask, "Who got all the Money?" "And who has it now?"

Surely, *all* these Capitalists, Mill Owners, Great Landlords, Mine Owners, &c.,—were not *all* callous to the state of the Working Population? Who doubts that they were, frequently, very "respectable" people,—attending Church, and Chapel,—constantly hearing Christ's commands on the *Subject of Wealth?*

It shows the deadening effect of Money-making upon the moral, social, and religious life! It seems to demoralize,—to make men cruel, to take away the Heart! Such persons seem to be blinded by self-interest, to their true position in God's sight! They seem resolutely to close their eyes! Their selfish instincts,—the "Golden Calf,"—becomes their God!

"I have met with wealthy men," Mr. Spurgeon,—in one of his admirable Sermons, says,—"whose possessions must have amounted to hundreds of thousands, who have given me an earnest grip of the hand and thanked me for the Gospel I have preached, and expressed the deepest interest in the Lord's work; they have known its great needs, and yet have given nothing to carry it on; and have even passed into Eternity, leaving nothing of their substance to assist the Cause they professed to love so much. The smallness of the gifts of some "religious" men staggers me beyond expression; I know not how to comprehend them. Are they mere hypocrites? or do they not understand their position and responsibility before God? They have large talents committed to their trust, and are doing next to nothing in the Master's Service."—(May 28th, 1876).

They seem to be under an Infatuation,—a strong Delusion! God, Christ, His Cause, Christian Duty, and their own Salvation, seem to be sunk before their Idol,—the Love of Gain!

IN THIS NOBLE DISCONTENT, THE "CHRISTIAN UNITES WITH THE "SOCIALIST."

Every well-conditioned Englishman goes heartily *so far* with the "Socialist,"—the Tyranny the Rich exercised,—and would, probably, exercise again if it were not for the Law,—is admitted.

Even Endowments, expressly intended for the Children of the Poor seem imperceptibly to drift into the control of,—and, in time, into the hands of the (so called) "better classes," who employ them for the cheap education of their own children. The latter gradually "crowd out" the children of the very Poor, whom the Endowment was originally intended to reach. The children of the better classes,—by their better education, thus cheaply obtained,—were enabled to enter the "Battle of Life" to greater advantage than the Children of the Poor. "*I deny it indignantly!*" *Do you?* How about our "King Edward's Schools" the past 90 years? Perhaps, to save the expense of a Private School,—which they could well have afforded,—your own Parents sent you to one of the Schools originally intended for the children of the very poor, *yourself!*

It was the extreme Poverty of the London Children in that dark, heathen time, which roused Edward the Sixth's pity!

(For his lovely Character, see page 149.)

"O Merciful Lord,"—exclaimed one of the Royal Chaplains, in a Sermon delivered in Edward's presence, "what a number of poor, feeble, halt, blind, lame, sickly children,—yea! with idle vagabonds, and dissembling, Caitiffs in charge of them do lye, and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster!"

Who doubts for a moment that the King Edward's Schools were *originally intended* for the very Poorest class of Children?

Now, as usual, under the control of,—and used for their own advantage, viz.,—the Middle Class?

Meanness, Selfishness, Greed, Uselessness, Frivolity, and immoral Luxury, seem to be the attributes the "Socialist," observes in our "Upper Classes." Accompanied by that extraordinary settled conviction that they are,—nevertheless,—in some *mysterious* way a very superior class to the uneducated poor around them! It is amazing! The less a man does,—the more *useless* he is to God, or to man, the more he seems to think of himself!

It certainly would appear that, a good, sound System of *graduated* Taxation, might be now adopted to relieve our Millionaires of the Wealth which is injuring them, and assist them to *feel that they are Citizens*,—useful to their Species, and to teach the Rich that difficult lesson for some of them to learn, that true happiness consists in *using*,—not in *hoarding*,—immense Wealth,—and that their position has its solemn Responsibilities, as well as its Privileges.

WHERE THE "CHRISTIAN" PARTS COMPANY WITH THE
"SOCIALIST."

The point at which the Christian parts company with the modern Socialist,—is in the Methods the latter suggests by which a great portion of the Capital of the Country is to be brought back to the Working Class, whose labour, the past 90 years, has undeniably produced it.

The Methods proposed appear to the Christian to be in themselves dangerous, wrong in Principle, and impossible in Execution.

But that he has excellent reasons for discontent,—and is perfectly right in expressing it,—is admitted by all.

THE RICH GET RICHER, AND THE POOR GET
POORER.

The "Socialist" draws attention to the admitted fact, that the greater Share of Wealth, and the good things of this Life,—Leisure, Amusements, Houses, Grounds, &c.,—

which follow in its train,—now (1891) go the Capitalists, the Aristocracy, many of whom have never worked at all;—that the next greatest Share goes to those whose work is pleasant, light, and almost nominal, and so on,—till the hardest, most repulsive,—most constant, and most exhausting Labour is the *worst* remunerated of all,—only producing a precarious livelihood, or existence,—the commonest necessities of life,—and these only while Health, Strength, and full Work, are retained!

The Socialist complains that many able Mechanics, &c., would succeed, if it was not for the grinding Competition of Capitalists,—that the tendency of all great Concerns is now to turn into "Joint Stock," or "Limited" Companies, whose immense Works, great Capital, and costly Machinery enable them to squeeze the small, individual, struggling, Manufacturer completely out of existence! Much the same thing is going on with the small Shopkeeper, who has now to struggle,—not only with Landlords raising Rents, and Local Taxes increasing,—but with huge "Stores" worked by Syndicates of Capitalists.

Nor is this all, for of late, when Capital comes into competition with Capital, these Concerns—to avoid opposing each other,—agree to once more coalesce,—unite their capitals into Gigantic "Trusts,"—start other Establishments, and divide the Profits!

Thus the old "Superintendence" of the "Master" or Manufacturer, for which he obtained often a well-earned Fortune as his reward,—has disappeared. The Work is done by a Staff; the capitalist draws his profits, without giving "Superintendence" or anything else in exchange. Thus the Socialist urges that the Poor get poorer, and that the Wealth is getting more and more into the hands of the Few. That capital obtained in the first instance, by years of toil by the Labouring Population, has thus become the means of enslaving the Working Class,—forcing them to give up the greater part of their lives,—generally the whole of them,—their time, abilities, and health, to the Few who hold this Capital.

The Socialist urges that "dead profits"—(profits obtained by rent, &c.) deprive "living work" of its well-earned fruits, in other words that the Labouring Class are treated like the industrious bees,—they produce the honey by their ceaseless toil, obtaining a mere existence as their reward,—while the Few,—the Rich,—coolly take the remaining honey, without even saying "Thank you!" in return. The

Socialist appears to ask "What, after all, is the majestic result?" It has enabled a small class of the Rich,—the Few,—to roll in Money, to lead, with their Families, a life of Indolence, Gambling, Luxury, Extravagance, Conceit, Dress, Folly, and, not unfrequently, Immorality! The Socialist seems to think this "Result" a poor one, in plain English,—"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle!*" All this makes the "Socialist" a very "discontented" Person!

TWO LIVES. THE RICH.

The son of the Wealthy Landlord, Iron Worker, Coal Mine Proprietor, Mill Owner, or Manufacturer, is now in the House, doing, and more frequently supposed to be doing, something for the Nation. He lives in a splendid Mansion, with Gardens, Grounds, and another House in the Country.

His children are brought up in luxury, in expensive Schools, surrounded by every pleasure, amusement, and comfort, with proper companions; they are waited on by a staff of attentive servants, never know what it is to lack a meal. From School to College: still more expense, finally a lucrative place found for him by interest, or purchase; then Marriage, more Money needed; and so the life of the wealthy goes on.

He never goes amongst the Poor! "I deny it!" Do you? It is a challenge! In nine cases out of ten the Children of the Rich, are never trained to visit the very Poor! They consequently know nothing about them,—their awful surroundings, their dismal abodes,—their few pleasures,—their terrible temptations!

Why is it? It is this perpetual "Church going," of the Respectable Rich, giving their miserable guinea to Christ, instead of *acting* "Christianity,"—obeying the commands of its Great Leader, Who set the Example to Mankind Himself,—going about ceaselessly amongst the outcasts, the lepers, the despised, the ignorant, the Poor. If church-goers would only get a little more amongst the very Poor, we should soon see a change!

This, dear Reader, is the curse of the Aristocracy,—the Great, the Rich. Their "station" removes them from the proper duties of every truly Christian Man or Woman. See "Destitute Children," Chapter xxxvii. (Page 254. Book 1).

TWO LIVES, THE POOR.

Now take the "Operative"—the Worker. He works in a

"Joint Stock,"—or Limited Company. There is no "Master," merely a Manager, under a Board of Directors. There is no contact between the Families of the latter, and the Workers. It is simply a question of the work being done at so much, as long as health, and youth, and vigour continues,—then go! Business slackens, a number of hands must be dismissed, the most efficient are kept, the others are out of work. Meantime the Family at home increases. The Boys grow up,—the Father away at work all day,—left pretty much to themselves,—bad companions all around them,—horrible small houses,—and dreadful streets to live in! No proper companions of their own age,—no properly conducted Sports, or Pastimes, suitable to children, no Gardens or Fields. The Board School,—with its very doubtful playfellows,—and somewhat crude education, is passed; then a life of toil and anxiety similar to his Father!"

Dear Reader. What a contrast! And are we to be told that those comparatively few wealthy Families are thus to absorb all the joys, pleasures, and Riches, in this World,—and to *give nothing* in exchange? Here is the Delusion of the Rich.

It *does* seem amazing that sons of wealthy Parents can look round them,—see Millions sweating, and toiling, from a joyless Childhood, to an old age of Penury, and imagine that God's Providence bestowed upon them their speechless advantages for nothing,—merely that they may Eat, Drink, Marry, and enjoy themselves!

If one could only get the Wealthy to read,—not the "Works of Socialism,"—so much as the Words of their God,—and especially of their Saviour,—upon the Subject of Riches, Money, Money getting, and the solemn *responsibility* of the Wealthy, the "Socialists" need not issue another Tract! The work would be done!

It is not that the Rich do not hear God's commands; they must hear them, they cannot avoid it! God takes good care of *that*! They go, fashionably dressed, to a Fashionable Church, repeat the "Lord's Prayer" for the hundred-thousandth time! And then, go home to Dinner! They *hear* Christ's words, His solemn warnings,—but they do not Believe them! Their ancestors of 1750-1840 heard them also, but never "believed" Christ either!

Whether Christ's words (See chapter xxxvii., Page 277) be true, or *not*, one thing they *intended* to do, and one thing

they *did* do, namely, they made as much money as they possibly could, and left it to their Families.

"The God of this World, —

(Surely the Apostle must mean Money, Greed, Gold, and the good things, and Worldliness it brings.)

hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not," — 2 Cor. iv., 4.

Now for the Proposed Reform! The Christian is for Time, Persuasion, the gradual Influence of Christ's Gospel and Commands. The "Socialist" is more for forcing the position,—in Plain English,—employing the Power of the Masses, and Force!

MODEST PROGRAMME OF THE MILDDEST,—OR "FABIAN"— SCHOOL OF SOCIALISM.

Fabian Socialist. "Force?" *Nonsense!* This Writer does not understand our Views at all! *We* advocate Force? *Nothing of the kind!* We merely advocate persistent agitation until we obtain for the Working Classes, a preponderating, Direct Labour Representation, in all Municipal Councils, through the Country, but more especially in the House of Commons.

We should like, at first, about 100 Working Men Members in the House, — "with power to add to their number."

As to their support; there are, say 15 Millions of "Working Population," with some 2 Millions,—in addition,—engaged as Servants, &c., to the Rich.

We propose a half-penny a year from all these, to produce some £20,000; or else threepence from each Member of the 2 Millions of Working Men in the Trades' Unions,—giving about the same results. Thus £200 a year to each Working Man Member would be obtained. It will only be needed for a year or two, because once the hundred Members get to work, they will pass Acts,—including payment to Members by the Nation, &c.,—which will repay the amount subscribed by the Labouring Class a hundred fold!

We advocate Force? *Nothing of the kind!* It is persuasion *all through!* We merely desire that all Large Concerns, such as Gas, Railways, Trams, Water, Lodging Houses,—in short, we hope in time, *all* Business Concerns,—all Industries,—should be acquired by the Municipal Councils of all our Towns, and that the Majority on those Councils, controlling—the School Board,—Police, &c.,—shall be Working Men

Obtaining thus the control of these Councils,—including, of course, the *Finance Department*,—we should pass a Legal eight hours' working day, — all our children to be taught free, and then, by advanced Stages, at Government expense, taught some Trade. *Free Technical Education.*

Meantime, the 100 Working Men Members, will gradually be increased to 500, (!) because, as three quarters of the Population is Industrial, it is fair that they should have three-quarters the Representation (!) Such men alone can understand our Class, or wants; all other Members differ from the Working Man in Aims, Interest, and Education.

Thus we hope to hold the power over the Military, Police, &c.

We advocate Force? Nothing of the kind! No doubt that, — once in, — our 500 Members would make considerable *changes* in the Machinery of Parliament; possibly some slight *change* in the Constitution. The English Parliament has too long been a "Class Parliament."

The great "*Landlord* class" have been *well* represented for ages; the "*Capitalist*" class have *their* interests well looked after; the *Military* class are not behindhand in this direction! The *Legal* class *quite* understand how to take care of their interests; the *Clerical* class have never, in this World's History, been known to relax *their* modest demands; and the *Brewer's* class seem to be *very* fairly represented indeed! In fact, if the Members representing, and looking after the Interests, — or, in plain English, — the *pockets* of the above Classes, were asked to rise from their Seats, the question would be how many would there be left seated? Now, — we propose, — to let the *Labouring* Class, who have supported all these other Classes, by their toil for so many years, have *their* turn.

The present 8 (?) Working Men Members to be increased to 500!

It is absurd to say that *we* advocate Force! We merely suggest that all the Trades Unions be Federated together, and forced to act together. We merely insist on the Nationalization of Land, and above all, the Nationalization of Capital (!) We do not advocate the *destruction* of Capital; not at all, merely the Transfer of Capital from the hands of its present owners to that of the Nation, and its Working Men's Parliament, which will employ it to much greater advantage, than the present Proprietors have done, for the good of all. (?) Nothing surprises us more than the fact that the latter do not not see this, and have not, — together with the Great Landlords, — at once, relinquished it for the benefit of the Nation, and become themselves "*Fabian Socialists*!"

There are many other little Matters to be attended to, such as an Annual Parliament, — Residence of three Months to qualify Voters, — a "Second Ballot," in case of "Lib," "Cons," or "Labour Candidates," competing. But all this will follow in due course!

We advocate Force? Not at all! "Aggressive persuasion," — perhaps, — but *not* Force! "All is to be done by kindness!"

Note, if the above Programme carefully taken from recent Speeches, and Lectures of well-known Socialists, — *does not* fairly represent their Views, — why do their

Speakers, or Lecturers advance them? Why print and circulate them? The following is the conclusion of a Fabian tract forming one of a Collection issued together which has reached its 20th Thousand, and, it is presumed, therefore considered to fairly represent Socialist Views.

The "Programme" it refers to has no reference to the foregoing, but to one of its own, one marked feature of which is,

"The Transfer of Rent from the Class which now appropriates it, to the whole People. Rent being that part of the produce which is individually unearned, this is the only equitable method of disposing of it (!) = (Page 179.) To complete the foundation of the Democratic state, we need manhood suffrage; abolition of all property disqualifications; abolition of the House of Lords, public payment of Candidature expenses, (say about £2,000,000) and public payment of Representatives, accompanied by Annual Elections (!)" - (Page 187.)

"The disappearance of a variety of Classes, together with a variety of what are now indelicately (?) called 'Public Opinions,' will be accompanied by the welding of Society into one Class, (!) with a Public Opinion of unconceivable weight."

(Fancy, dear Reader, an awful Tyranny making all of us think alike!)

"That this Public Opinion will make it for the first time possible effectively to Control the Population, (!) and that the inevitable reconstitution of the State Church on a Democratic ('Atheistic?') basis, may for example, open up the possibility of the Election of an avowed Freethinker like Mr. Morley, or Bradlaugh, to the Deanery of Westminster (!)" - (Page 200.)

Note.—It does seem pitiable to introduce into an otherwise thoughtful Essay, such amazing nonsense!

The Essay concludes thus.

"This then, is the humdrum Programme of the Practical Social Democrat of to-day. There is no new item in it, (!) all are applications of Principles already admitted, (!) an extension of practices already in full activity, (!) all have on them that stamp of the Vestry (!) so congenial to the British mind. None of them compel the use of the words 'Socialism,' or 'Revolution,' at no point do they involve guillotining, declaring the Rights of Man, &c.

Let me however, in conclusion, disavow all admiration for this inevitable but sordid, slow, reluctant, cowardly path to justice (!) I venture to claim your respect for these enthusiasts who still refuse to believe that millions of their fellow creatures must be left to sweat and suffer in hopeless toil, and degradation, whilst parliaments and vestries grudgingly muddle and grope towards paltry instalments of betterment. The right is so clear, the wrong so intolerable, the gospel so convincing, that it seems to them that it *must* be possible to enlist the whole body of workers, soldiers, policemen, and all - under the banner of brotherhood and equality; and it *must* be possible to set Justice on her rightful throne (!) Unfortunately, such an army of light is no more to be gathered from the human product of nineteenth century civilization than grapes are to be gathered from thistles. But if we feel glad of that impossibility, if we feel relieved that the change is to be slow enough to avert personal risk to ourselves; if we feel anything less than acute disappointment, and bitter humiliation, at the discovery that there is yet between us and the promised land a wilderness in which many must perish miserably of want and despair, then I submit to you that our institutions have corrupted us to the most dastardly

degree of selfishness. The Socialists need not be ashamed of beginning as they did by proposing militant organization of the working classes and general insurrection. The proposal proved impracticable; and it has now been abandoned—not without some outspoken regrets by English Socialists. But it still remains as the only finally possible alternative to the Social Democratic programme which I have sketched to-day (!)"

The above Extract is the concluding Paragraph—or Paragraphs,—of an accredited "Fabian Socialist" Tract or Essay. It has no connexion with, nor does it refer to the "Programme" of Socialist requirements previously given. These were obtained by careful notes taken of accredited Speakers of the "Fabian" School.

If the "Doctors disagree," and the "Programme" given here does not fairly represent Modern Socialist Views, then these Speakers were not expressing the requirements of their Society. But if it *does*,—on the whole,—fairly set forth their aims, then surely every intelligent, reasonable, mind, must part company with the "Socialist" altogether!

What do the concluding words given in the above Extract mean, in plain English? Banding together—under the Band of Brotherhood and Equality,—the whole great Body of Workers, *Soldiers, Police*, and all,(!) "in one great Stroke *setting Justice (?)* on her rightful throne?" What means,—

"Need not be ashamed that we proposed militant organization (!) of the Working Classes," and "general Insurrection" (!) which "still remains as the only finally possible alternative to the "Writer's Programme?"

HERE THE "CHRISTIAN,"—AND EVERY ENGLISHMAN OF AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE,—IS AT VARIANCE WITH THE "SOCIALIST."

It is this unfortunate mingling inflammatory nonsense, amongst much that is True and Just, which so disgusts the sincere, and true, well-wishers of the Working Class!

What "Great Stroke of Justice," (?) or "Great Stroke" of *any* kind, can possibly benefit them? Let the Socialist point to any single "General Insurrection" of the Poorer, against the Richer Classes, which ever produced any lasting effect in England? Then why speak with approval of what has proved,—and what is more, ever will prove,—impracticable?

THE UNINTELLIGENT CANNOT RULE OTHERS

What do the requirements of the Socialists, as sketched in this Chapter, amount to? It is simply placing the Control of this Vast Empire, *out* of the hands of the Wise, able, Self-controlled, and Intelligent, and *into* the hands of

the Unintelligent, Incapable, portion of the Population! It is amazing that the Working Class do not see that the entire prosperity of our Nation, depends upon our Credit,—the Confidence of other Nations. They would be the very first to be ruined! We borrow at the lowest rate of Interest. *Why?* Because there is, and ever has been, great confidence felt for us by other Nations. The moment any Territory comes under "British Rule," *up* goes the value of Land! Now this Confidence and Credit, is solely owing to our Calm, Wise, and on the whole, Just Rule. "Our Rulers take care of the Interests of their own class,—take good care of themselves!" Let us admit it!

But they take care of our Interest too! Our Government has now (1891) the lifelong services of the most educated, and able, men we can select!

They have raised our,—(the English Speaking,)—Nations to a Position unparalleled in History, and all the Socialists in the World cannot deny *that!* Including the American Nation, which this Work has ever claimed to be virtually "English,"—the English Speaking Nations will soon compass the entire Globe! Could a "direct Labour Representative" Parliament,—in plain English,—a Parliament mainly composed of Working Men,—**have ever produced such a Nation?** **Never!** Place your 500,—or even your 100,—"*bona fide*" Labouring Class,—or Working Men Members, in the House of Commons;—*let* them have the control of this Empire, with 273 Million Human Beings, in India, depending upon us, in addition,—what would result? All would be chaos in a week!

No Class exists who *distrust* each other,—or have so little confidence in each other,—as the Labouring Population!

They would not listen to each other in "the House" for 10 minutes! "Anything,"—they would say "is better than this incompetent blunderer whom we have put into office!" "What nonsense he talks! What frightful mistakes are being made! What a frightful fall in our Credit, and in every kind of British Security!"

THE WORKING CLASS INCOMPETENT TO GOVERN,

When "Stump Orators," and "Socialist" Agitators, talk about "Soldiers and Police," and "the great Band of Workers" performing "one great Stroke of Justice," they seem to have not the slightest idea of the immense Work, Thought, Deliberation, and Care, required before a single Act can safely be made Law. It needs the closest attention of the ablest men in the Country.

They appear to know nothing of the *complexity* of a Subject,—the exhaustive Committees which have to sit,—the patience needed to consider the Interests of all,—the "whole Body of Workers," *especially*.

A thoughtlessly, hastily, passed Act,—hurried through by an emotional, well-meaning body of "numskulls," might mean absolute Ruin to thousands of the Working Class. Every bearing of the proposed Act,—how it affects the infinitely varied Trades, Benefit Societies, &c.,—in which the Working Class place so much of their hard-earned Savings,—all have to be most carefully, and calmly, considered, argued, and "thrashed out," in Committee.

Take an Instance. The "Socialist," and every "Christian," desire that some kind of "old age" Pension, to the *really* industrious poor Working Man, should be given by Government for the support of his declining days; say after 60 years of age.

Now consider what such a subject involves! The Civil Service, Army, Navy, &c., have their "Pensions." Well! They deserve it. The two latter Services are liable to be performed at the risk of life at any moment their Country requires the sacrifice.

Look at their Victories! *True*, but Peace,—mark you,—has *her* Victories as well as War! And a worthy, hard-working, Labourer in County, or in Town, serving his Country, and Nation, in a *very practical*,—though it may be humble way for 60 years, surely deserves some recognition, and sympathy, if after the long, hard "battle of life" he has, in the evening of his day of toil, to face an old age of Penury, and Failing Health!

It does seem a cruel fate to point to the cold, hard, "Workhouse," where—isolated from his Family, and from those naturally dearest to him,—he is to end his days!

All well-conditioned Englishmen admit this, and kind folks endeavour to cast a gleam of sunshine upon the lives of these aged Poor, by "Old People's Parties," Sympathy, Presents, &c.

But how complex is the Subject of a Legal Pension to all such! First the Money! Secondly the Guarantee! Is it to be State Guarantee? If so, the State will insist upon *managing* it! How about the existing Friendly and Benefit Societies, who hold the Money of the Working Class largely placed in Permanent Investments? Will they give up *their* Management without a Struggle? How about the "Loafers," how keep them *out*, and the

really deserving Poor in? The extra Tax? The effect in Pauperizing, taking away manly independence, and the incentive to Sobriety, Thrift, and Saving in times of Health and Strength? Is it to *supplement* the old person's little life-long savings of his own, or is the fact of his having saved his mite, to vitiate his right to any Pension? To whom is it to be paid,—in case of extreme old age, &c.,—so that it shall *actually all* reach the Pensioners? You see dear Reader, the immense amount of detail even the smallest "Act" involves,—what care and thought is needed before any sensible Statesman ventures to make it a "Law."

There are about eight (?) Working Men Representatives in the House of Commons. By every addition to that number you lose the services of an independent, well-trained, picked, educated, Englishman, infinitely more likely,—being in an independent position and requiring no pay,—to assist his Country in his position as Legislator, than the average Working Man!

"I deny it!" *Do you?* Then how dear Reader, about your own Member, or Members whom your locality has sent to Parliament? Every rule has its exception, but, as a rule, did you not select picked, able men; men known in your locality to be reliable, who have exhibited powers of mind above the average? *Something* which, in the opinion of your Townsmen, *qualified* them for the Position? Certainly they exhibited such traits,—else you would not have chosen them!

In not one of the *contested* Wards at the last Municipal Elections in Birmingham, (November, 1891) was a single Working Man Candidate successful! The Public evidently know better than the "Socialists," who are most likely to manage even their Municipal affairs to the satisfaction of the Community.

Intelligent Workmen know *why*! They know the want of education, tact, self-command, "tone," vigorous, well trained intellect, power of speech, in a word the general incapacity their fraternity exhibit in gatherings of any kind, when anything excites them! Swayed in a moment by "clap-trap" orators! The more unintelligent as a rule, the less self-control a man has, and if he cannot control *himself*, who would be mad enough to allow him to attempt to "Control," or "Legislate" for others?

Dear Reader, long before the Socialists' 100,—or 500,—Working Men Members get the "control" of this Vast Empire and its Enormous Interests and Dependencies,—

years before that *fatal*, and *indicrous*, period of English History arrives,—every sensible "Landlord," "Capitalist,"—or person with property,—will have quietly *realized* every penny they possess,—withdrawn their Securities,—placed them in Foreign Government,—or other,—Investments, they can get 6 % or 8 % elsewhere, and quietly *left this country!*

Leaving your "Working Men's "Socialists'" Parliament "to "control," "tax," and "exploit" *each other*,—and see to Millions of Debts,—with British Securities almost worthless,—*"Capital"* fled,—Trade paralyzed,—and the Nation Ruined! The abler Socialists know this *well!* They know perfectly well that **To drive away Capital, and Capitalists, would ruin any Country.**

They know that the Power,—the Confidence,—the Credit,—go where the Money,—and where the Capitalists—are! It must be so. It is in the very constitution of things! Thus all "Socialist" literature,—springing always lightly and vaguely,—over the difficulty how they are going to get it done,—urges the "Nationalization" of the Capital of the Country, as well as the Land.

Only let them once get the capital of this Nation out of the hands of its present owners, and into the control of a Parliament of Working Men,—then it is wonderful what results we should see!

The difficulty remains, that they have not yet got it, and, what is more, they *never will!*

Why? For the very good reason that they *cannot!* The Capitalists will take it away with them. "We will obtain it *gradually!*" *Will you?* While you are attempting to do it *gradually*, the Capital you desire to obtain control of will *as gradually* slip your fingers, and, with the Capital and Capitalists, the credit and prosperity of any Nation must go too!

Depend upon it, dear Reader, Landlords, Property Owners, and Capitalists are a very far-sighted class. "Capital" is a very shy bird! If you doubt it, try to *annex* some. It reminds one of the sorrowful complaint of the ambitious resident of a Sister Isle,—evidently an ill-used man,—but of a decidedly *pushing* Family.

"We should, by this time, have become Proprietors of some of the best Estates in this Country,—if the rightful owners had not kept us out of them!"

It is in these impracticable Schemes,—the "Nationalisation,"—the "Transition,"—the "Transfers" of the property

of others,—that the Modern "Socialist" seems to be lost!

CONCLUSION.

Abandoning entirely these delusive ideas, which many of us claim to be wrong in principle, untrue to nature, and opposed to the Constitution of Civilized Society,—the Christian Believer looks more to quiet, constitutional Methods for further Reform, as in the Past.

Probably in the direction of a graduated Income Tax to assist the very wealthy in employing more of their riches for the benefit of others. But we shall be wiser in looking far more to the Powers of Christ's Gospel, Precepts, Commands, and Solemn Warnings to the Rich, as the means of rousing the Wealthy of our day to their responsibilities, and producing an entire change of feeling towards their poorer Brethren. Here are two recent indications that this change is beginning:—

PROFIT-SHARING.

"We understand that, following the example set by Sir Alfred Hickman, of the Spring Vale Furnaces, Bilston, the members of the firm of Messrs. Ironmonger, Son, and Company, rope and twine manufacturers, of Wolverhampton, have decided to share a portion of their profits with the employes. The intimation that such a scheme would be adopted has given much pleasure to the workpeople."

OLD-AGE PENSIONS TO WORKPEOPLE.

"Messrs. Walker and Hall, silver-plate manufacturers, of Howard Street, Sheffield, have met the difficulty of old-age pensions by a most generous proposal to their workpeople. There are about 800 of them, and yesterday afternoon they were met in one of the large rooms of the works by the three partners—Messrs. J. E., C. H., and A. E. Bingham. The senior partner announced their intention of establishing a pension scheme which will be available for the whole of the workpeople. No payment will be required from anyone, and the scheme will be controlled by a joint committee of employers and employed. The proposal is that any man or woman who has worked for the firm for twenty one years shall be eligible to receive, either in case of permanent incapacity or of attaining the age of sixty-five, a pension according to length of service varying from 8s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. per week for men, and from 4s. 3d. to 8s. 9d. for women. At the present time there are fifty-three of the employes who are eligible to receive benefit. Several of the oldest workpeople thanked the firm for their generous proposal."—*Daily Paper*, 1892.

(III.) Physical Force Socialism.

Leaving the milder, "Fabian," School of Socialists, let us consider the views of the more demonstrative,—aggressive,—or "Physical Force" Socialism, unfortunately, apparently coming to us from the Continent.

The following appear to be the Views of this School of Modern Socialists, although the difficulty in getting them to give details, and the difference of opinion, on almost every point, is,—and always has been,—**remarkable.**

Note.—Where *great* difference of opinion, *doubt*, and *uncertainty*, in their Scheme exist, a note of interrogation is placed thus (?).

The Modern School of Socialists appear to say,—“ You insist, as a Christian, upon bringing in Christ and His Laws, in regard to Wealth ;— we, many of us, speak as men of this World only, as practical men. We do not deny that if all Believers were truly, and not merely nominal, followers of Christ, that the Misery, Sin, and Wretchedness, we see around us would never have come to pass,—but *there it is*. Something must be done. We cannot wait for an uncertain Future. We must have a change *now* !

How the Property is to be “Annexed.”

If the Selfish and the Wealthy will not,—as you insist upon putting it,—obey Christ’s commands, and employ the wealth which their Families have acquired through the toil and labour of the Working Class,—they *must be made to* !

Either the Incomes of the Rich Families must be strenuously taxed (?) (by whom seems not yet clear) or, as some of us “aggressive” Socialists hold,—their immense hoards in Land, Consols, Foreign Securities, Railways, Banks, Manufactories, &c., must be annexed (?) recovered (?) exploited (?) called back (?) or confiscated (?) or, in plain English “taken,”—and then given back (?) to the Working Labouring Class, who alone (?) produced them, and to whom they, therefore, properly belong (?) (How the Deeds, —Transfers, Leases, &c., are to be seized, duly signed, and “annexed,” seems not yet clear). “It was never designed by Providence that such immense Fortunes should be “bottled up” by the few, it is, as you say, directly opposed to the commands of the Author of Christianity ; we, therefore, merely propose to act as Redistributors.”

How the “Annexed” Wealth is to be used.

Note.—Very great difference of opinion exists upon this point. The following appear to be the ideas of the Modern School of Aggressive Socialism.

All the Wealth thus confiscated by the Government (?) (It is not quite clear who is to annex it, nor how much is to be left to the former Owners to live on)—will then belong

to the State (?), the Working Classes (?), or to the Socialistic Community (?) and will be divided in perfectly equitable (?) Grants by Someone (?) (it is not quite clear by whom) proportionably (?) and in exact fairness, so that all shall be perfectly satisfied (?) to the respective Corporations of all Towns and Villages throughout the Empire !

Note.—What the gigantic sum *per head, per annum*, will *prove, after all, to be*, we shall see further on. (About £3 per annum, or 1s. a week ;—many would Drink it *all, comfortably* in a Month !) With the immense Wealth thus obtained from the Upper (?) or Capitalist (?) Class, (Whether the Property of the Middle Class is also to go, or *where the line will be drawn*, and *by whom*, seems *undecided*, the position of all seems *somewhat* precarious,)—it is proposed to buy up (?) (some think virtually “annex” will still be *the word* ;—all Private Industries, at more or less Compulsory Rates, —according to the (then) Power, or Discretion, the Socialists may possess ? Thus all Business will gradually be absorbed into one huge Corporation of the respective City, Town, or Village.

If ruined, the former Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, &c., if able men, will be taken on as paid Servants (?) or part Owners (?) of the great Corporation Business under the complete control of——(?) It is *just* at these *essential points* Socialist ideas always break down ; they hate *giving Details*, —yet it is precisely *upon* these *Details of Organization* that Society depends. *Who* is to control,—to pay the Wages, —to dismiss the Lazy, or Objectionable, who, in short, are to be the Masters,—why in this Commonwealth or Communist Business “Jack should not be as good as his Master,”—and why all should not be equal, seems obscure.

All now is plain sailing,—the present dreadful Destitution, and grinding Competition,—will *cease*, for all Private Business will be unable (?) or not permitted (?) to continue, —Corporations will form one vast union of all conceivable Trades,—there will be no further inducements to adulteration,—(thank goodness ! this will be one amelioration for those who have lost their property),—all will be made (?) to Work,—Drunkenness will be controlled (?)

No one will get rich any more ; there will be no poor or neglected children,—(?) all will do a certain amount of easy work, and enjoy the same Holidays ; the Stupid will be placed on an equal footing with the naturally gifted Private Ambition and Private Enterprise,—Individuality

and Independence, will be happily (?) stamped out ; everything will belong to everybody alike, and Private "Property" will,—as that amazing Frenchman said,—“be a Crime !” Then will ensue the Millennium, all will then be Love (?) Joy (?) Peace (?) and perfect Contentment (?)

“I do not believe one single word of it !”

Well ? dear Reader, the Writer confesses he emphatically shares your Unbelief ; let us, however, always recognise the really noble and good Intentions,—which underlie all Suggestions to alleviate the Destitution and Misery around us,—however visionary these Suggestions unquestionably must appear to every sensible, thoughtful person.

A FACT NOT GENERALLY CONSIDERED. THE AMOUNT TO BE DIVIDED AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

The TOTAL INCOME of our Empire is variously put at from £1,200,000,000 to £1,400,000,000. Let us take the former.

Of this, “Capital” takes,	£400,000,000
Middle Class, Brain, or Hand, Workers			
(assessed Incomes),	£180,000,000
Labouring Class, take,	£620,000,000
			<hr/>
			£1,200,000,000

Now £100,000,000 is known to come in from Foreign Loans, &c. This cannot be “annexed ;”—even in a Revolution,—it will continue to be paid only to its present Owners. It *ought* to come in, considering the countless Millions of British Capital which have been sunk the last Ninety Years in Foreign Countries, not a tithe of which will be seen again ! This hundred Millions of Income may as well be, therefore, at once deducted as *unattachable*. Then the Working Class must ever remember that some £200,000,000 are yearly employed by the Capitalists in their schemes, extension of, or laying down *new* Manufactories, Ships, Railways, &c., &c.,—by which extensions, Work is *ever* being found for the *ever* increasing multitudes of the Children of the Labouring Class.

Had this ~~not been done~~ for Ninety Years past, we could ~~we~~ have done, since 1800 !

Let everyone remember that this *must* continue ;—*someone* must continue to do it,—if the Working Class are to subsist at all,—someone must do it *after* the Revolution, as *now* ! It is a "must,"—a *Necessity* !

Thus,—deduct from the Income of the Capitalists,—

	400,000,000
Foreign Loans, also Capital sunk every year in exten- sions, New Works, &c. }	300,000,000
	<hr/> £100,000,000

We have left their net Income of £100,000,000.

"Annex" the *whole*, leave them *nothing*, what will it give the Working Class *per head, per annum*, after the Revolution ?

The majestic sum of about £3 *per year*, or one shilling per week ! Why, dear young Reader, if you belong to the Working Class yourself, you know that some of them could *drink* this sum *comfortably* in a *Month* ! And what would this Nation *lose* ? The loss of Capital, and Capitalists, means ruin to any Country !

But we have now come to our Third point,—*Force*.

(III.) Physical Force Socialism.

The stupendous Programme of Modern Socialism has now been stated. It certainly puts good General Booth's scheme with its £1,000,000 into the shade. It has two weak points, namely :

1st. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. IT CANNOT BE DONE.

2nd. IT WOULD BE A MOST MISERABLE AFFAIR IF IT WERE DONE.

To begin, the acute BUSINESS MIND will see some slight difficulty in the fact, that the National Debt, Banks, the "Change,"—Bonds, Railways, Foreign credit, &c.,—would all come down like a house of cards,—bringing down with them Trade Societies, Assurance Companies, Benefit Clubs, Unions, Mortgaged Properties, &c., which are all united in this day, by a thousand infinitely complex ties ! Next the LEGAL MIND will stand aghast at the general "smash up" of legal precedents and codes of Law, built up, during centuries, relating to the sacred rights of PRIVATE PROPERTY !

The LEGISLATIVE mind will probably ask "Who, and what, is this Power SUPERSEDING us, and talking of dividing Plunder amongst some fifty Millions ?" The *Schoolmaster*

and the Religious Teacher, must call in all their Books, founded upon the axiom, "Thou shalt not steal," for popular revision, and adoption to the "New Code!"

Dear Reader, the Socialist Revolution will *never* take place, the Poorer classes will *never*, now, take the Property from the Rich! Why? For the BEST of all reasons,—because they CANNOT! The Property Owners have become an Army, before which nothing but a combined Foreign Invasion will ever have any chance whatever!

THE WORKING CLASS ARE NOW PROPERTY OWNERS THEMSELVES.

In spite of "hard times," competition, &c., the Working Class are now saving, in the aggregate, immense sums every year. Seven years ago (1883) the savings absolutely *left in the Savings' Banks* of this Country exceeded eighty-one Million pounds; held by four and half Million persons,—depositors. Namely, Post Office, £36,194,000; Savings' Banks, £45,400,569. (1891 Returns needed).

During 1883, 128 Millions had been paid into the Savings' Banks *alone*, apart from the Post Office. Now (1891) these sums are *greatly increased*! Dear Reader, could "half-starved"—"ground to death," "earning a bare subsistence," work-people, deposit 128 Millions, and leave 81 Millions in, in *one form*, or class, of investment *alone*? We cannot have our Common Sense thus abused! It is that large Family the "Lushingtons," who prefer to "deposit" in the Public Houses, rather than in the Post Office, who are "left out in the cold" at Christmas!

Again, the Land,—Property. *All* the land, though undoubtedly in infinitely *too few* hands, is not *all* held by a "handful of Aristocratic marauders, whose brigand (?) Fathers, have handed down the land stolen (?) from the People (?) to whom it belongs (?) since the days Covent Garden was *Convent* Garden." No! In 1883,—(there are far more now,)—there were one Million, and Sixty-eight thousand, Land Proprietors. In that year 500,000 working men were Members of Building Societies,—vast numbers own their own houses, and have shares in Co-operative Stores, Public Companies, &c.,—all these are Property Owners. Thousands,—once working-men themselves,—now employ labour themselves. Will these see their Securities come down to nothing without a say in the matter! Will they see their hard-earned investments "absorbed" without a struggle? Never! Let no one think it! Those who

have "worked their way up," got their Property "hard," and are now "getting on" towards competency, if not Fortune, will never let it go! "What!" the alarmed Shopkeeper, or Small Manufacturer, will say, "annex—as you term it,—my Shop or Business, for an 'old song,'—and invite me and my sons to become servants of a Corporation under the thumb, and at the dismissal of,—'Jacks in Office?' *Thankye!* I have some sturdy sons, Footballers, Athletes, Volunteers,—give me my staff! Throw Socialism to the dogs! Call out the 'Special Constables,'—as in the old 'Chartists' days of 1840,—I, and my Family are for the Government, and the *present order of things!*" Dear Reader, they would side literally by Millions, with the Upper, and Middle Classes, the Military, Volunteers, and Police! There would probably be 5,000,000 of fighting men! It is not that there is any overpowering love for, or admiration of, the Aristocracy, Millionaires, and indolent Class,—it is because once "Socialism," *as at present taught*,—began, all property owners would tremble for *themselves!* They know that *Law* is *Law*, that "annexing" the property of a Millionaire, and stealing a Fowl from a poor Shopkeeper, is, after all, Robbery, Theft, alike! The moment the sacred rights of Private Property are invaded *by force*, that Society,—whatever or wherever it may be,—*falls to pieces!* *Might* is then *Right!*

How we,—advanced Liberals, —laughed at the, (to us) comical notion of a "Conservative Working Man" existing, who has intelligently, read the dismal History of the Past! But we, of late, speak now, with bated breath!

PROPERTY IS NOT A CRIME!

Am I addressing a sober, skilful, industrious, Young Workman? I trust I am,—with all life before you, a little money already invested, intending shortly, to marry and have your own little "toddlers" around you? Then, surely, when you have thus got something at stake,—something to "conserve," you become, in that sense a "Conservative," ready to support all existing Laws of Property. The ridiculous Frenchman may shriek "Property is a Crime!" but your common sense tells you that such assertions are all stuff, and nonsense! Where Moral Laws are broken, Modern Society *cannot exist*; such a state of things is an outrage to Society; that is, it would strike at the heart of those Principles upon which Society

alone rests, and upon which it relies for its existence.

THE MOB CANNOT GOVERN. CANNOT GOVERN
THEMSELVES.

Can you mention a *single instance* where Physical force has been successful in this country? Even when the Mob have evaded the authorities, and temporarily got the upper hand, has not Society been only too glad when the steady tread of the Military is heard, and order resumed?

Physical Force. Mob Law.



A Riot never succeeded in England yet!

The Mob cannot Govern, or Rule, they are not educated to "it! Place an ordinary working man,—totally unaccustomed to the work,—in the position of a Judge, or a Statesman, or Financier, or Diplomatist, ask him to rise and address in a Legislative Assembly on an important subject,—not one in a thousand could say two words! Our Governing Bodies are educated men, trained by long weary years of brain work for their respective duties,—picked men,—men, probably, out of thousands, who have obtained their position by cultivated natural gifts, and applying to special branches of knowledge, long years of study and practice.

Notice what a Mob does when it rules! It *Destroys*; it does not *Create*! *Intoxicated* by possessing a Power to which it is *unaccustomed*, it runs wild into absurd extravagancies, and mad Passions. For the most part its Members fly at once to the Drink; then to *Pillage*; then,—usually,—to *set fire* to Buildings; They have got rid of their "oppressors (?) the Ruling Class,—how much better are they off? They cannot *rule themselves*! Society,—for the time.—*ceases*; all are thankful when the Troops arrive;

their "oppressors" kindly consent to resume their functions;—receive Compensation for any damages done them,—*to be paid out of the Rates*,—and, the "Revolution" is happily over! Has it not always been so? Ask the more intelligent Socialists! They will at once reply "Yes."

The Bristol Riots.

During the Bristol Riots, some Sixty years ago,—through the *incredible* folly of a certain official, or officials, who "were uncertain whether a successful general Revolution (!) had not taken place in England (!)"—the Mob were for three days unopposed, and allowed to sack, burn, and pillage, for three days! "The sweetest sound we ever heard was the rattle of the Dragoons as they passed at a trot to charge the Mob in the Square!" "Most unchristian!" you will say? *It was!* *All Physical Force*, is "unchristian!"—that is, of course, if *your Standard* is Christ's Teaching and Example. But surely the feeling was natural? They had been kept in mortal terror for three long days, and two nights, by Physical force, and it was Physical force which saved their property, and probably their lives; for the fires were spreading.

The Writer's only object is to show the inevitable consequences of "Physical Force Socialism."

Throughout this Book strong efforts have been made to show the horrors of War, "Standing Armies," and Bloodshed.

It must be remembered that the Troops first in the burning City, had been in the Peninsular War, with Wellington, in the death struggles, and furious engagements in Spain with Napoleon's "Veterans,"—the flower of the French Army. They were *no children*, no *show* Troops! They were *accustomed* to such scenes, they were real Men of War, and when ordered to charge, they charged; *charged home!* And, apart from the Christian's view,—small blame to them either! What else could they do? A now somewhat rare Book, gives full details of the Bristol Riots, the Commission held,—and the sworn evidence, &c.

THE DRAGOONS CHARGE.

Amongst other incidents it is related that, in the Square, one of the prominent Leaders of the Rioters,—a Butcher of gigantic size, led the rest, when the Calvary Charge took place. One of the Dragoons, no doubt an old Campaigner,

who knew the *effect* of the fall of a *Leader*,—catching sight of this man, without a moment's hesitation, rose in his stirrups as he passed,—and with one swinging, tremendous, blow,—happening to catch the man's neck, *cut* the giant's head *completely off*! Eye-witnesses stated that it was a positive fact, and that it had a "most salutary and extraordinary effect on the Rioters," who fled in dismay, followed,—in their martial ardour,—in some instances,—"right up flights of stone steps," by the Cavalry: probably saving a greater amount of bloodshed, than would have been the case had the Infantry been ordered to fire with ball.

The Infantry,—following the Hussars,—at the "double,"—stated, that never, in their experience of relieved Towns, or in Spain, had they ever received such a Reception!

From every window,—as they passed,—men, women, and children,—almost delirious with delight,—were frantically waving clothes, and shrieking their welcome, and hurrahs!

Though the Government of that day was certainly tardy, when they *did* begin, they seemed resolved to show who was *to be the Master*,—for, after the Infantry, the Artillery came rolling in from London, and more Troops kept coming up. They were not needed; the Hussars had *done all*,—with comparatively very little bloodshed,—and, for sixty years Bristol has now enjoyed Peace and Safety!

"An obsolete old story not adapted to 1891. We,—the Physical Force Socialists of 1891,—would manage better now,—we should probably, get over the Soldierly,—they would not charge us!"

Are you sure of that? When a gallant officer, respected by his men, has *once* received his orders, and, in doing his duty to his Country, leads them on, would they desert that man? *Never!* They have *never* done so! Whoever yet heard of gallant Irishmen,—(who, though unhappily estranged from us by miserable Politics, have yet fought, by our side for Old England, and mingled their blood, with ours on *many* an heroic, and Historic, Field,)—whoever yet heard of gallant Irish, Scotch, or English Soldiers leaving their Officer to go alone? *They know their man!* They know that, in the performance of his duty, nothing but death, or severe wounds, will stop him; *he* will go,—*go alone*;—the men know that *he* looks to them,—depends upon them,—and, knowing this, they will never desert him! Where *that man* leads them they will go!

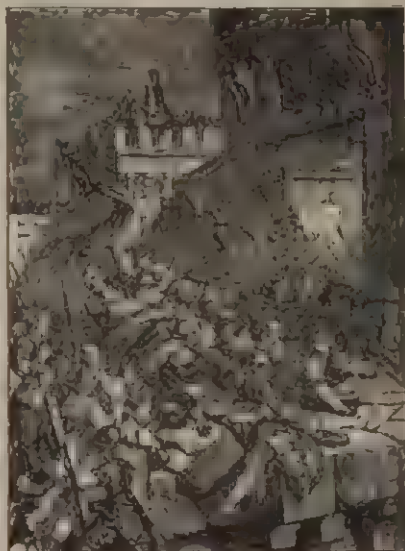
They will follow a brave Officer to the *Death*! If struck, by an armed Mob,—as they were at Bristol,—they will strike again! The Trooper in that Charge, saw a gigantic Leader opposing them,—he was, himself a trained *Professional* man,—intuitively he *went for that man*, and struck *home*!

Dear Reader, it *must* be so when Physical Force is attempted!

"He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."—*Matt. xvi. , 52.*

The **Master** has said it! He well "knew what was in man!"

"But look at the fearful Engines of destruction in the hands of modern Socialists,—Bombs,—Infernal Machines,—Explosives,—&c.,—very different from the rude efforts of former times!" Well, but dear Reader, *this cuts both ways*! If the Anarchists *do* possess these frightful means for Murder, the Government are provided with the same means of preserving order, and preserving the Nation from Anarchy in infinitely,—speechlessly,—greater extent! Even in the former times no Rioters ever stood ten minutes, in this Country, before the Military. What shall we say, then, to the tremendous power and terrific Weapons now held by modern organised Troops? The awful days of "hand to hand fighting, of past Centuries,



"Old Style" Butchery. "Hand to Hand."

have gone by, amongst "civilized" (so called) Nations, we shall see them again no more! If "Anarchists," at the expenditure of vast time and patience, experiment in secret, upon Bombs, &c., modern Governments, let it be remembered, are ceaselessly at work, in organised Laboratories, inventing new explosives and Engines of Destruction! No body of Rioters could face them,—and live!

MODERN STYLE BUTCHERY, "MACHINERY."

A telegram from Munich says:—The new German artillery which will shortly be introduced is said to be the most terrible war instrument ever produced. During the Franco-German war it was considered effective shooting if splinters from a shell were thrown within a circuit of forty or fifty paces, and seldom more than seven or eight men were wounded. The new weapon has enormously greater destructive power. Experiments made at the Interbay's ranges deeply impressed the expert spectators. The Kaiser was present. The first shot, fired at a target placed fifty paces from a wood, missed the target, but ploughed its way through the wood for fifteen hundred feet. Soon after a large area of the wood was seen to be ablaze. The shell was charged with a powder the composition of which is the secret of the German Government. In addition the splinters of a shell burst by the new powder covered a circle of nearly 900 feet. A shell fired at an enormous target constructed by the Emperor's orders, made tens of thousands of holes. A battery of the new artillery would, it is asserted, annihilate an entire division, once the range was found.—*Daily Paper, 1892.*



Imagine, dear Reader, any "Insurrection," "Anarchy," or "Revolution," any conceivable body of Rioters, resisting for five minutes, modern Military Developments,—Gatlings, Nordenfelts,—and Troops armed with modern Repeating Rifles! It does appear amazing that these reflections do not force themselves upon the "Anarchists," or "Physical Force" Socialists!

Never in the History of Mankind did the Reign of Law assert itself, as in our day, carrying with it the approval of

Society. Supposing a few Anarchist Bombs are exploded, the lives of unfortunate, innocent, citizens sacrificed, and Buildings, belonging to, and useful to, the Public generally, are damaged? What comes of it? What possible aim, object, or beneficial effect, can such outrages upon Society produce?

The only conceivable effect is to *strengthen* the hands of Authority, and enlist the Public still more on the side of Order, Law, and firm Government, and to *increase*, if it were possible to do so,—the hatred of Society to the Advocates, or Promoters of Anarchy! After vast secret Committees, Subscriptions from their dupes, Preparations, and Tremendous Threats, what has Anarchy ever accomplished? The unfortunate building has been repaired in a fortnight, the glazier has put the glass in again, and the incident is almost forgotten in a Month! And is it credible that there exist any living, sensible, men who imagine that attempts, with such infinitesimally small results, even if continued for Centuries, would ever subvert the existing powers, or enable Revolutionists, or Anarchists to assume,—as it is presumed they want to do, the position of Rulers themselves?

No "Reign of Terror" will ever again exist in modern History as long as did that in Paris, 1790-95. And what was the end of that experiment? The Execution of every Leader, and the final resumption of Order, and Firm Government!

WHAT LENGTHS "PHYSICAL FORCE" SOCIALISM CAN GO.—1891.

The following came out in Evidence in the recent Prosecution of Socialists,—unfortunately located in England. It must be remembered that it is a "*Translation*,"—it is inconceivable that it could be written by an *Englishman*!

This amazing "Means of Emancipation" suggestion, admits the utter impossibility of facing the tremendous Military Power of our day. It complains very truly, that,

"In all Revolutions, ambitious men have always made use of them to satisfy their own greed of Power, and having reached that, care for the rest no longer. Therefore, any Programme for the Future is useless, for how do we know that in future Revolutions, obscure men may not arise,—resolute spirits,—full of audacity,—possessing ideas greater, and even more advanced than ours." (!)

Note.—It would be rather difficult to conceive *anything* more "advanced" (?) than the following. Unmeaning, unintelligent, ferocity can surely go no further!

"Consequently if we attempted a Programme we should, as in the past, be compelled to slaughter all those who attempted to infringe the limits decided upon. That would certainly happen if one or the other of the Parties,— "Socialists," or "Collectives," who both have their Chiefs,—should obtain the Supremacy against the "Anarchists," who will in future,—have no Chiefs,—nor Programme." (!)

Fancy, dear Reader, a Body thus with no Chiefs and no Programme in the future, without any intelligent organization, or pretending to desire,—or to attempt to form,— a Government, Republic, or Rule of any kind.

"Putting down all Political, Military, and Religious Authority,—finding it *absolutely necessary* to burn the Churches, Palaces, Convents, Soldiers' Barracks, Mayors' Houses, (!) Lawyers' and Barristers' Offices, (!) Fortresses, and Prisons." (!)

This entirely unintelligent Body are then to

"Destroy entirely all who live by human labour without contributing to it,—

(Note.—How many *Millions* must be killed, dear Reader ?)

and to take possession, at any cost,

(Note.—They had just before admitted that it was *utterly impossible* to stand against the Authorities, or oppose the Military.)

of the Land, Machines, all Railroads, and all that Gold and Science have placed in the hands of the rich."

Not a word of Explanation *how* all this is to be done, how the Police, Militia, Troops, and Millions of *resolute Citizens* quite ready to assist in maintaining order,—are to be circumvented !

All that is proposed is to take a Theatre, full of the Aristocracy, unawares, and kill a few of them !

ANARCHISTS.

The following is a translation of the Article "Means of Emancipation," also of the *Internationale*, referred to by the Chief Constable in his evidence :—

MEANS OF EMANCIPATION.

Firstly, in order to arrive to a complete emancipation of humanity, brutal force is indispensable, whatever may say all theoreticians (the devil take them). In fact it is absolutely necessary to act with violence against all that is bad, otherwise we shall always be slaves and starving. If we look in the most distant history, from tribe to tribe, we see everywhere that violence is—and will always be—the mother of conquest. Property in any form is nothing but the result of theft and assassination. Consequently, the more a man has assassinated and robbed, the more he has become rich and powerful. That is why we Anarchists always affirm that property is a theft. This method of individual property, being consequently the true cause of human misfortune, ought to be destroyed entirely, because it has produced a whole arsenal of infamous laws ; it has created skilful robbers, able to defend, so far, all that they have robbed, and who enjoy boldly and peacefully the fruit of their crimes. Then, if it is necessary, to put down all political, military, and religious

authority, as well as all those law manufacturers, it is absolutely necessary to burn the churches, palaces, convents, soldiers' barracks, prefectures, mayors' houses, lawyers' and barristers' offices, fortresses, prisons, and to destroy entirely all that have lived till now by human work without contributing to it. We must then at any cost take possession of the land, machines, all working instruments, railroads, telephone, and all that gold and science have placed till now in the hands of the rich, who use them to make us produce the gold. The real misfortune of the next revolution would be to see those men becoming the masters of the battlefield of the social contest. Well, no more organization, no more dictators, and rather than to lose a precious time in serving as a ladder to those rascal deceivers, let us occupy ourselves with chemistry, and let us manufacture promptly bombs, dynamite, and other explosive matters, much more efficacious than guns and barricades, to bring the destruction of the actual state of things, and, above all, to spare the precious blood of our comrades.

Courage, companions. Long live Anarchy.

Walsall, 1st September, 1891.

THE INTERNATIONALE.

No. Seven.

(Published twice a month at irregular dates).

AN ANARCHIST FEAST AT THE OPERA.—Who is the starving wretch, an anarchist or slave, that has not shuddered with rage in thinking of the luxurious enjoyments that the rich come to seek by means of a little gold in a box at the opera, on the evening of a first representation.

In fact, on that day the sweaters, financiers, middlemen, magistrates, diplomats, and moralists, all the cream of the rich and rulers of the people, have gathered together, certain of not being elbowed by low people, in order to enjoy in comfort and without trouble, a fresh spectacle, or the intoxicating music and to awaken the passions never satiated of that race of bandits, who on the morrow are unanimously ready to draw the sweat and blood of the workers in order to recover at once the handful of gold spent on the previous evening. Well, comrades, can we not likewise enjoy in our turn the delightful spectacle of seeing on a fine day, or rather on a fine evening, this splendid building and in flames in the middle of a brilliant feast, and as a veritable apotheosis carried towards heaven?

Would not a single one among us feel his heart beat with an immense joy in hearing the shrivelling of the grease of the rich, and the howlings of that mass of flesh swarming in the midst of that immense vessel all in a blaze? In fact, what a delight, in our town, to see, even at a distance, such a red conflagration! A thousand times more beautiful to our eyes than the dazzling of the purest diamond! To hear howlings, the cries of pain and rage of the wolves, their females and young ones in the midst of the farance—a thousand times more vibrating and more pleasant to our ears than an orchestra.

In fact, nothing more easy. A single man may act, but two are better, in order to succeed properly in the operation without any danger to themselves. Thus: two comrades each man carrying a small bomb of very small dimensions.

Here follow elaborate details as to chemicals, manufacture, &c.

The greater expense is for the two comrades, on account of the payment of their seats, which must be hired beforehand, on gala days especially. Their seats must be at the top of the theatre. Thus, the two comrades having their tickets in their pockets, go home and load their bombs, only at the moment of setting out for the theatre; having calculated for the time of explosion at the end of three hours, supposing that time to be suitable. Afterwards, let us suppose they have required half an hour to reach their seats at the theatre, the bombs will have then only two hours and a half to sleep. As soon as arrived

the men will keep as close as possible to the walls or pillars along which the gas-pipes are fixed. Then, when no one is noticing them, they begin by bursting slightly those pipes with their saw-blades. It is easily done, because the lead can be cut through without any noise. When two, or three, or four of these pipes are slightly open, the men place their bombs on the ground by the side of the pipes, concealing them as much as possible from the sight of the public. They may go away quietly at the end of the first act; the rest of the operation will be completed without them. Then they have time to go home, and even to go to bed, so as to prove an alibi at the time of the explosion. Now, that is how the rest of the operation will conclude. At first the gas escaping from the pipes will ascend and accumulate under the vault of the theatre during the two hours required for the explosion of the bombs. At that time there will be a quantity sufficient to set fire everywhere and burst the roof and walls of the theatre, and the debris falling back will have the effect of grapeshot on the jolly spectators. Afterwards the fire, fed by the wood, the stuffs, and the greases, will terminate the operation suitably. As we have said at the beginning the work is easy for two companions who live in a town where there is a large theatre suitable to receive the higher class of the inhabitants. For that it requires only hatred in the heart and to be pitiless. After all, what do we care for feelings of humanity, even with regard to the women and children of that race of robbers and real criminals? Do not their young become wolves likewise? Are their females less eager for prey than the males? On another part the workers or starving people may be tranquil, because none of them is to be seen at those feasts of the gold and diamond, which too often are given in honour of any travelling monarch at the expense of the poor people. Therefore, it is pious work to profit by those frequent occasions, to crown worthily those revels which the barons throw as a defiance at our misery and sufferings. For an Anarchist gala of that kind the little money necessary must be easier to find than for a platonic propaganda. It is saying, comrades, that certain enjoyments are still permitted to us, waiting for the grand day when the social equilibrium will be brutally established. We shall contrive also that the blood which shall flow in the streets be not ours, but that of the infamous rich who have starved us. Henceforth that it is our first and veritable work without minding the ban of politicians and orators of the Congress. —*Daily Paper.*

Note.—It is most unfortunate that England,—owing to our love of Freedom, and readiness to offer an Asylum to the really oppressed,—has to harbour these murderous wretches!

The Reader will observe the constant care that is to be taken of the precious lives of the Perpetrators of their suggested Crimes. They are to escape unnoticed!

Nothing very heroic here! These certainly do not appear to be the men to seize "at any cost, the Land, Railroads, &c.," of an Empire?

It is the strange, unthinking Madness of these Anarchist suggestions which must strike the Reader. First,—the Electric Light, not Gas,—is now usually seen in Theatres. Secondly,—the very first *escape* of Gas would draw immediate attention. Thirdly, after a first experiment,—would the populace permit mysterious persons to cut gas pipes, and deposit bombs,—and leave that Theatre *alive*? After one attempt we should hear no more of another for years!

Again, it seems to be entirely forgotten that the best, and firmest friends of the Labouring Class,—men and women who desire their good in every possible way Socially, Mentally, and Spiritually, and are spending their Property, Time, and entire Lives, in endeavouring to promote the welfare of the Poor,—frequently attend the opera, &c., with their Families. They do not all feel the objection to "Theatre going" entertained by their Christian friends. Fancy, dear Reader, local "Peabodys," "Burdett Coutts," "Plimsolls," "Shaftsbury's," &c., Legislators, and Philanthropists, devoted to the service of the Poor, being suddenly destroyed, with their Families, on the "off-chance" of murdering a few of the selfish Rich! The astounding wildness and folly of such ideas, which seem to exceed even their wickedness!

Would two bombs kill so many persons? *Extremely improbable!* Say twenty were killed, what has Anarchy gained? These twenty rich persons would *simply leave* their wealth *to their successors*. It would be simply *divided up*, and *instead of one* "Rich Man," the Anarchists would have *created*,—as it were,—*probably a dozen*, who, with *their Families* would be so many more dead set against them! "Twenty!" Why there are literally *Millions* of comparatively rich people, in our day! What possible "Revolution,"—leaving a bomb amongst a number of unsuspecting women, and innocent children,—can possibly effect, is totally unintelligible! A person capable of such utterly useless atrocities need not speak of a "complete emancipation of humanity." He has "emancipated" *himself* already from "humanity," and is beyond the Pale of Society! Society does not argue with an enemy to his Species; it never has done! "Self-preservation is the first Law of Nature," it is not such who are going to destroy Society, it is Society who destroys *them*!

DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT INIMICAL TO MANKIND.

Still these frightful, hopeless, unreasoning, suggestions, evidently imported by Anarchists from the Continent, are instructive in exhibiting the *deplorable* effects of Nations being unable to Govern themselves.

The English Speaking People, have for ages, never ceased their protest against Despotic Governments. Our Forefathers sacrificed all that they had,—possessions,—Families,—nay, their own lives,—in sturdy, irrepressible, resolve after Freedom and Self-Government! Who doubts that

a "limited" (*very* limited) Monarchy, or an enlightened, intelligent, Republic, is the only Government for a Free, Happy, Industrious, People? By all means let Reform be continually agitated for, and kept going, by the only really effective means,—namely, Constitutional ones.

The English Speaking Nation get what they want, *slowly*,—it is true,—but *surely*, without Revolution or Bloodshed.

That the condition of the Labouring Classes in some Countries, appears to be heartbreaking, there can be no doubts; let them follow our steps in the quiet peaceful, but *determined* march onwards,—not towards that Abyss "Anarchy,"—but towards **Freedom, Self-Government, Justice, and Religion!**

The cruel fact is that these Inciters to Murder, do not propose, -or intend,—to risk *their own* lives, or to perpetrate the crimes themselves, but suggest them for *others* to perform.

One of the three or four Anarchists, executed (February, 1892,) in Spain, alluded to this on the scaffold.

"One of the condemned men, in the course of the night, drew up, and signed, the following public confession:—It is meet that to clear my Conscience, and for my son's sake, as well as to set an example to others, I should publicly declare that my undoing is caused by the subversive Principles of Anarchy, having been misled by the Anarchist press, which takes advantage of the ignorance of the Working Classes to inculcate Theories that are inconsistent with Justice and Reason. I desire that my son and my Companions may know that Anarchist Journals are wofully deceiving us. I am convinced that many of those who have been preaching these Doctrines to us are to day perfectly indifferent to our fate. I therefore advise my Companions to repudiate all teachings that are not just and reasonable. Be honest Workers, and have faith in God and in the Religion which teaches that all men are Brethren."—*Daily Paper*, 1892.

Socialism, as at present taught, would be a miserable thing even if it were possible.

If, dear Reader, you agree that a Revolution by means of Force, is utterly *impossible*, in Great Britain, will you now contemplate in your mind, what a truly miserable thing Socialism *as now taught* would be, even *if it were* possible? You cannot carry out the Principles of Modern Socialism,—that is of *Collective* Ownership, and yet allow *Private Property* to be held, or acquired! The moment inequality of possession recommenced, the rest would complain, and "re-annex!" The only Socialist Community the Writer has visited, is that of the Shakers; a Body greatly esteemed by the Americans for their probity, and honourable character, whose now valuable Settlement he

visited, with interest, at Albany, U.S. Here the proselyte has a Month or more trial allowed; if he then decides to join them, all his private property goes to the Common Fund, and they, in their turn, take good care of him in his old age. "I gave my money up many years ago," said one old gentleman to the Writer, "and now you see, I want for nothing!"

But, from that moment, Freedom, Independence, ends! And with Freedom, and Private Property,—to some of us,—would also depart everything that makes Life worth the living! It is the *individual striving* after Success in Life, social position,—and all the great Prizes of the World,—which gives to Life *its charm*! It is the feeling of Freedom, Independence, the Possession of Private Property and the Power of *Private Benevolence*, which its possession affords, which constitutes the real Interest, Romance, and Pleasure in living! Fancy the Socialistic Community all giving precisely the same amount to every Charity! Stamp out this Independence, and Individuality,—offer no longer to Self-denial, Industry, Talent, or Energy, the Prizes of this World,—destroy ambition, *Incentives to Individual Exertion* and *Private Enterprise*, and you destroy the Nation!

These are the very attributes which have raised England to her present position! Socialism would stop all Progress! Now, through competition, our Country boasts a Race of Employers, Merchants, Professors in Science, Art, Medicine, and Learning in every branch,—*second to none* in the World! Men trained to every responsible post, and position, upon whose ability, and genius, our National prosperity has ever depended! Were no more inducements held out to them these men would leave for other Countries! And small blame to them either.

It was this which killed Robert Owen's Scheme of Communist Societies. The *able, talented* men, found *no scope within* the Community for their Genius; they left, and those who remained being drawn from the Class who *could not* "get on well" *outside* the Community, were the *last persons* likely to be of much use *within* it.

Robert Owen was a great man, a man of great ideas. But his Scheme, in our Modern, complex, Society would be absolutely impracticable; in fact, the Socialistic *Principles* are *wrong* in themselves!

When you read such absurd statements from Socialists as,— "To-day the worn-out, wage-receiving Slaves of a merciless Civilization look hopelessly upon a Wealth which

their toil produces only to see it devoured by the Rich, while the latter make the Laws, and build the Prisons," &c., *you know* that we are reading *what is untrue!* We know that there is an enlightenment,—a thrift,—an intelligence amongst our working population, and a Respect for the Law in our day which did not exist even Fifty years ago! We know that there is a consideration for their Workpeople,—elaborate arrangements often made by enlightened Employers for the welfare of their operatives,—unknown in the dark days of the Bristol, London, or Birmingham riots.

As for the Working Class "looking hopelessly upon a wealth, &c.,"—it is all *nonsense!* In our own Sabbath School, the Working Men's Savings have progressed of late years from £700 to, (the last balance in hand) £16,351 1s. 4d.! In another town a similar School has £10,000. Many who came as working men to our School are now wealthy men, large Employers of labour themselves. One of them became Mayor of the Town! Looking back at his own experience, though long out of business himself, the Writer, was, in 1855-60, with six other young men occupying places at the same Works, as Clerks, &c., at £50 to £70 a year. Not one of them could have mustered £300. *What are they now?* Our Employer,—himself a self-raised man,—shortly after retired with a fortune. One of the young men is the head partner of a large business. Two others have retired with ample fortunes years ago. Another, after clearing over £2,000 a year, retired this year. The two remaining, once clerks, now Magistrates, continue immense Works, known the World over, employing 2,000 men! Have done for many years. Pass to-day through their splendid workshops, half-a-million sunk in them,—see the elaborate arrangements for their workpeople, and talk no more about "merciless civilization." In one single gift to their Town, the Firm gave £10,000!

Under your dead-level, mediocre, Socialistic System, you would render such men *impossible!* Instead of employing 2000 men, and producing wealth to their Country by their splendid and ingenious manufactures, these men would, under your wretched System, be living a life of extinction in the dismal, dead-level of a, happily, impossible "Corporation!"

"We will not challenge your facts,—the gentlemen are all living,—but we do say these were amazing, exceptional cases!"

But *are* they such Miracles? These young men were

brought together, entirely haphazard ; their Success in every instance was unassisted by wealthy Relations, for they *had none*. "It was long ago ; what was possible thirty years ago, in these days of Competition, is no longer so ! " Well ! Take two instances (1890),-- a gentleman whom the writer knew as a clerk in 1878, writes, Dec., 1890 :—" Excuse my silence, for I have been exceedingly busy, as you will understand when I tell you that I have sold my business,"--(for £13,000)--"and now retire, having 'made my little pile,'--&c." (Report says £20,000, at least, in twelve years). Again, a young man having been clerk to an Auctioneer, then to an Accountant, rose to be a responsible Municipal Officer, but commencing as a Dealer, with £50 in one of the "Hobbies" of our day, he turned over the following :—

1884—	£80	} Turned over at 5% twice or three times a year.
1885—	200	
1886—	270	
1887—	1,370	
1888—	3,070	
1889—	4,300	(First quarter alone)
1890—	£5,420	

Then,—seeing a Fortune before him,—he threw up his position ; and, his £50 having become £3,000, is now Partner in a Wealthy Firm. In *every case*, these were legitimate successes, legitimate, honourable, Businesses,—useful to the Community,—not Money made by the vile Liquor Traffic,—*"Sweating Labour,"* &c.

Not in Business,—not going out of his way to meet with them,—the Writer cannot believe that all these instances are a *succession of miracles*, all mysteriously, coming into his limited experience ! It is impossible to believe it ! These are not so exceptional or miraculous cases ! They have been repeated in all other Towns the past 30 years, all over this Kingdom ! They are being repeated at this moment ! Think you, dear young Reader, that the Youth "I can" described in Chapter xxxiv. (Page 305), will ever be seen, in his later manhood, struggling at the Gates of the London Docks, for the chance of a day's work,—or having to drive a Tram Car, or a Canal Boat ? *Never !* But, remember, in every case now brought forward, the young men, were, the Writer believes, practically if not wholly Teetotallers. There was fair education, energy, self-denial, conscientiousness, tact, good-humour, self-control, *perseverance*, and indomitable industry.

That is the secret, dear Reader, "I can."

Revolution? The Revolution the Working Class need is in their daily Habits, Thoughts,—Tastes,—Ambitions!

Socialism,—as *at present taught*, is a *Sham!* It is opposed to the best interests of Mankind! It is *absurd in Principle*,—and,—fortunately,—*impossible in execution!* Approach it with calmness, and English *common sense*, and Socialism as now taught, will "*Dissolve*,—and,—like the baseless fabric of a *Vision*,—leave not a rack behind,"—*Shakespeare*.

Note. The word "rack" thus used by Shakespeare, (*Tempest*, Act IV., Scene I.) is generally received to be the "rack" as explained by Bacon, namely, the finest "insubstantial," upper clouds, which fade away from sight, Bacon says,—"*The winds which wave the clouds above*," (the highest clouds),—"which we call rack, are not perceived below, &c."

(IV.) True Socialism.

Helping others to *help themselves!* "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Sell that thou hast, and give to the Poor."

Instead of the nostrums of a false Political Economy, let us at last awaken to the life of true Christianity!

EXTRACT FROM AUSTRALIAN PAPER, OCT., 1890.

"Latest dispatches from Australia show that what is called the 'Salvation Army's Labour Bureau,' is becoming a most useful organization here. In dealing with the distress, and relieving the unemployed this trying Winter."

(Note. June is their mid-winter, and the great Strike in Australia had cost the Colonies sums which will never be known.)

"The result of the efforts of the 'Army' were so excellent, that the Government resolved to assist them in every way, such as placing Buildings at their disposal, franking letters, free railway fares, &c. Free meals were given *with discrimination*, *tools were lent*, and out of 2,123 unemployed, *situations were found* in a short time for 1,339.

"No appeal to the general Public had to be made;—the Members of the Legislature alone subscribed over £400 on one night.

"One local Butcher has regularly supplied 2,000 gallons of soup per week, and another has given 1,800 lbs. of meat.

"In the opinion of the Government, the Press, the Clergy, and all classes of Society, the 'Social Wing' of the 'Army' has been this Winter, an unmixt blessing to all."

It has been estimated that the recent Australian Strikes cost the colonies there over one million and a quarter sterling. The loss to labour in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia is reckoned at £909,000; to Trade at £305,000, and to the State, in maintenance of military and police and loss of wharfage and Custom dues, at £80,000. (!)

Dear Reader! Surely this is true "Socialism!" It is

an *extension* of this "helping others to help themselves,"—which this remarkable man General Booth proposes, as the way out of Darkest England."

Though not in any way connected with the "Army," or knowing much about them, we may well give them all the support we can. "*By their fruits shall ye know them!*"

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit,"

said the Master,—in one of those brief sentences of fathomless,—because Divine,—Wisdom, which characterizes all Christ's teachings!

What a contrast do the two generous butchers of Australia in 1890, present to their misguided, gigantic brother, in the square at Bristol some sixty years ago!

Surely, dear Reader, this is true "Socialism!" Let the Rich and the Poor meet thus;—let the immensely Wealthy be taxed if you will, proportionately, to let them feel that they are Citizens,—but far better than coercion, let the Rich feel the *real pleasure* of wealth in employing it wisely for the good of their suffering fellow creatures. Let Christ's precepts and commands prevail,—let the *Drinking cease*, then farewell Dragoons, Riots, Strikes, and Discontent.

EXTRACT FROM DAILY PAPER, NOV. 1890.

"The Child Redeeming Society." The object of this Society is thus stated:—"To Band together several thousand Ladies, who will deny themselves some costly luxuries, (operas, dresses, parties, jewellery, &c.) *as long as there is a destitute child* in New York, or Brooklyn, who has no shoes to its feet, and insufficient food to properly nourish it."

God bless these noble women! They are true "Socialists," and if they are firm, we shall soon have a change! The conscience of the Wealthy, and Aristocratic Classes will be reached, and their example will be followed by others.

THE RICH ALL CONTRIBUTE.

Dear Young Reader, do not think that the Aristocracy,—the "non-producing,"—"indolent" Class, does not contribute immense sums to our Municipal and National Institutions of which *you* have the benefit! The Aristocracy do not frequent the Board Schools, Public Libraries, &c., yet they are *made* to contribute to them. Here is half a Million a year paid by them, in one single locality.

"Here are a few facts concerning St. George's, Hanover Square, London, a parish which has been said to contain "the bluest blood and the most beautiful women in the universe,"—Area, 1,122 acres; length of streets, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles; population, 90,000; inhabited houses, 11,570; rateable value, £1,769,000; raised annually by property and house taxation and rates, £502,720.—that is about £43 15s. per house and £5 10s. per inhabitant, without counting license duties, income tax, probate duties customs duties, &c."

True Socialism must have Christianity in it.

BOOTH'S EXPERIMENT, 1891.

The only True Socialism is *Christian Socialism*: Read "General Booth's" Scheme in his Book. "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." (70,000 already sold by November, 1890.)

Read the carefully planned details of his Scheme, his Labour Bureau,—Shelter at fourpence a night, for all, and the means of getting the money by work provided. The Lost, — the Hopeless, — the Criminal, — the Diseased, provided for;—a Gigantic Scheme truly, but *already* successfully commenced at *both ends* of the World!

THE SLUM CRUSADE. TRAVELLING HOSPITAL.

PRISON GATE BRIGADE.

CHILDREN'S REFUGES. IMPROVED LODGINGS.

COUNTRY COLONY. POOR MAN'S BANK.

POOR MAN'S LAWYER. SEASIDE COLONY.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND WORKSHOPS.

And above all, *Moral and Religious change of Heart, Habits, Ambitions, and Character*, all are detailed, and provided for, by the irrepressible Salvation Army, and the tremendous "General" who leads it! That the Work is of God, few now doubt. The excusable, and natural, prejudices, with which we first encountered the General's drums, and tambourines, and religious, — shall we say "Performances," or Entertainments?—dies away before those *results*,—those "fruits" by which our blessed Lord bids us Christians to "know them!" "A Religion utterly unintellectual." Well! Perhaps so, but *effectual*! "Satan never yet drove out Satan!" How can he? "A House." our Lord says, "cannot be divided againsts *itself*!"

The work, doubtless, must be of God! That the "General" will ever give up the power, and the control of

the "Army," voluntarily, is not to be expected. A Committee would hamper the entire scheme. It is an *experiment*,—it is true,—but we have here a *practical* Christian "Socialism" infinitely more hopeful than that of Robert Owen! As the worthy Minister remarked on being asked how he liked the Salvation Army, "*I don't like them at all, but I feel sure that God does!*"

Acting under this Belief, let us, Dear Reader, do our part to assist the Movement!

Note.—To avoid misconception. The Writer has no connexion whatever with the "Salvation Army," and knows very little about them; has only heard "the General" declaim once, and cannot say that he was greatly impressed. Still—from what he has seen of their efforts in Australia, &c.—their efforts seem in every way calculated to do good. That there are excellent, self-denying, Men and Women amongst them is not to be disputed. Thus, in a day of acknowledged Unbelief, Nominal Christianity, and Greed, they seem destined by their thoroughness, energy and zeal, to serve as an example to other Religious Denominations.

A Caution not to allow this comparatively recent Movement, to induce us to ignore the splendid existing, time-honoured, efforts of other Bodies of Philanthropists, will be found a little further on.

"'You must work and obey orders, otherwise there is no salvation for you. I can see a way to save you if you will work.'"

"Thus spoke the General, in his first speech to his first handful of 'dossers,' looking sheepish and askance at him, the night when Limehouse Shelter was opened, now nearly three years ago."

INSTITUTIONS IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE "DARKEST ENGLAND" SOCIAL SCHEME.

HEAD-QUARTERS AND OFFICES—101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

SHELTERS.—MEN.

LONDON.

LIMEHOUSE—31 West India Dock, E.	KATCLIFFE HIGHWAY—Royal Mint Street.
WHITECHAPEL—372, Whitechapel Road, E.	CLEKENWELL—61a, St. John's Square.
WESTMINSTER—83, Horseferry Road, S.W.	LISSEN GROVE—53, Lissen Street, W.
BETHNAL GREEN—Green Street.	BLACKFRIARS—Blackfriars Road.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL—Castle Street.	BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road
LEEDS—36, Lisbon Street, Wellington Road	

FOOD DEPOTS.

LONDON.

CENTRAL FOOD STORE—Fieldgate Street, E.	DRURY LANE—Stanhope Street, Clare Market
POPLAR—21, West India Dock Road, E.	BETHNAL GREEN—Green Street
WHITECHAPEL—272, Whitechapel Road, E.	EDGWARE ROAD—2, Burne Street, W.
	SOUTHWARK—The Ark, 96, Southwark Street.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL—Castle Street.	LEEDS—36 Lisbon Street.
BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road.	

POOR MAN'S METROPOLES.

LONDON.

THE ARK—96, Southwark Street, S.E.	THE LIGHTHOUSE—Quaker Street, Commercial Street.
THE HARBOUR—Stanhope Street, Clare Market, Drury Lane.	

PROVINCIAL.

BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road.	BRISTOL—Castle Street.
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LABOUR BUREAUX.

LONDON—36, Upper Thames Street.	LEEDS—36, Lisbon Street.
BRADFORD—Peel Street, Leeds Road.	

WORKSHOPS AND LABOUR FACTORIES.

LONDON.

ELEVATOR—159, Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, E.	BAKERY—Hawthorne Street, Balls Pond Road.
ELEVATOR—88, Old Street, St. Luke's, E.C. 4	SALVAGE WHARF—Wellington Road, Battersea.
MATCH FACTORY—Lamprell Street, Old Ford.	PRISON GATE HOME—30, Argyle Square, King's Cross.

PROVINCIAL.

ELEVATOR—LEEDS: 36, Lisbon St.	ELEVATOR—BRADFORD: Peel Street, Leeds Road.
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RESCUE HOMES.

LONDON.

The Receiving Houses.

29, Devonshire Road, Hackney	2, Hardens Lane, Woolwich.
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The Homes.

LONDON—Grove House, Stamford Hill, N.	LONDON—Ivy House, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.
„ 28, Clapton Square, Clapton, N.E.	„ 90 Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill, W.
„ 183, Amhurst Road, Hackney, N.E.	„ Albert House, Cintra Park, Upper Norwood.

PROVINCIAL HOMES.

GLASGOW—125, Hill Street, Garnett Hill.	CARDIFF—Receiving House, 11, Moira Terrace, Splotlands.
PLYMOUTH—2, The Octagon.	BELFAST—90, Donegal Pass
CARDIFF—9, Moira Terrace, Splotlands.	MIDDLESBOROUGH—Blue Hall, Linthorpe.

FARM COLONY.

PARK FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames, Essex. CASTLE FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames.
 SAYER'S FARM—Hadleigh-on-Thames.

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

CENTRAL OFFICES	259, Mare Street.	LONDON LODGING HOUSE—Grove House, Stamford Hill
HELP AND INQUIRY DEPARTMENT.	Hackney, E.	BOOKBINDING FACTORY—Rawston Street, Goswell Road.
SERVANTS' REGISTRY	(104, Hanbury Street, Whitechapel.	KNITTING FACTORY—Clapton High Road
SHELTER	Whitechapel.	THE LAUNDRY—14, Maary Road, Newtown
FOOD DEPOT	Whitechapel.	
WOMEN'S METROPOLIS—Spitalfields, Cardiff.		

SLUM OFFICERS' POSTS.

BERMONDSEY—Rotherhithe, S.E.	ST. GEORGE'S—Cable Street, E.
BETHNAL GREEN—Parliament Street	SOMER'S TOWN—Fulton Road, N
BLACKFRIARS—Martin Street, S.E.	SOUTHWARK—Blackfriars, S.E.
CANNING TOWN—Fulton Street, E.	SPIALFIELDS—Whitechapel, E.
SEVEN DIALS—Drury Lane, W.C.	TIDAL BASIN—Canning Town, E.
HACKNEY WICK—Dainty Street, N.E.	WATWORTH—East Street, S.E.
MARYLEBONE—Lisson Street, W.	WHITECHAPEL I.—Wentworth Street, E.
MILWALL.	WYBEET STREET—Easton Road, N.W.
RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.	
ST. LUKE'S, WESTMINSTER, SHOREDITCH, and KENSINGTON, with eighteen in Provincial Towns.	

Visitors are welcomed at any of these Institutions, but application to pay visits should in all cases be made to Commissioner Cadman, 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (This does NOT apply to Slum Officers' Posts.)

SLUM FIGURES.

<i>London.</i>		1890.	1891
Posts or Centres of Work in the Slums	...	16	26
Crèches	...	1	3
Officers and Cadets	...	50	70
<i>Provinces.</i>			
Posts	...	13	19
Crèches	...	1	1
Officers	...	32	43
<i>Total.</i>		1890.	1891.
Posts or Centres of Work in the Slums	...	29	45
Crèches	...	2	4
Officers and Cadets	...	82	113
<i>(For Year ending September 30, 1891.)</i>			
Visiting	...	135,198 hours.	
Families visited	...	180,825	
Lodging Houses visited	...	6,391	
Public Houses visited	...	23,062	
Brothels visited	...	829	
Poor helped	...	5,341	
Rescue Cases	...	89	

ALWAYS OPPOSITION.

"DEAR SIR,—Having carefully read the article on 'The Homeless Poor' in *Tuesday's* issue, and especially the alleged horrible description of the

Salvation Army Shelter at St. John's Gate, as Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Clerkenwell Vestry, I, together with the Inspector of that district, paid a visit to the same without notice last night, and found that in every instance you had published a gross misstatement of facts.

The Shelter is remarkably clean, all the floor-boards caulked, the bunks painted steel colour, the walls lime-whited at top and pointed dado, no smoking allowed on either of the sleeping floors, well heated and ventilated; the floors are scrubbed three times a week, the leathers used as coverings have a dry rub daily, and a wash weekly with disinfectant. In the basement I found ten galvanized washing baths and six taps to procure water, five large rubber towels; as to soap, a large piece is supplied for a half-crown. The wash and animals are on the trough system, with automatic flushing arrangements. I tested all appliances, and could in no single instance find fault.

I went quite prepared to act in the interests of these our poorer brethren by enforcing the Sanitary Acts, but after very careful investigation I find you have stated, though in good faith, the reverse of what is fact.

W. R. PUTTERILL,

Chairman of Sanitary Committee Clerkenwell Vestry,
Overseer of the Poor, etc."

"These are our working-men's lodging-houses, the Ark and the Harbour, respectively, situated in Southwark Street, S.E., and in Stanhope Street, Drury Lane. Each is thus in a neighbourhood crammed with low lodging-houses, whose rates are no higher than ours, and which offer the utmost freedom for card-playing, smoking, and unrestrained conversation. It seems to us to speak volumes for the prospect before us that in face of this fact the Ark and Harbour are crowded nightly, while we are forced to turn scores of men away. The Ark can accommodate 176 men, and is managed as closely as possible on the ordinary lodging-house system. It will serve as an exact type of all our Metropoles in London, Bradford, Leeds, and Bristol.

On the night we entered it, we recognised the wearer of one as a Salvationist of eleven years standing, but so deaf that few places of usefulness could be open to him. He is in our Old Street Factory. A little time ago he went to work on a cold morning and saw a new comer chopping wood in the draughty wood-yard with a ragged waistcoat and evidently shirtless. "S——'s heart melted! He had one shirt under his guernsey and another in his locker at the Ark. Surely he could divide with this needy wretch. So he that had two shirts gave to him that had none, and never told of his action till the truth broke from him in a joyful gush of praise, three weeks after, because the Lord had sent him six more garments in place of the one given away."

The Reader must not confuse the "Social Scheme" of "the Army," with their vast, ordinary, Evangelical Work,—kept entirely distinct from it. The Annual Report of their usual Work during 1891, includes elaborate Financial Statements and Balances by Messrs. Knock, Burlidge, & Co.—Chartered Accountants, London,—dealing with £558,992 during the past year. £50,000 came in from one worthy well-wisher alone, and if a few of our Modern Millionaires would but make up a Million between them, divide it between "the Army" and our other excellent Evangelical and Philanthropic Institutions during 1892, something might be done for the "Sunken Tenth."

"THE SOCIAL SCHEME." A BEGINNING.

An excellent, well-illustrated 1s. Report of "A First Year's Work," can now be had from 101, Queen Victoria Street, London.

The best of Booth's Scheme is that it is founded upon the System of helping others to help themselves, the *only* true one!

The conviction upon perusing the 242 pages of this 1st Year's Report, will follow that never was £103,192 18s. 11d.,—subscribed by a Generous Public,—ever better employed. It was about time *something* was done! Even now, (January, 1892), the following appeared in the Daily Papers:—

"Died from want of care and insufficient food, owing to the poverty of the parents, was the verdict of a Coroner's jury who enquired into the death of the infant child of a Jewish tailor at Whitechapel. The father of the deceased had come from Russia, because of his inability to gain a livelihood in that country, and the evidence at the inquest disclosed a state of destitution and suffering at the East End harrowing in its details."

Here we have no mere "Pauperizing," or "Indiscriminate" Charity! The very Poor, who could pay their coppers *did* pay them, and really some of the efforts made were *not so far* from being self-supporting! The cheap dinners for Children at a Farthing (!) numbered 96,555; at a Half-penny, 1,097,866; at a Penny up to Fourpence, 1,161,727. In short £26,570 was received for Food and Lodgings. 445,170 visits were paid to Poor Families in "the Slums." It was thought that the One Hundred Thousand pounds would set the Scheme in motion successfully, and that £30,000 would keep it going. And the prophecy of the General has been more than fulfilled by the year's experience, for £17,000 only, instead of the £30,000 has only been needed.

But is it not somewhat extraordinary that we have to look to an "Army" called into existence by a single ex-Methodist Minister (Booth) for this effort to grapple with the Misery of neglected Thousands of our Countrymen?

Surely had the "Professional Christian Church" of this Country attended to the spiritual condition of the Masses, and gone amongst the neglected, the depraved, the poorer classes would never have sunk into such a condition! "Well! Well! we admit that there has been woful neglect in the past, but 'the Church' is awakening up to her Responsibilities." But you cannot reasonably expect too much! You must remember that Young Clergymen of the Church of England,—from their training,—and education,—in our splendid Public Schools, and luxurious Colleges, are totally unaccustomed to the Working Class, untrained to visiting the very poor, wisely, and effectively. Few of them have been trained to the self-denying life needed in visiting, and coming into constant contact with, the Sunken Masses,—the very Poor,—in our vast cities. They are of another,—an "upper" class,—not like the Methodist,—and other Ministers of Christ,—brought up amongst,—understanding,

—and accustomed to the Wants, Thoughts, and Habits of the Working Class.

Surely you could hardly expect to see a Bishop, Dean, Canon, Archdeacon, or Very Rev. going round to the poor creatures—sleeping out in our streets,—on a wet night,



Poor Creatures "Sleeping Out."

—or visiting the awful "Slums" of our Great Cities? Young Men more accustomed to the Drawing Room, and Upper Class Society!

To the soul that is reared in splendour,
The Cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the narrow road!

They are too daintily brought up,—too well born,—for the real work of the Good Master, who was incessantly at work amongst the very poor, the down-trodden, the Lepers, the Sinners, the Depraved, and Who said,

"But Jesus called the Ten unto Him, and said unto them 'Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise authority over them. But it shall not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you shall be your servant. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.' " — *Mark x, 42-45.*

Not much about "Bishops," "Right Revs.," "Very Right Revs.," &c., with fat livings, here, dear Reader!

1128 £635,043 LEFT BY TWELVE OF THE CLERGY ALONE.

It does seem hard for the Modern Professed Established Church of Christ to have to stand by and see so much of the Good Master's Work being done by others, and let others "take her Crown!"

If the Clergy have to leave Christ's work to be done by others, how about the use made of the vast sums drawn by them the past 100 years from the State?

On the 30th December, 1891, in the List of Wills,—Personal Estates only,—left, during the Year, the Papers gave the following:—

Rev. — (71)	44,570	Personal Property only: add any Freehold Houses or Land.
" (70)	20,000	
" (73)	18,977	
" (70)	46,947	
" (75)	32,021	
Canon — (60)	28,043	
"	30,000	
Rev. — (89)	76,353	
" (76)	29,885	
"	29,600	
"	105,227	
"	173,720	

12 of the Clergy, £635,043—£52,912 each

While we learn (January 8th, 1892) another "Canon" and "Rector," has left £342,000, (!) One Dissenting Minister also, appeared, as leaving £17,976, "of which, however, a large Portion,—subject to a life interest of his Wife,—is left,—in trust, to various Religious and Educational Institutions."—*Daily Paper*.

SPLENDID YOUNG MEN NOW IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

There are now thousands of earnest, sincere, devoted, hardworking, Young Clergymen in the Church of England,—splendid men,—only too anxious to follow their Master, and to aid the Sunken, the Neglected, the Ignorant, the Very Poor,—the Hopeless,—the Depraved!

They are not, at any rate, attached to Christ's cause merely for the *Money they can save out it!*

They are real,—not sham,—Christians, and no more afraid of the "Slums,"—no nor the Devil either,—than "General" Booth's "Soldiers" are, but they lack the needful Funds,—the organization,—to commence a Vast Church of England effort to deal with the Sunken, Neglected, Masses in our vast Modern Cities. How can poor Curates,—however earnest and devoted,—or the poorer Clergy with Families to support, be expected to do much unless backed up by the wealthy Clergy who secure the "Plums," and Rich "Livings," drawn from the State? "But the Clergy you speak of leaving these Fortunes are of Wealthy Families,—were men of large Personal Property before they entered the Church!"

Indeed? Were they? Then, if they were, why do they require the Funds of the Church? Why cannot they allow their share of the State Endowments to go to promote Christ's cause, having already more than they themselves need! Intelligent Christians in 1891, cannot thus have their common sense abused! How often do we see in the papers, under "Ecclesiastical Preferments," the Notice: "The Living of ———, of the value of £970 a year, has been offered to the ———, the son of Lord ———." What does that mean? That does not look as if the Poorer Clergy,—however sincere and devoted to the Work,—have much chance against "Patronage."

What might not have been done, if these 12 old Gentlemen had been content to leave behind them moderate Fortunes of £15,000 apiece to their Families, and given the rest to Christ?

These 12 Ministers of Christ alone,—after leaving, thus, ample fortunes,—could have spared £454,000! Allowing that Bishops, Canons, &c., from their superior class and Education, cannot effectively visit the Very Poor,—the "Slums,"—themselves, is it too much to ask them to be content with £15,000,—(surely not *too great* a Cross to professedly consecrated Servants of God.)—and to leave the rest of their savings from the State "Livings" which they have accumulated during the past 70 years, to raise the Sunken Masses of whom they are the Professional Pastors, and Teachers?

If this "General" Booth,—an ex-Methodist Minister (?)—in spite of immense opposition,—has done so much practical work already with £103,192, what might not the Wealthier Clergy have done the past 90 years, when 12 of them alone could, last year, have "Willed" £454,000 away without feeling it? They must have known the Misery around them! They have had the Means, the Prestige,—they would have met with no opposition. Imagine £500,000 alone wisely spent in a Vast Church of England Scheme, superintended by active, brave, well-educated Young Ministers of the Church of England! What a Power for good and blessing such an effort would have!

The Neglected, and Sunken Masses,—hundreds of thousands of them,—will never come to your Churches,—they never *have* done, and they *never will*! The Church,—like their Good Master,—must go to them!

CHRISTLESS EXAMPLES.

The Young Reader will be wise to look less at those

extraordinary examples of Money hoarding, too often given us by the "Professional" Religious Teachers of Religion in 1891, and what they are pleased to call the "Authority of the Church,"—and to look rather to the Example and Teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Millions of earnest, devoted, sincere, Christians, in this day, know no other "Authority" than that of our Lord.

THE ONLY "AUTHORITY" OF THE CHURCH.

"But be ye not called 'Rabbi,' for **One** is your **Master**, even Christ,—and all ye are Brethren." *Matt. xxiii., 8.*

Thousands of Christians, now, care little what "the Church" says, or does,—their Inconsistency, their Love of Money, the neglect of the Masses, and of Christ's Teachings:—the Question for Intelligent Christians, in 1891, is—"What does Christ say?"

"God,—Who at sundry times, and divers places, spake, in time past, unto our Fathers, by the Prophets,—hath, in these last days, spoken unto us by **His Son**, Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things." "For we are come to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant." * * *

"See that ye refuse not **Him that speaketh.**"

How can men, professing their life-long consecration to God, see Missions languish, the Church of Christ impeded in her efforts to grapple with the Sin, and Misery, around them, and the hundred means in our day, open for promoting Christ's Gospel, languish, for lack of Money, while these men are hoarding up their thousands? Dribbling out their guineas to Christ,—leaving these large Fortunes of Fifty Thousand Pounds, to their Families,—and yet posing to be our Religious Teachers, and claiming "Apostolic Succession."

Dear Young Reader, it is all stuff and nonsense!

DELUSIONS OF THE PAST.

"Apostolic Succession!" Let us *first*, see, dear Reader, the Lives, and Practice, of the humble, devoted *self-denying Christian*,—before we talk about,—or claim to be "*Apostles*!" The entire System is a Delusion!

The words "Minister,"—"Deacon," &c., simply mean "Servants." "Be ye not called 'Rabbi,'—'Reverend,' 'Right Reverend,' 'Very Right Reverend,' and all such nonsense. The immense corruption in the "Church" has arisen from ignoring and disobeying Christ's Commands, and Example. Priests thrusting *themselves* into the position of "Rabbi,"—insisting upon levying Tithes, and assuming Authority over a Nation foolish enough to believe in them!

Hence arose a Money hoarding, grasping, Clergy, a showy, meaningless, Ritual,—alleged "Apostolic Succession,"—alleged power of "laying on of hands,"—"regenerating" unconscious *Infants* at Baptism, *even before* their lives and trials, as Responsible

Beings, *had begun!* It has ever been so! Priests in all Ages, abrogating the Power which Christ alone possesses!

Perhaps,—as *any* Religion, and *any* "Faith" was better than *none*,—such Superstitions may have been excusable in the terrible darkness of the Middle Ages; but all these "Traditions" of Man, are now totally unintelligible to thoughtful Christians (if unbiassed by a Sectarian education and training), in our days of Intelligence.

Millions of sincere Christians in 1891, do not believe a word of it!

Servile belief in,—and dependence upon,—Priests who *do not practice*, in regard to Wealth, *what they preach to others*,—and unscriptural dependence upon outward Forms of Worship,—unintelligible Ritual,—totally imaginary supernatural Powers or Authority, claimed by any "Church," in 1891,—will soon,—thank God,—be a thing of the past! Such Delusions have lasted *quite long enough!*

TRUE RELIGION.

"God is a Spirit, and they that Worship Him must Worship Him in Spirit, and in Truth."—*John iv., 24.*

Dear Young Reader,—*"Church Goer,"* or *"Dissenter,"*—your common sense tells you that your Religion must be,—after all,—a spiritual, private, precious, sacred experience between yourself and your God! You cannot be saved by Proxy! Bishops, Wax Candles, Rituals, Music,—all are unavailing! Each human soul must believe savingly, in the Saviour of Mankind, for himself,—each must serve God, and his Lord personally,—each must experience that great change our Blessed Lord calls *"Being Born again!"* (See Page 891. *The Christian's Daily Life.*)

"Marvel not that I said unto thee,—'Ye must be born again; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell where it cometh, nor whither it goeth! So is everyone that is born of the Spirit.'" *John iii., 8.*

Surely, in these days of intelligence, every Christian Youth must see that it is not outward Ceremonies,—Bishops,—lawn sleeves,—*"hocus pocus"* performances before Altars,—so called "Baptisms" of totally unconscious Babies,—Choirs,—painted Windows,—and unmeaning Rituals,—which can in the slightest avail,—but that it is an individual, Spiritual, Religion,—the intelligent choice of a responsible Youth, whom he will serve during his life,—God or Mammon,—*"Self,"* or Christ,—upon which his Salvation depends.

Thus, the real, true, "Church" of our Lord Jesus Christ, is composed of *all* His *true*,—(not sham)—Followers,—whatever may be the Religious Denomination a Youth may elect to join.

In our day of Greed, Luxury, and "Religious Humbug," our Ministers and Clergy, must expect to be judged alike by the *one*.

great Test,—namely, the Commands, and Example, of the Master!

"If ye have not the Spirit of Christ,"—(obey His Teachings, and follow His Example,) "ye are none of His!"

Nothing in the History of the past 90 years has shown that the Church of England holds,—by any means,—a Monopoly of Spiritual Gifts, or of God's blessing! Far from it! When there was any Spiritual life in a Village, formerly, it was observed to emanate from the Methodists, or other Christian Bodies, totally unconnected with "the Church." When the splendid Temperance Agitation, Total Societies,—Bands of Hope,—first commenced, not a Clergyman, for years, was to be seen on the Temperance Platform!

When the noble efforts of the Peace Society began, what was the position of the Clergy? Hampered by its wretched System of Union with the State, "the Church,"—being in its pay,—was rather expected to "less the flags" of the Army,—rejoice at the Victories, and sing *Te Deums* of praise to the Almighty in Cathedrals—taken from the Roman Catholics—that great Battles had been fought, and that thousands of His Creatures had been butchered! Tyrannical, as long as they had the chance, always behind other Christian Bodies,—the Established Church has ever had thus to be dragged into exertion by sheer competition!

The struggle, who should obtain the Money of the People, and the Power over them, lay for Centuries between the Monarch, Great Families, and "the Church," until the latter at length hit upon the device of the "Union of Church and State" uniting to keep the People under, and *dividing* the Power, and the *Spoil* between them, and, having done this, it fell asleep! Things have, of late, wonderfully improved; there are splendid, enlightened, men now, in the Church of England, who lament the Past, entertain great doubt whether "Disestablishment" will not, after all, be the best thing that has ever happened to the Church since the Reformation;—liberal, earnest, really devoted men! Let us hope that the day is coming when such will throw aside the *old, old, delusion* of being endowed, in any way, with Miraculous Powers, or Authority, or of being,—what the past 90 years have abundantly disproved,—in *any way* spiritually superior to their Brother Ministers amongst the Nonconformists. If they still think so, *nobody else does!*

In one of those advertisements of "Livings" for Sale, or Transfer, which were formerly to be seen in our daily Papers, the Writer remembers the following remarkable concluding words, evidently thrown in, as a final inducement. "N.B.—No Dissenters in this Parish!"

A strange Parish *that*, dear Reader! Slightly behind the times,—a relic probably, of Feudal Times, and the dark Middle Ages!

For a description how poor "Hodge" the Country Labourer

fared, in Parishes where there "were no Dissenters," and how the Church of that day obeyed the Master's injunction to "Preach the Gospel to the Poor,—see Page 781-783, also 944, and 948.

Instead of leaving £50,000 behind them, and trotting about in gaiters, and shovel hats, amongst the Aristocracy, and Rich Families, at Dinner and Garden Parties,—the day is come when a Christian Nation expects the Clergy to set a very different Example to the Religious World,—awake at length to their position before God,—and to recognise the fact, that if they are still to continue to draw immense sums from the State, their Lives must be spent,—like that of their **Master**,—not amongst the Rich,—but amongst the Poor!

"I consider your remarks,—and your attack upon the Church of England most injudicious, and objectionable!" Indeed? Your Conscience, dear Reader, tells you that,—however unpalatable, every word of it is nevertheless true! It is not an attack upon the Church, it is an attack upon the unchristian abuses, and Christless Example, which have alienated it for Generations from its well-wishers, and from the Masses of this Nation! The Reformation only did half its work, and "the Church" will never become the "Church of Christ," until it returns, once more, to the Simplicity, and Purity, of early Christianity!

Let the devout, and sincerely Christian Laity of the Church of England,—(and they are many)—throw off their Superstitious Beliefs,—and childish surrender of the control of their Church to Bishops, &c.,—let them separate from the State,—assume the control of their own Church,—select their own Ministers,—(men really converted, leading devoted, Christlike, lives,—the only men worth listening to),—let them support such Ministers themselves,—as their fellow believers, the Dissenters, do,—and then,—and not till then,—we shall have that true "Reformation" which began with Martin Luther, but, unfortunately, was never *thoroughly carried out* in the Church of England.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

In the Memoirs of the late Rev. Calloway, Independent (?) Minister,—printed for private circulation,—is a letter in reply to the wish of the Congregation to increase his Stipend after many years devoted to them, and as his family were now growing up. A beautiful letter, truly. The good man's heart, it seems, was set for Years upon clearing off the Debt upon their Chapel. That was the *first* thing. "He thought he could do fairly well without any increase,"—he thanked them for their constant love and consideration, he had passed many happy years amongst them; he was quite happy and contented. Only one thing,—adds this true Pastor,—"*I wish we could see more*

Conversions!" Dear Reader, *there* speaks the true Minister of our Lord Jesus Christ! Like the Great Apostle longing for *them*, not *theirs*!

"The third time I am ready to come unto you; but I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not yours but you."—2 Cor. xii., 14.

"For yourselves know that neither did we eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought with labour, and travail, night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you. Not because we have not the power, but to make ourselves an example unto you to follow us."—2 Thess. ii., 8-9.

We read also of the wonderful Apostle Paul, that,

"Because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought; for by their occupation they were Tent makers."—Acts viii., 3.

Yet, what priceless benefits did this wondrous Evangelist, and Servant of God, bestow upon them!

"God wrought special Miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the Sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the Diseases departed from them, and the Evil Spirits went out of them."—Acts xix., 11-12.

He says, himself,

"Remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night, and day, with tears. I have coveted no man's Silver or Gold; yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."—Acts xx., 31-34.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake" (By the Holy Spirit, verse 23) "that they should see his face no more!"

Would that we could see in our 1891 Professing Ministers of Jesus Christ a little more of this Spirit!

"If ye have not the Spirit of Christ ye are none of His."

Solemn words these will prove, it is to be feared, one day to many in this Age of Speechless Worldliness, and Ungodly Greed! Thousands of devoted Clergymen, and Dissenting Ministers, thank God, are now realizing more clearly their true Position before their God, and instead of leaving fifty thousand pounds behind them, can echo the words of good Mr. Calloway, "*But I wish we could see more Conversions.*"

NOISE, DRUMS, TALK, SELF-ASSERTION.

The immense self-assertion,—some even say "bounce,"—of this comparatively modern Religious body,—the Salvation Army,—not unnaturally prejudices many, as it seems but little in accordance with the humble, quiet, dependent, spirit, which marks the true Christian.

But it must be allowed, that we live in very remarkable times,—a day of universal advertisement, self-assertion, noise, and display. The "Army" has undertaken a tremendous, and undoubtedly beneficial task, and *needs enthusiasm!*

Let us not discourage enthusiasm in doing good! If Drums, and Tambourines, are found to be helpful, let us be thankful that the "General" did not find *Bagpipes* essential! So that there are devoted, self-denying, prayerful men,—so that the fallen are rescued, Sinners changed, and good actually done,—we may well bear with the eccentricities of enthusiasm! Let it, however, be remembered that the good work the "Army" are attempting is nothing new.

CHRISTIANS AT WORK, 50 YEARS BEFORE THE
"SALVATION ARMY."

Deplorable however will it be if the new "War Cry," and constant appeals for Money, by the "Army," should induce any to discontinue their support of our long-tried Agencies for good, which have quietly, but effectually, been doing a great work for very many years past.

Our Public Charities are credited with dispensing £10,500,000, a year: our Private Charities with £7,000,000 a year more. A lady writer well remarks,—"*These vast sums,—though perhaps not always spent to the best advantage,—must have an enormous effect, already, in mitigating the miseries of the sinking classes. They must keep vast numbers from sinking, and must assist multitudes more to recover their footing.*" The Deaf, the Dumb, Blind, Maimed, Incurable, the Sick, the Dying, from Infancy to Age,—the Poor, the Widow, the Orphan, the Fallen, the Unemployed, the Criminal, the Drunkard, and their Victims, have, for years all been assisted.

Let us freely admit this, and not forget the claims of the excellent existing agencies for doing good, but endeavour to support them all. These existing organizations already employ the best energies of thousands of voluntary philanthropists in the management and oversight,—and the active attention of tens of thousands of salaried agents.

The 512 workers of the London City Mission, for instance, are daily struggling to help this "sunken tenth." Last year they reclaimed 5,520 families from outward ungodliness, and added 2,660 communicants to Christian Churches; they paid three and a quarter *million* visits to the people in their own homes, and laboured regularly in seven thousand public houses. And they are only one agency, among hundreds of others, engaged in visiting the poorest in the courts and alleys of London, while similar agencies exist in provincial cities also. Or, again, look at the

vicious and criminal classes. The St. Giles's Christian Mission actually dealt, personally, with 15,200 out of the 18,000 discharged prisoners from Pentonville, Holloway, Wandsworth, and Millbank Prisons, with a view to their spiritual and moral reformation, and half this number received temporal aid also toward a recovery of their lost footing, with all that Christian love could do to cheer and encourage. This, again, is only one of many similar organisations formed to benefit discharged prisoners. There are fifteen or twenty such at work in London, and fifty-eight more elsewhere in England.

The Homes of Hope, and other organisations for rescuing fallen women, and girls, deal with equally large numbers of another class of the vicious and miserable. The Women's Mission to Women has cared for over 20,000 since it was established, the Homes of Hope with about 3,000, most of whom have been saved and restored; Edward Thomas has cared for 20,000 more of the friendless and fallen; and such agencies, on a smaller scale, are very numerous in London, while in the provinces there are over fifty more.

Look at the Ragged School Union (Secretary, Mr. J. Kirk, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, London,—formerly 13, Exeter Hall), what a blessed and splendid history could that noble agency give for the past 50 years!

50,000 very poor Children are now (1891) in the Ragged School Missions of London. 204 Schools, with a "Benevolent Fund, for relief in Winter, feeding, and clothing the destitute, and seeking out and relieving poor, neglected crippled children in the "Slums." One worthy London Gentleman has, for years, made it his duty to visit, from house, to house, after such cases.

Hapless, maimed, blind, neglected, crippled little ones were found in some dark room, cut off from all the joys of childhood, and of life. For these much has been done to cheer many a hapless, and terrible life of suffering.

Instead of fooling thousands of Pounds away in Gambling (see Page 1030 top) or Horse Racing, or a life of Selfish Extravagance, and Luxury, what a blessing would the Money of the wealthy Classes prove if *wisely* distributed amongst these Institutions!

They are all now in great need of our aid. The Influence of the "Ragged School Union" now reaches to some Hundred Thousand of the "very Poor!"

ENGLISH HOSPITALS.

Again, what incalculable benefit to the very Poor have been our Noble charities,—the Hospitals!

Wishing to send a Present to each, the Writer found that there were at least 48 Hospitals for Adults, and Children,—Convalescent Homes, &c.,—for various Diseases *in London alone!*

Fancy, dear Reader, 48,—(probably more).—Noble Establishments,—each with its Staff of Doctors, and appliances to deal with every class of Unfortunates,—supported by the Wealthier Classes in one City alone.

The Public Charities of the Country are already immense, and it is in this Direction,—and in such efforts,—that TRUE SOCIALISM is to be found!

Then Dr. Barnardo's Homes (18, Stepney Causeway, (see page 290 of this book), also, the Town Mission Work of our large Towns.

Again, we have the National Refuges, Shaftesbury House, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, Mr. H. B. Wallen, Secretary.

This, for many years, was at 28, Great Queen Street. They were commenced over 45 years ago (1844), by the late excellent Secretary, Mr. Williams, by gathering neglected children into a small room, in the worst part of the "Rookery" of St Giles'. It is gratifying to hear, that, though retiring from the Secretaryship, Mr. Williams will still take an active part in the Institution.

Sad, indeed, it will be if these noble, long-tried Institutions for the relief of the poor and neglected, should suffer from the usual donations being drawn off in this new direction.

By all means let us encourage and support the "Army" in its death grapple with the misery of "the Slums," but do not let us withdraw a shilling of our much wanted subscriptions to older, and in their especial work, equally valuable organizations.



"Then said Jesus unto his Disciples,—If any man will come after Me,—let him deny himself,—and take up his cross,—and follow Me!"—Matt. xvi., 23.

Lucre. "Demas hath forsaken me."—2 Tim. iv., 10.
Money.



CHAPTER XI. PART III.

MONEY. GOLD. £ s. d. MAMMON.

"Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—
Hard, and yellow,—bright, and cold,
Molten,—graven,—hammered,—and rolled,
Price of many a Crime untold!
Spurned by the Young,—but hugged by the Old,
To the very verge of the Churchyard mould!

"A Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."—*Luke* xiii., 15.

"We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—1 *Tim.* vi., 7.

"But Covetousness,—which is Idolatry,—let it not be once mentioned among you as becometh Saints. For ye know that no covetous man, who is an Idolater,—hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ, and of God."—*Ephesians* v., 3-5.

"Earth Buildeth upon earth Palaces, and Towers,—
Earth sayeth unto earth,—'All shall be ours!'
Earth walketh upon earth,—glittering with Gold!
Earth cometh unto Earth, sooner than it wold!"—*Old Epitaph.*

Note.—Unlike the two previous Parts, the following concluding effort (Part III.) upon the Subject of Money, is especially addressed to the Professing Christian, and Christian Young Man.

CHRIST'S WORDS, AND RICH "BUSINESS CHRISTIANS."
WHAT CHRIST TEACHES. HOW LITTLE CHRISTIANS REGARD THEM. LARGE FORTUNES LEFT BY CHRIST'S MINISTERS, TO WHOM THE PEOPLE LOOK FOR EXAMPLES IN TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE. THE SAINTLY WESLEY.—A CONTRAST. THE CHOICE. THRIFT. SAVINGS. HOW A WORKING YOUTH SHOULD SAVE. THE YOUNG JEWELLER. £16,500 IN ONE SUNDAY SCHOOL SAVINGS' FUND. THE TRUE CHRISTIAN NEVER "UNSUCCESSFUL." THE BEST WINE KEPT TILL THE LAST. THE "CURRENCY" OF HEAVEN.

CHRIST'S WORDS AND "RICH, BUSINESS CHRISTIANS."

AND now,—dear Reader,—one final effort,—in conclusion,—upon the Subject of Money,—to struggle with that most difficult part to deal with, namely, the Teachings of our Blessed Lord, and the Example, and Practice, of "Money-making" Christians, and even Ministers of Religion.

A thoughtful YOUNG READER may say—

"I see around me, on every hand, apparently excellent men, whom no one surely can doubt to be Christians, but who, nevertheless, spend almost the whole of their lives in one continued scene of successful business operations, constantly adding to their already large fortunes. It damps me! I do not deny that your Book may be true, but my difficulty is this; I find that if I give my mind, and time, and thoughts, to what is good, I cannot do *both*! If I were to commence life *entirely* unhampered by *Religion*, by any other thoughts than the one fixed purpose of "getting on," and saving Money, I think, if God gave me health for (say) forty years to come, I should probably die a "successful," wealthy, man. But how is it possible for me to give my *heart*.—daily thoughts, and time, to Piety, and to God, and yet devote myself, from the commencement of life, to getting on, and making money? You are about to recommend, in this Chapter, saving—laying up money for the future. Christ says—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon Earth. Matt. vi. 19. "Take no thought for the

morrow, the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," Matt. vi. 34. The wealthy Christians I see around me, live in every possible comfort—in splendid houses—surrounded by every luxury money can procure, the result of years and years of accumulations, either of their own, or of their Relations. Christ says, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." Luke ix. 23. Christ says—"Sell that ye have; provide yourselves bags which wax not old," Luke xii. 33. To the only rich Youth whom we read of coming to Him,—(most who came were poor)—Christ's very first direction in order to secure Eternal Life was "Sell all that thou hast, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come, follow Me." The Christians I have spoken of do nothing of the kind—nor do they intend to. Christ was poor—had nothing—lived on what Judas' bag contained of their slender store of money. No wonder that the rich Young Man turned away! I have read your LVII. (Page 423) Chapter—"The Anxious Inquirer, or the Rich Young Man." Hardly one of the modern rich Christians of our day, whom I see around me—successful—advertising—pushing—business—men, but would do the same! *They* give up all—their Business—their Works—their Property, comfortably invested for their lives! They would consider it *sheer* madness! Christ says that we should beware of covetousness—laying up stores, increasing one's income and wealth, and gives us, as an example, the case of a wealthy man prospering, who built larger barns; (Luke xii. 16) and says that God calls him, "Thou fool!"

"Why! the first thing the pushing, successful, "business Christian" I see around me, when he sees things going well, does, is to enlarge his Works to make more money! Christ says, "Take no thought for the morrow." That we should live like the birds, or plants, depending upon God for all. (Luke xii. 22). Why! the very first aim of the successful "business Christian" is to take thought of the morrow, to have forethought—to watch the markets, to buy in well! Christ's great Apostle says, "We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain that we shall take nothing out; having therefore, food and raiment, let us be content!" Why, in a eulogy upon an eminent modern Christian—the owner of some large Mills—in a well-known Religious Magazine lately—after mentioning how he had all the workpeople to prayers each morning, &c, it *mentions* that he had "early made the resolve never to

rest till the returns of the Firm had reached £100,000 a year. And, before his death, with *God's blessing*, he saw his resolve accomplished."

"We are to take no thought for our life," &c., to live like the birds—"having food and raiment, to be content," yet here, in this single instance, is the modern Christian carrying out for years resolutely, the very action of the rich man and his barns, till his Income reaches an immense sum—and he is brought forward, in one of our first Religious Magazines, as a "noble" example for Young Christians to follow!

If the commands of our Lord and his followers (who *practised* them themselves) are *not intended* for us Christians to obey, why did Jesus give them to us? If they are not meant to be followed literally, what is the good of them? *Why the deception?* If they are really true, and Christ really meant what He said, what pretenders to true followers of Christ are these rich, pushing, business, Christians of our day! Why! their whole lives are in direct opposition to the whole spirit of the Gospel, and to the constantly repeated commands of our Saviour.

I cannot understand all this, say, therefore, a word about Money."

The young Reader, in reply to these questions, must be told that there are thousands, a great deal older than he is, quite as much puzzled for a satisfactory solution of them as he can be. The answer usually given by the modern, thriving, "business Christian" is (and it is certainly a very *convenient* one in his case,)—"Oh! I am not called to the life you allude to, as given for our direction in the New Testament; those were early times; the directions of our Saviour are not meant now to be taken literally (if they ever were); I consider I am doing a good work as a Christian Employer," &c.,—and then probably, will follow a list of good deeds. If you wish to go into this Subject thoroughly, read a remarkable book, "Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds?"—by the late Rev. Thomas Binney, of London. He proves (or thinks that he does,) that it is possible. The book,—the result of a Lecture to a Young Men's Christian Association,—sold at a thousand a-day for some time! No wonder! A book which proves that we can "serve both God and Mammon,"—be true to "two Masters,"—and secure this World as well as the next,—could not fail to be attractive in this Commercial Age!

The result to which he came in this Book,—seems,—

however,—to have startled many, and,—it is believed,—surprised and startled, as much as anyone, the good man himself! "How far this book is consistent with the Truths of Christ's Teaching, and with the Spirit of the Gospel,"—says a candid Reviewer, when eulogizing this good man, (for the Rev. Binney *was* a good man,)—is, perhaps, a debatable point." It is, indeed! Every Youth must, sooner, or later, go into it for himself, and decide how much of his heart, service, *time*, and life, shall be given to the things connected with this World, and how much to God and to Religion!

Undoubtedly a choice has frequently to be made, and it is upon this choice that frequently depends the whole after-life both for Time and Eternity!

It is only fair to remind the Youth who feels anxious upon the point, that hundreds of the best and greatest of Christ's followers, from the time of the Apostle Paul downwards, *have* taken Christ's words *literally*;—have given up all to His cause, and gone out as Missionaries, &c., to Heathen lands. It is, after all, a question for individual Conscience to decide. We only know that our Saviour's choice of followers went remarkably in the direction of poor men who had nothing, and that He says, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God;" and "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation."—Luke vi., 20-24. Taken literally or not, these words of Christ's and His whole teaching in regard to money, are certainly very remarkable!

The House of Prayer, made a "House of Merchandise."



THE FORMER TEMPLE OF GOD.

"And Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the Temple those that sold *oxen, and sheep, and doves*, and the Changers of Money sitting. And when

He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the Temple, and the sheep and the oxen ; and poured out the Changers' Money, and overthrew the tables ; and said unto them, ' Take these things hence, make not My Father's house a house of Merchandise. It is written, My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thieves.' "

THE PRESENT TEMPLE OF GOD.

" Know ye not that ye are the *temple of God* ? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols ? For ye are the Temple of the living God. Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord.

For from within, out of the heart of man proceed theft, covetousness. Take heed and beware of Covetousness. But Covetousness let it not be once named among you as becometh Saints. ' Mortify therefore your members, which are upon the earth ; Covetousness, which is idolatry : for when things' sake cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience.' "—*Colossians* iii., 5-6.

" Nor Covetous, nor extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God. No Covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God."—*Ephesians* v., 3-5.

HUNGER AFTER MONEY.

There never was an age to equal the present one, for fierce competition, and greed after money ; that transactions are frequently conducted, in this day, under plausible names, which are hardly distinguishable from downright swindling, —no observant person either in England or America can deny ! The rage after money pervades all Classes of Society ! " With every new commercial scandal," says a correspondent from New York,— " which comes to light, the names of such leading men are involved,—holding positions as Sunday School Superintendents, leading members of congregations, &c.,—men of such standing in the Religious world,—that juries hesitate to convict."

Is it not possible that Christ's words,—the words of One who spake as " no man spake,"

" No man can serve two masters, ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."—*Matt.* vi., 24.

" And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."—*Matt.* xix., 24.

—may have a deeper meaning than some may think ? He "knew what was in man !"

THAT SAINTLY,— "EARLY CHRISTIAN"—MAN, JOHN WESLEY,

The Centennial of the Death of a great Man occurred this year (1891). One hundred years have now passed away since that memorable day in 1791, when this Nation, —and the world at large, lost that Man of God,—John Wesley.

Some idea has been given in Chapter VI. (Page 734) of this volume of the so-called "Good Old Times?" at the commencement of *this* Century (1800).

We must, however, go back almost *another* Century (1703) to reach the year in which John Wesley was born. If things were bad in 1800, what were they between 1703-1791? Imagination can hardly picture,—even with the aid of Hogarth's Pictures,—the state of things which prevailed in that most gloomy Period for England! True Religion sunk into a state of apathy, and decay,—a population plunged in the deepest Ignorance,—shamefully neglected by the Church of that day. No proper means of cheap Education for the Poor,—no Newspapers,—little Intelligence of any kind,—Vice,—Ignorance,—Brutality,—Sin,—everywhere! A "Church"—corrupted by its love for Money, and its "Livings," "endowed" by the State, to train its people in Religion, and to set an Example of Holiness, Self-denial, and a Consecrated Life,—thus following the Example of the Master,—neglectful of its Duties,—fast asleep,—mercenary,—with that abomination of the past,—the drinking, sporting, "Country Parson," totally unworthy of his name—his "church,"—or the "endowments," and Tithes, he lived upon!

A dissolute, corrupt Aristocracy,—Parliamentary influence, and a Seat in the House, obtained by Bribery,—the "People" virtually, unrepresented,—Laws,—like the "Game Laws,"—made by the Rich, *for the Rich*,—little Publicity,—*Public opinion* stifled,—or, rather not yet called into existence,—no Bible,—for the Bible Society did not commence its issues till April, 1804.—a Century after,—and found a Population virtually without the Word of God at all!

Surrounded by this Midnight Darkness,—a Band of Christians emanating from Oxford,—headed by Wesley, and Whitfield,—began their Labours!

A Contrast, 1730. £28 a Year!

1891, RICH MINISTERS OF CHRIST.

"The Will of the late Rev. ———, Canon ——— of ——— and Rector of ———, has just been proved, with personality of £342,000."—*Daily Papers*, January 8th, 1892.

What a change has come over us,—and our ideas of a consecrated,—self-denying, "Christian," life, since Wesley's day!

In answer to a challenge,—Mr. Wesley,—in his later life,—confessed that, when, at one time, his Income was but £30 a Year, he succeeded in supporting himself on £28,—and gave away £2. When it reached £60 he still made the £28 do,—and gave away £32 in his many Schemes of Philanthropy.

For, it must ever be remembered, that John Wesley was the Pioneer of our "Medical Missions,"—"Schools for the Poor," "Loans to struggling, but honest tradesmen," "Cheap, pure, Literature," &c.,—his little Band of fellow labourers starting a small Printing Press.

John Wesley was a "many-sided Religious Evangelist,"—he saw, as if by inspiration, the immense importance of such Agencies,—and gradually he and his small, devoted, self-denying Band, of fellow Workers, became a Ray of Light amidst the prevailing gloom!

When his Income was £90,—£62 of it was devoted to these Philanthropic Schemes.

It reads like a return to the Simplicity, Vital, Self-denying, Piety of the Early Christian Church!

"They *forsook all* and followed Him."—*Luke v.*, 11.

"Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—*Mark viii.*, 34.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."—*Luke xiv.*, 27.

"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me."—*Matt. x.*, 38.

"Lo! We have *left all* and followed Thee."—*Mark x.*, 28.

"And he *left all*,—rose up,—and followed Him."—*Luke v.*, 21.

Note.—To avoid misconception, the writer has no connection with the excellent Wesleyan Body, and it must be understood that the entire aim of these remarks,—as indeed of this entire Book,—is to place in bold contrast, the Teachings of Christ, and the Example of holy men who have been most honoured by God,—and the Cross-shunning "Christianity" of our day. It is absurd to imagine that intelligent Young Christians in 1891 do not notice these things, and it is desired,—in a day of admitted selfishness and humbug,—to let the **Young Believer** judge independently, for himself, upon these points.

A Contrast, 1891, £10,000 a Year!

"RELIGION PAYS, NOW SIR!"

How do the Lives, *Labours*, and Incomes, of Saintly men, in the Past, compare with those of modern "Popular" Preachers selling their *seats by auction*,—as in U.S.,—and drawing incomes of thousands a Year?

What do we now behold? The Income of the late —,

of New York, was claimed to be £10,000 a year! The name is associated with a Trial, upon the merits of which, opinions in America, and elsewhere, were, and *still are*, decidedly at variance. Whatever opinions, thoughtful Christians may entertain as to the tendency of the Teachings, Beliefs, (or rather Non-Beliefs) of this recipient of £10,000 a year, all will allow that they were most emphatically *not* the teachings of good John Wesley!

HAS JESUS CHRIST CHANGED?

"Well! You know the Times are changed!"

Undoubtedly; no question about *that*; but the Question the Young Christian asks in 1891, is "Has Christ Changed?" Are his commands now *obsolete*? Have our Ministers found out some other way to heaven than "the Cross?" If so, it is indeed important to let it be clearly known! Was it impossible to serve two Masters in A.D. 33,—but possible to do so in 1891?

WHY WE FEEL VENERATION FOR MINISTERS.

"Well, but a 'Popular Minister' may surely sell his seats by auction, make £10,000 a year, and receive thousands for his books, and yet remain a good Christian?"

Certainly, undoubtedly,—if he holds it,—as Wesley did,—in trust,—consecrated to God's service;—not otherwise.

Why? Is it not his own? No! *it is not!* A true "Minister" of Jesus Christ, whether "Church" or "Dissenter," is a *marked man*,—he is not an *ordinary* follower of Christ! He stands out before the Public, claiming, in virtue of his sacred office, the Veneration, Respect, and Submission, of all he comes in contact with!

Why? What is the ground for that veneration? The "Minister," or "Priest," is considered to be set apart, by "The Church," or by "Dissenters,"—consecrated,—time,—talents,—Property,—heart, and soul,—to the Service of God, and Christ,—and, for **this reason alone**, men look up to our "Ministers," hoping, amidst a day of speechless grasping after Money and Covetousness,—to find, at least, in the **Lives and Examples** of Ministers of Religion, *some* copy of that Self-denying life,—unworldliness,—and devotion,—which our Blessed Lord taught, and exemplified in His own Sweet, and Holy Life, while upon Earth!

If then these examples are lacking, and such large Fortunes are left, what wonder that our veneration ceases? Well may our Lord's question be asked, in our day to modern "Teachers," who can preach to others glibly enough,

and with wonderful choice of language, on the danger of Wealth. &c., &c.,—while taking *very* good care to get all they can *themselves*."

"What do ye more than others?"—*Matt. x., 47.*

How can we wonder at shrewd, Business, men, who know the value of money perfectly well,—saying,—as we hear them everywhere saying in 1891,—"*Religion! Pooh! Nonsense! Business you mean! Religion pays nowadays! I only wish I could get my Money as easily!*"



The House of Prayer, made a "House of Merchandise."

How often do we see in the Papers "*Ecclesiastical Preferments*," noticed thus, "*The ——— of ——— of the Annual value of £1,000, has been offered by the First Lord of the Treasury, to the Hon. and the very Rev. ———, Son of Lord ———.*"

"Well but these Fortunes are merely the Personal Property of these Gentlemen, who were of Wealthy Families before they entered 'the Church' at all!"

Indeed! The above Notice *does not look* like it! If, however, it is so,—if they have already great Wealth, and merely enter the Church for Philanthropic Motives, what do such want any more of the Money for?

Why not allow their share of the State Endowments to go to Christ's cause, and to assist their poorer struggling brother Clergymen, - sorely in need? Printed Circulars were lately forwarded asking subscriptions to a Fund to assist the Poorer Clergy to obtain proper Education for their sons!

There is money enough in the Church to do all, if it only went to the really devoted, hardworking, self-denying Clergy, who are *doing* the work for the Master, instead of the lucrative "*livings*,"—the "*Mams*,"—being.

given by Patronage to the sons of the aristocracy whom, we are coolly told, are already of wealthy Families!

We cannot have our common sense abused! Say rather these immense Fortunes have been saved the last 70 years, —drawn from snug Parsonages,—Preferments obtained by interest in Parliament, and Patronage,—either by themselves, or by their Ancestors in the "Church," before them, for Generations, from the State, with too often very little done for the People in return! Money, Wealth, State Patronage, Livings held by the "Upper Classes," the Aristocracy, and given to their sons,—as Manufacturers leave a "going Business" to their children,—have been the curse of Christ's True "Church," in every age of its existence.

THE CAUSE OF MODERN FEEBLE PREACHING.

The following excellent Remarks are from the "Annual Report of the Church of England Book Society," for 1890-91,—pleading for the Means of making Free Grants of Books, for the use of the Poorer Clergy.

"There are pulpits where the preaching is very far from the Apostolic models, where is preached, not Christ, but Philosophy, Metaphysics, Morality only, or perchance the last new Novel. If *Man's nature had changed* during the Centuries, if his spiritual needs, longings, and aspirations were different now from what they were in St. Paul's age, then perhaps there would be reason in this; but Man needs a Saviour now as of old, Man is *just as guilty as ever*, just as *unable to save himself*, as in the Apostle's time. Hence if the Pulpit would be faithful there is no choice. **It was Christ then; it must be Christ now!** Not mere philosophy, not mere doctrine, not mere morality, not politics, not books, but Christ the Centre of all, the Light, the Life, the Salvation of all!

The preaching of Christ was full of *Warning* and Entreaty, as well as of instruction. From the lips that spake words and promises of hope, comfort, peace, and love, tell also bitter burning words of reproach, and righteous anger, and Warnings *to flee from the Wrath* to come. Christ was pre-eminently the Messenger of love, and the Power of the Gospel is as great as ever.

The responsibility on her Clergy will indeed be great, if they be tempted to resort to modern *Popular* methods, and to substitute *themes* which *excite curiosity* and *tickle the popular fancy*, in place of the plain and searching Truths of God's Word. Undoubtedly the Preacher requires all the wisdom he can possibly muster in proclaiming the Gospel. He needs to seek, by every effort of Thought, Study, and Prayer, such Wisdom in his Preaching as to compass the one great object of Preaching, that of leading souls to Christ.

Who can gainsay that the Church of England, considered as a director of spiritual influences, has, of late years, allowed the work of preaching to fall into comparative neglect? The High Church Movement, and still more its later development of Rationalism, have, of course, had much to do with it. It has been a natural part of the Tractarian, and Ritualist, policy to depreciate the importance attached to this incident of Divine Service by the Evangelical section of the Church, and to elevate the *mysterious sacerdotal functions of the Priest*, by an almost contemptuous neglect of the Pulpit."

"But why should the Sermon so frequently be a failure both to the Preacher and the Hearers? One foremost reason is that the average Preacher does not take sufficient pains with his task, or has not sufficient "helps" in his preparation for that task. Alas, that the preacher should so often do his work in a hasty, careless, or perfunctory manner! A sermon which has no heart in it will never touch the hearts of the congregation, nor will a Sermon that is without thought ever appeal to the intellect of the hearers. Many Sermons are useless because they are ill-digested, and because they present a number of subjects without cohesion or method. There is a great need of heart-thought, prayer-begotten Sermons, and they should be the means of true edification and spiritual instruction to both the teacher and the taught. The Preacher should ever remember, too, that it is his important function to open the Scriptures to the understanding of his hearers.

"The Clergy are bound by their ordination vows to be diligent, not only in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, but "in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same." Diligent study being therefore necessary, it is imperative that reference and research should be made among such works as shall help to prove the true and original sense of the inspired phraseology, and help to a better understanding of God's Sacred Book, and thus veritably conform to their ordination vows. Not being able to do so for want of books leaves some of them liable to be misled in various ways, for even words, by changing their signification, may become occasions of obscurity.

Very many of the Clergy are placed at considerable disadvantage in the matter of study because of their impecuniosity. To numbers of them does the question present itself, "How can I understand the Scriptures, and study them profitably, without the aid of a Commentary?" That a Clergyman should be without a Commentary may seem incredible to some, but it is nevertheless a fact; and yet what an indispensable help to a right interpretation of the Scriptures is such a work! It is often really distressing to read the letters of application from the poorer clergy of some years' standing, stating their want of homiletical and exegetical literature, and from the recently-ordained men, who start their ministerial life with practically little else in the way of theological helps than their college textbooks.

It may perhaps be thought why such statements should be so frequent when perhaps at no other time in the Nation's history have books been so cheap, Commentaries—and there are Commentaries and Commentaries—have not, however, been published at popular prices; their contents generally command their scholarly value. That by Matthew Henry, which holds its own against many by more recent expositors, is still expensive; but when appeals are made to the Committee for free gifts of such works as *The Speaker's Commentary*, *The Pulpit Commentary*, the works of Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Westcott, or those of the German Scholars, Deitzsch, Hengstenberg, Havernick, Lange, and many others now made accessible to English readers, or even for the compilation of the older commentators, Bengel, Scott, Hammond, and others, it is impossible to entertain the applications on account of the revenue of the Society being so far below what it might reasonably be expected to be, if only the more wealthy of Evangelical churchmen would give of their substance to its support.

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It may perhaps be thought why such statements should be so frequent when perhaps at no other time in the Nation's history have books been so cheap, Commentaries— and there are Commentaries and Commentaries— have not, however, been published at popular prices; their contents generally command their scholarly value. That by Matthew Henry, which holds its own against many by more recent expositors, is still expensive; but when appeals are made to the Committee for free gifts of such works as *The Speaker's Commentary*, *The Pulpit Commentary*, the works of Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Westcott or those of the German Scholars, Delitzsch, Hengstenberg, Haver-nick, Lange, and many others now made accessible to English readers, or even for the compilation of the older commentators, Bengel, Scott, Hammond, and others, it is impossible to entertain the applications on account of the revenue of the Society being so far below what it might reasonably be expected to be, if only the more wealthy of Evangelical churchmen would give of their substance to its support.

How often are the Clergy counselled to give attention to Reading—not desultory and superficial, but thorough, regular, and systematic! Judging from the large number of applications received in the course of a single year by this Society, it is not too much to state that certainly the majority of the poorer Clergy, young, middle-aged, and old, would be delighted to do so if they had the Books. Their impecuniosity is often such that it is almost more than they can do, without extraneous help, to keep, clothe, and educate themselves and their families. They receive most meagre incomes, considering the large sums which in most cases have been spent upon their Education, first at the public Schools, and afterwards at the Universities, to prepare them for their clerical life. **It is an undisputed fact that the Clergy, as a body, are the worst-paid Professional men in existence.** This Society seeks to help only the really needy, always declining to entertain any application that favours of the applicant being able to help himself.

The claims of the Village Pulpit, as well as that of the town, have now more than ever to be considered; the spread of education, and other causes, have of late years been gradually raising the inhabitants of our Villages to a higher social and intellectual level than the past. Never before has the need been so urgent that in the Country Parishes the Church should be well represented and effectively worked. Much sympathy has to be extended to the Vicar and Curate in so many of our small Towns and Villages, where, away from a Library and other Centres of literary life, with no books, and no money to purchase them, they are in a sense quite "buried." The appeals from very many are for help in the preparation of their Sermons and Addresses. They having to face the same people, in a limited population, so often, it is a trial to them, as one so aptly put it, "to clothe his words in new language without a new thought or new book from one year's end to another."

Who can help feeling sympathy for a Clergyman who has to speak week after week to an educated Town or Country Congregation, and whose shelves are practically bare of Books? No freshness of thought can be expected from one who is literally starved of the, to him, needful necessities of life—Books.

The busy clergy—Vicar and Curate—are expected to be leaders in every good work in their Parish and often in the district and town; but they themselves, without means of their own, have a claim for help. *their own* impecuniosity is too often a real burden to them, although their silence about such is compulsory, otherwise their influence among their parishioners would be deteriorated. Judging from letters received their weekly Sermons—often two or three in a week—are a real anxiety to them, as also is the address for the Bible-class or some such gathering, and not the least welcome gift seems to be some Volumes of Sermons; indeed many of the younger Clergy plead for such, and as the Committee never send forth any that are not in full accord with Evangelical teaching, they trust that their grants are greatly blessed both to Preacher and Congregation." (See Report.)

If, dear Reader, you have any Surplus Books lying useless, the Office of this excellent Society is 11, Adam Street, London, and they will be gladly received,

In this Extract,—excellent in its Sentiments and Aims,—the only Sentence which strikes the Reader as unfortunate, is, "It is an undisputed fact that the Clergy,—as a Body,—are the worst paid Professional Men in existence." To Millions of True Christian People,—Dissenters,—and doubtless, Members of the Church also,—the idea of making Religion a "Profession, a mere livelihood, a Business,"—is extremely painful! May the day soon come *when*,—the World over,—able Young Men,—sincerely

Pious,—true Christians,—desirous of devoting their Talents, Time, and Lives, to the Service of God,—will be able to do so without the unfortunate restrictions now placed upon them!

Here are hardworking Curates, and Young Clergymen, sadly needing Books to enable them to do themselves,—or their Congregations,—justice,—too poor to obtain even "Commentaries,"—while in this Year's "List of Wills," appear among others, the following "Personalities," left by the "worst paid Professional Men in existence," were given in the List of Wills for 1891:—

Rev.	—	44,570	Personal Property alone; add Freehold Houses, or Land.
"	—	20,000	
"	—	18,977	
Dean	—	46,947	
"	—	32,021	
Canon	—	28,043	
"	—	30,000	
Rev.	—	76,353	
"	—	29,885	
"	—	29,000	
"	—	105,227	
"	—	173,720	

£634,943 left by

only twelve Clergymen of the Church of England.

While another "Canon" and "Rector" (*Daily Paper*, January 8th, 1892) leaves £342,000!

Thus thirteen only of the "undisputed worst paid Professional Body in existence," left behind them, £976,943! An Average Fortune, accumulated, of £75,149 per Minister!

Now these gentlemen must have seen these Reports. They knew perfectly well that numbers of their poorer Brother Clergymen were terribly in need!

If they had been content to leave £25,000, each, to their Families, these 13 men alone, could have contributed (the remaining) £651,943 for Christ's Cause,—supplying Libraries to their Poorer Brother Clergymen,—and commencing a "Social Scheme" under the Management of the Church of England, to raise the "Sunken Faith!"

The following appeared in the daily Papers.

"It is stated that the forthcoming returns of — Cathedral Chapter Estates, will show that out of an Annual Income of £28,000,—barely £900 a year is expended on the maintenance of the Musical part of the Services,—viz., the Organist, Singing men, and boys, education of four Foundation singing boys, and Rent of School Room." (!)

What becomes of the other £27,000? Yet everything connected with "the Church" seems to need "Collections" begging for, or demanding, money!

Until lately,—perhaps it is so still,—the Public were actually expected to pay for merely entering, and looking round, their own Cathedrals!

Again we read:—

"It is simply a flagrant Scandal, in these days, that Clergymen should be permitted to hold Cathedral stalls of £1,000 a year, *in addition* to their valuable 'livings.' The worst pluralists now in the Church of England are Canons —."

(Here follows a list of their names.)

If the immense Sums drawn by the Church from the State were employed, *as they were intended to do*, to teach, raise, and assist the Toiling Masses, there has been enough Money in the Church, for the past 90 years, to have kept the "Sunken Faith" of the Poor from "sinking" *at all*!

If 13 Clergymen can leave nearly a Million sterling to their Families, *what could they all do?*

And what does the Nation gain? What *are* the Bishops doing? We read:—

"High Churchism of a very glaring character is becoming the liturgical order of the day at — Cathedral. Yesterday the "dedication festival" services were more than usually ornate, a "solemn procession" prefacing the "Missa Cantata," and an orchestral accompaniment being provided for the "High Celebration," with music selected from Weber's Mass in E flat. Dean — knows his own mind, and the usual humdrum Anglican service is by no means impressive in — Cathedral. But it is a mistake to suppose that the introduction of ornate services does not give pain to many old-fashioned Churchmen, who detest sacerdotalism and all its functions; while Nonconformists must observe with acute anxiety another departure from the sober Evangelicalism of the past, in the time of Thirlwall, or Mansel, or Milman."—*Daily Paper*, January, 1892.

We cannot have our Common Sense abused! The whole System of a State Church in England has been tried for Centuries, and what a lesson it has taught us!

The Glorious Reformation only did half its work! In these days of Intelligent Christianity, we demand something better than Lighting Candles in day time, Priests' Robes, Processions, "Eastward Positions," turning the Back to the Congregation, "Church Authority," and Priestcraft, imposing upon the credulity of Masses! We want a return to the Self-denying true Ministers of Jesus Christ!

There are Millions of devout Church Goers—Protestants "to the backbone,"—who delight in the Glorious Reformation,—and only wish that it had gone a little further in bringing the church back to its true, early, Apostolic Simplicity.

Such think very meanly of apostates from Protestantism; but we can all unite in a feeling of utmost respect to born

and bred Roman Catholics, our old, English, Catholic, Families!

They have ever proved themselves to be Loyal, and Patriotic,—from Queen Elizabeth's time,—to their Country,—always remembering that,—though Catholics,—they are also *Englishmen*!

Their Religion demands more Belief and Faith than ours,—they are required to believe far more than we, Protestants,—are.

No true Englishman would ever desire to satirize their Belief, or to interfere with the Method of Worship they have been born, and bred to, for Ages past.

But our respected Roman Catholic friends unite with us,—thorough Protestants,—in looking upon these Modern "High Church" of England Clergymen, as mere "Bogus" Priests!

They ape a Ceremonial, and assume a Ritual, and Power, which does not possess the *slightest* authority! The Roman Catholic Priesthood derive their authority from the Pope; the "High Church" (so called) Protestant Clergyman possesses no such authority at all. He is neither "one thing or the other!" Newman,—Manning,—and others clearly saw, and felt, this,—and, however utterly mistaken in our opinion,—they ceased to be Protestants, and in so doing, at least *acted honestly*!

But these "Bogus High Church" Priests,—while carefully clinging to the Emoluments of the Protestant Church,—have no notion of submitting to the Pope, or to any Authority but *their own*!

They wish to be *their own* Popes, to impose by a showy Ritual,—a bad copy of the Roman Catholic one,—upon the credulity of unthinking crowds of our day, who will not listen to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, but will crowd to listen to Music, and to witness these Priests, false to their Vows, going through a gaudy Ritual for which they have no authority,—and to which their Church is opposed!

These are the "Clergymen" whom this Nation permit to hold too often our English Country Churches, and cling tooth and nail to the "livings," and "Money to be got from the State.

Fancy a Protestant Family unable to attend Divine Worship at their time-honoured Country Church, where their Ancestors have, probably, worshipped for generations, merely because a "High Church" Parson,—a "nondescript,"—neither Catholic nor Protestant, is permitted to

light his candle, "turn his back to the Congregation,"—(It would be a boon if we could see *their backs* for the last time,)—and "carry on" a perfectly "bogus," and unintelligible Ritual.

It is remarkable to notice, when Christ is not preached, and the Gospel is absent, how Vestments, Intonations, Processions, and Wax Candles come in. The more worthless the Ministry, the greater the anxiety to hide deficiencies by External, the outward Symbols, or Shell of Religion. The more *empty* the Priest or Minister, the greater importance he seems to assume in virtue of his sacred office, in order to disguise the deficiency!

The true Christian soon finds such a Minister out, and,—if he be wise,—withdraws his Family to another Church or Chapel.

Nothing can be more deadening to Spiritual life than to listen to an evidently Christless person pretending to be a Religious Teacher or others. Under such a Minister the audience return, with a sense of hearty relief,—unaroused by any Religious exhortation to their *real life*,—where their *heart* is fixed,—the life of money getting,—frivolous amusement,—the Theatre,—Concerts,—Dress—Dances,—Comic Operas,—Cards—endless chatter, and small talk,—Trashy Novels (in which immorality, murder, and Religion are mixed up to suit the times),—in a word, as Christless a life,—that is as unlike Christ,—and as opposed to his commands,—as if they had never heard of Christ at all!

When will devout Protestant Churches of England,—wishing to Worship God in our English Churches as their forefathers did before them,—see that the only way to get these Priests out of the Church, is to take at length the power into their own hands, by Disestablishment?

The union of the Church with the State,—and the speechless corruption of the Past, caused by treating the office of Minister as a mere Business, a Livelihood, a Money-making Profession,—has been the Ruin and Curse of the True, Spiritual, Church of Christ, in all ages!

Let Disestablishment be tried! Church Congregations will then be relieved from Religious Teachers, in whom they have not the slightest Confidence, whom they never selected, whose *imitations* of our Catholic friends' Ritual they despise, and whose Churches they decline to attend!

The Laity of the Church of England now possess power and intelligence, like the Nonconformists,—the Control of *their Church* into their own hands,—to select and support

Ministers of whom they approve. They are quite as able to support their own Religious Teachers without State aid, as the Nonconformists are. As for Bishops, Apostolic Succession, &c.,—it is fair that the Young Reader should know that Millions of sincere, earnest Christians in this day, believe most emphatically, that the "Bishops" of the Early Christian Church, were nothing in the world more than "Presidents" of the Assemblies of Apostles, and Christian Believers. They occupied the same position as an esteemed and beloved "Pastor" does to his Congregation, in 1891 ;—nothing more.

They Believe that since our Saviour brought into the World the "New Dispensation,"—of Inward, Spiritual, Faith, and Belief,—not dependent upon the outward things of Sense and Time,—that all the outward Signs of God's miraculous Power,—are now withheld. We are now to "walk by Faith, not by Sight."

Consequently, they believe that the "Laying on of hands," by modern Ecclesiastics, unaccompanied,—as their own after lives too often have proved was the case,—by the "Laying on of hands" by God the precious Holy Spirit,—is totally inefficacious in producing a true Minister of Christ. They believe that the "Laying on of hands" by the early Apostles,—together with their power to work other Miracles,—these Supernatural "Interferences," (if we may reverently use the word) on the part of the Supreme,—are no longer vouchsafed. Such "Interferences" were permitted and entrusted to the Apostles, in the early days of Christianity, as absolutely necessary to found the Church of Christ. Our Lord says :

"If I had not done among them the Works which none other man did, they had not had Sin"—*John xv., 24.*

Without these wondrous Miracles,—performed before their very eyes,—these outward Signs,—how could the Christian Faith have been established in an almost entirely Heathen World ?

This,—once accomplished,—we believe that all Miraculous Gifts,—including the Apostolic "Laying on of hands," were withdrawn. Why ? Because such outward Miracles would,—if they had been continued,—been totally inconsistent with that Spiritual life,—that life of Faith, to which we are all now called. Modern Bishops,—loath to relinquish their "Authority," and control of the Church, cling desperately to that delusive "Apostolic Succession," in which Millions of sincere, earnest Christians do not, and

never did believe! *We do not believe a word of it!* If this power to work *other* Miracles is now acknowledged to be utterly lost, we may readily be pardoned for our unbelief in the "laying on of hands" remaining with them either.

Dear Young Reader, the only "laying on of hands" the true Young Christian Minister needs, is the essential "laying on of hands" of God,—the Precious Holy Spirit,—once obtain *that*, and all will be well!

It is astonishing that devout Churchmen cannot see how,—in all Ages,—the Priesthood has clung to every obsolete, long passed, miraculous, alleged, powers which are calculated to *keep their own importance*, and make their presence *indispensable!*

Who does not see,—in this day of intelligence, (1891),—that there are highly endowed, eminent Christian men amongst the Laity of the Church of England,—Superintendents of Sunday Schools, &c.,—who, on occasion, can deliver a Sermon infinitely more practical, and far more likely to be blessed by God, than are too many of those delivered by Curates or Clergymen whom the superstitious belief in the long lapsed, miraculous "laying on of hands" places over a Congregation often superior to them, Mentally, Intellectually, and Spiritually.

ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITY WITHOUT AUTHORITY FROM CHRIST.

"And there was strife among them, *which of them should be the greatest.*"—*Luke xxii., 24.*

Even Amongst the Apostles, the old, old, desire to Power, Authority, early showed itself!

"But Jesus called them to Him and saith unto them, 'Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles, exercise lordship over them, and their Great Ones exercise authority upon them.'—*Mark x., 42.*

"But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you shall be your Minister, and whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—*Mark x., 44-48.*

Not much there about "Bishops,"—Wax Candles, Altars,—"*Hocus Pocus*,"—and Fortunes of £50,000 left,—dear Reader! *Again*,—

"He asked them 'What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?' And they held their peace."

Why? Because they felt that their Lord would disapprove of the spirit they had shown.

"For, by the way, they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest."

"And He sat down, and called the Twelve, and saith unto them 'If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.'"

Not much of "Ecclesiastical Dignity," "Church Authority,"—Vestments, Lawn Sleeves, Mitres, Choirs, Gothic Windows, Holy Water, and Priestcraft, here, dear Reader!

TRUE WORSHIP.

"The Most High dwelleth not in Temples made with hands: Heaven is My Throne, and earth is My footstool, what House will ye build Me, saith the Lord?" *Act. vii*, 48, 49.

"God is a Spirit,—and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth."

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the True Worshipers shall Worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him!"

What Christian Believer in 1891, does not now recognise that the True Church of Jesus Christ is a Spiritual, and Inward one, independent of all outward things of Sense and Time?

"The Wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth;—so is everyone that is Born of the Spirit."

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, —Ye must be born again!"—*John iii*, 8.

A Gorgeous Ritual,—an imposing Priest with Robes, Vestments, and Music, did very well for the Middle Ages,—that awful time of darkness, and for Mankind,—when Civilization, Progress, and Learning, seem to make "an Awful Pause,"—but we, in 1891, need something more Spiritual,—a return to Early Christianity!

A "STATE" CHURCH.

There are now instances of "the Parson" becoming so wealthy, as to be able to purchase the advowson;—in plain English, to buy his own church, and thus become his own "Patron;" and the question thus has arisen, *how much*—or *what portion*—of the church, and the church Yard, belongs to *him*, and how much to the *Nation* who endowed it?

Dear Reader, *what* a "System!" Your common sense tells you that every church, church Yard, and all the Church Property, in this Empire,—rightly belongs to the Nation,—to the State,—the People.

The Clergy were merely servants of the State, paid to attend to the Religious Education of the People. As usual, under the corrupting influence of Money, and Power, the Monarch, Great Families, and the Clergy combined together, and as long as they were permitted to do so, and, for ages, employed the National Resources for their own aggrandizement,—placing their children

in good "livings,"—compelling the Dissenters to support them,—opposing all public, liberal, Education of the Masses, unless it taught the immense importance of submission to the Clergy;—and yet doing all in the name of Religion! It took some Millions of the Public Money,—recently,—to *buy* the Clergy out, and dis-establish that absurdity the "National" (?) Irish "Church of England." No sooner was the decree of the Nation seen to be inevitable, than, in some hundred instances, the *old* clergymen,—whose lives would be calculated as only worth some *ten Years'* purchase,—suddenly, and mysteriously, *resigned* their "livings,"—and quite *young* men,—whose lives were worth some *30 Years'* purchase,—expeditiously *took their place!* "But you do not mean to say by an understanding,—collusion,—to squeeze to the last, all the money to be got out of the State,—out of the People?" You must answer *that* question, dear Reader, for yourself!

What an exhibition,—what a spectacle,—the entire Subject of a Church thus propped up by any State presents!

The Corruption of the true Church of Jesus Christ *began* with **Money**, and we may depend upon it, it will *end* with it!

When there is not much more to be got out of the Nation, the views of the sons of the Aristocracy, as to the advisability of entering the church for a "living," will undergo a considerable change, and True, sincere, Christian Ministers will be happily left!

WE OPPOSE THE "SYSTEM,"—NOT THE "MEN."

In an Essay on **Money**,—deploring its demoralizing,—depraving,—influence, it would be absurd not to speak very plainly upon the deplorable effect it has had upon the Church of Jesus Christ. But we may condemn, and oppose a corrupt "*System*," and nevertheless admire the personal character of *Individuals*.

CHURCH RATES.

The earliest remembrance of the Writer, of the "Church," is associated with the arrival at their private house,—(Nonconformists) of two emissaries of the Church and State, and their taking off our Silver Plate, &c., for "Church Rates." The "System" being to enter private houses of Dissenters, seize their goods,—sell them at Auction,—and, if any Surplus remained,—(they generally took plenty) the unfortunate nonconformist was supposed to have it returned to him. (!) This was in 1844. On this particular occasion the Church never got any of the proceeds, for the collector "bolted" with the assets, and the Vicar lost all!

But, dear Reader, what a "System!" Our Nation has great cause to thank the "Quakers,"—and other Dissenters,—in the past, for their sturdy protests, and opposition, to the Tyranny of the then "Church;" no Reform will ever be produced without strenuous opposition, for the "Priests," in all ages, cling

Money with desperate energy! Our sturdy brethren, the Welsh Nonconformists, are, it appears, following in the same judicious opposition.

BISHOPS' "PALACES."

Thirty years ago (1862) the Writer was looking up at Durham Cathedral, on his first visit, one Summer's evening, from the Bridge below, when an old inhabitant opened a conversation. "Ah! Sir," he said,—“this is a darkish neighbourhood, and population, about us; but I remember the state of things 30 years ago (1830),—and my old Father, now dead, used to go back 30 years before that (1800). Those were terrible times! No education, no Schools, no Religion, no Bibles; the Population neglected.” “Well, but you had the Cathedral,—up there,—and the Clergy?” “Yes! They kept the Cathedral going, but how could the rough, untaught, Miners, from the Pits,—10 miles round here,—attend, or understand it? We were supposed to belong to the Church,—our family,—but it was little the Church ever did for us, except take the church Fees. It was little we saw of the Clergy except on *Brass day*!” “*Brass day*?” “*Pay day*,—I mean, Sir! The day when they divided their Stipends. In they would come,—to Durham,—in their carriages,—have a Dinner together,—and off they went again!”

“It was only when the Methodists began their open air Preaching,—Prayer,—and Cottage,—Meetings,—and got amongst the Poor, and the Miners at the Pits,—that anything was done. Though they say, that, at one time the Bishop of Durham was drawing his £90,000 or £100,000 a year (!) from ‘Royalties’ on the Mining Property, and the increased value of the Land. Ah, they were *bad* times, Sir.”

He said no more,—but it seemed interesting as showing the feeling of the Working Class,—church goesers themselves,—upon this Subject.

He might have exaggerated somewhat,—but there is no doubt that the Bishop, in 1826, was drawing £70,000 a Year! Now, 1891, about £7,000 a Year.

In that wonderful Book,—the New Testament,—these times were “*foreseen*!” Again, and again, did our Blessed Lord warn His Apostles and Disciples, of the danger, and deadening, effect of Riches, “*Lucre*.”

The “Bishops” mentioned in these Early days of the Church of Christ, were evidently much in the position of our Modern Nonconformist “Pastors.” They were constantly exhorted against the love of Money, or Worldly Possessions. No doubt, the Early Christian church placed their common Fund to a great extent into the hands of these devoted men, selected as prominent for their Piety and Zeal, men whom all could trust, to “dispense to every man according to his need” (See iv. Acts, 35). There is no suggestion that they kept it for themselves.

" A Bishop must be blameless, apt to teach, *not given to filthy Lucre*, patient, not Covetous." — 1 Timothy iv., 2, 3.

says the devoted apostle Paul.

" Feed the Flock of God, — which is among you, *not for filthy Lucre*, but willingly, — and of a ready mind " — 1 Peter v., 2.

says the earnest, loving, Peter, whom our Lord three times exhorted to,

" Feed my Sheep "

" *Neither as being lords, over God's Heritage, but being Examples to the Flock,*"

he continues.

THE ONLY " BISHOP'S PALACE " OUR LORD AUTHORIZES,
IS THE ONE FOUND IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Not a word in these Texts, dear Reader, not a suggestion about " Bishops' Palaces," " Very Right Revs.," " Lords Spiritual," " Royalties " on Mines, and leaving £50,000 !

We cannot have our Common Sense abused. The whole " System " of the " State " Church is a delusion, opposed to Christ's express commands.

Thus, Titus is warned to be very careful in selecting or ordaining " Elders," who are called, also, in the next verse, " Bishops."

" For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and *ordain Elders*, in every City, as I appointed thee." — 1 Titus, 5.

He was to select these " Elders," or " Bishops " very carefully, —

" For a Bishop must be blameless, as a Steward of God, — not given to *Filthy Lucre*."

How did " the Church " become possessed of these " Royalties," and immense Property ? " From the State, — the Nation, — the People, — from State Endowments," — says the Nonconformist ! " From good, pious, persons, who left their Properties to the Church," — says the Church goer !

Let us take the latter. " What did those pious Folk leave their Property to the Church for, — what *was it to do* ? What was their *aim or object* ? " They left it to the Clergy, — as the Apostle puts it, — as to **Stewards of God**, — accountable to Him, to employ in educating, visiting, teaching, and raising the Sunken Classes, — the Poor, untaught, toiling, neglected Labouring Population of this Country, — not to divide the Money, amongst the clergy, on " Brass Day ! "

Dear Young Reader, when we go out into Eternity, we shall understand *somewhat more* about our God ! Depend upon it, there will be an awful Reckoning to be gone into before Him !

The time to test a "System," was when it *had all its own way*;—then it *showed itself in its true colours*!

Here was a Population sunk in the deepest spiritual, and moral, ignorance, men working their lives out, in the Coal Pits,—and "Bishops," in "Palaces," "drawing a hundred thousand pounds a Year, from royalties on their mining property!" While around them thousands of precious Souls, for whom Christ died, were going out into Eternity, untaught, neglected, unvisited! And that never ending "Service of the Church of England," with its paid choir, *grinding* away to half-a-dozen well to do Visitors, who, no doubt thought the Cathedral Music "very fine," "delightful," "solemn," and "well worth hearing!" It was *solemn* enough, dear Reader! Such a travesty upon the Religion, Teachings, and Example, of our Blessed Lord, will prove "solemn" enough, one day, to some!

Dear Young Reader, search your Testament through, and see if in the Life, Precepts, Commands, and Example, of our Lord Jesus Christ, you find one word to indicate that He ever intended His humble and devoted Followers to become "Bishops,"—living in "Palaces," with £70,000; now, 1891, £7,000 a Year!

It is absurd,—in an *Essay upon Money*, to mince matters, and not to point out to the Young Reader how utterly demoralizing is the effect of Wealth and Money, upon the pure Religion of our Lord and Saviour!

EXCELLENT MEN IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

But the Writer protests that he has no personal animus against "the Church," or the "Clergy." Twenty-four years after that first visit, (viz., 1886,) he was introduced to, and shook hands with, the late Bishop Lightfoot, in his "Palace" at Durham. He would quite as soon hear a sincere, Christian, Minister of "the Church" preach a Gospel Sermon, as listen to a "Nonconformist" Pastor. All Sects to him are one. Why? Because an excellent, and faithful clergyman, like the late Canon Miller, for example,—for many years the valued Rector of the Parish Church, Birmingham, then at Greenwich,—proves his true "Apostolic Succession,"—that Spiritual succession, carried on by the true Ministers of Jesus Christ,—let their "Religious Denomination" be what it may!

This excellent and earnest Man was wont,—in Summer time,—to have a Portable Pulpit brought out, and would preach to the People in the open air.

Crowds attended, and the "common people heard him gladly" (Mark xii. 37). The voice of every true, earnest, really Gospel Minister,—whether a Spurgeon, or a Canon Miller,—is always "heard!" *Why?* Because the Master is there! The People recognize in the earnest Servant, the voice, and the call of his Master!

"The Sheep hear His voice,—and follow Him,—and a Stranger will they not follow, for they knew not the voice of Strangers."—*John x., 4-5.*

One of the most earnest, truly Gospel Sermons, the Writer ever heard,—and he has heard many excellent Ministers, in very different parts of the World,—was one of these open air addresses of good Canon Miller, to a vast audience of the "Bona fide" Working Class, in Smithfield, Birmingham,—some 30 years ago;—he remembers the text now.

This excellent Canon would also invite the Poorest People to attend short, evening, addresses in the Parish Church. He let them off that long Church Service, with its never-ending repetitions. Church goers must remember that nothing but early training from childhood, can render that stereotyped collection of Prayers, &c., bearable. To us Nonconformists, its constant repetition has the monotonous affect of setting one of Mr. Edison's ingenious "Phonographs" in motion! The real Working Class came gladly, filled the pews,—and listened earnestly to that true Servant of God. Then, instead of the never-ending church "Collection," each poor person was presented with a Tract, as they left the Church!

Thus we may honour, esteem, listen to, and respect, the *Man*,—while we utterly denounce the "System" of any "State," or "Established" Church!

JOHN WESLEY.

The system of holding all his Property in Trust for the Needy,—or, in other words the consecration of Property, Time, Intellect, Heart, and Soul,—all to God's Service,—continued throughout Mr. Wesley's life.

An Exciseman, —thinking that the "Great Preacher" of 1750-90, was "doing remarkably well,"—(that Exciseman should have appeared a century after, he was before his time). and probably had a store of "taxable" Plate,—found only *four poor silver spoons!*

Dear Young Reader,—do not let us throw all the blame on Wealthy Clergymen and Ministers,—does not the life of this true follower of the Precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ cause us all as Christians, to blush at our own selfish extravagance in 1891?

What are *we* doing for Christ? Well may our Lord's question be asked in our day of too many of His professing People:

"What do ye more than others?"—*Matt. v., 47.*

1730-1790.

No Railways,—no decent roads even,—(See page 734 of *this Vol.*)—existed in those days! So,—for 50 years,—

this Saintly Man penetrated,—upon horseback,—through sunshine, and through storm,—to the remotest parts of this Kingdom, carrying,—to all,—his Master's Message! "*The World is my Parish*," exclaimed Mr. Wesley. It was indeed!

For he lived to "live down" early, frantic, opposition! The Furious, Unintelligent,—Besotted Mobs,—inspired,—who can doubt,—by Satanic Influence,—who had sought, so often, the good man's life,—had, years ago, become but as a Memory of a brutal Past.

Vigorous to the last,—even at his great age,—he had, indeed,—survived most of that Generation! As the well-known figure of Mr. Wesley,—personally known to more people than any other living man,—was seen approaching, on his annual visit to a Town or Village,—respectful crowds would now come out to meet the good man. His visit had long been looked forward to! The windows filled,—the word passed,—"*He is coming*,"—and children were held up by their parents and told, "*That is good Mr. Wesley!*"

"They that honour Me, I will honour."—1. *Sam.* ii., 30.

It is ever so with the Blessed God! Dear Reader, you will find it so in your own experience! The Ages pass! 3,000 years have passed since Samuel's day, yet those words are still as truly fulfilled, as on the day they were uttered!

The tide had turned! God grant that it may never ebb in England again!

The Pulpits were all now at the good man's service to preach from,—the Gentry would urge a stay,—if only for one night, at their houses!

It is with no wish to hurt the feelings of earnest, well meaning, people, but truth compels the remark that there seemed no need,—in Wesley's time,—of Drums, Flags, Processions, and Noise! There was something *deeper!* The Modern John the Baptist,—the "*Bill-sticker*,"—and "*Advertisements*,"—were then, happily, unknown!

Thus, at the Death of this,—if *Results* are any criterion of the Divine Blessing,—probably the greatest man,—(that is most honoured of God),—since Apostolic Days,—efforts were made *to evade*,—not to *attract* a popular Demonstration!

The Poet Rogers has described the excitement,—almost World-wide,—at the news of John Wesley's death! He had reached his 88th year! Almost for Generations he had been associated with the Religious Revival of true Religion

in the Country ' He had visited, for half a Century, the remotest parts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. He was known by sight to countless thousands,—a household word, as he had been to their Fathers, and even their Grandfathers, who had long since passed away!

The Funeral of John Wesley took place at 5 o'clock in the morning, for fear of the consequences, had the Burial been postponed later in the day, and the Immense Multitudes, who desired to attend, had assembled!

"Why introduce this account of John Wesley in a Chapter ostensibly upon Money?"

Reader, it is to contrast such a life, for a moment, with the Modern Practice, and System of our (*Financially*) "successful" Christians in 1891! You, too, have *your* choice to make in life! A life of "Success,"—or rather, in other words, of selfish extravagance, and money-loving example to others,—or, however humble the attempt,—to follow,—however feebly,—the lives of Christ our Great Master, and His true followers.

Whichever you elect, *never say* that God has not had His Witnesses, and did not send Examples even to us,—“upon whom the end of the world has come,”—of “early Christian” life, and practice!

Instead of the **Young Christian** looking round, in our day of Covetousness and intense desire for accumulation,—saying, —“But look at so and so,—a rich man it is true, —lives *in style*, no doubt,—splendid House and Grounds,—costs *something* a year to keep them up,—but, *surely* a man of *undoubted, eminent, Piety*,” —*far better* picture to yourself good John Wesley, sorely in need of Money for his many Schemes for advancing Christ's cause,—*taking down his Pictures*, from the walls of his *little Room* to *sell them*!

“It struck me,—will the Good Master say ‘Well done! thou Good and Faithful Servant? Thou hast embellished thy walls with money sorely needed for My cause!’”

Though very imperfectly acquainted with the Routine of “Methodism,”—(he wishes that he knew more),—the Writer ventures to express the utmost respect, and esteem, for the followers of that Servant of God—**John Wesley**! What this Country—or, indeed the World owes to the “Methodists,” who shall say?

May their variously named Divisions,—difficult for an outside observer to comprehend, — (divisions probably more in name than in *essentials*),—never lose their savour,—the savour of that great and good Servant of God,—who, by His Grace,—first brought "Methodism" to light, and whose "Centennial" this year (1891) brought his Sweet, and Hallowed, Memory once more to mind!

"Let me die the death of the Righteous, —and let my last days *be like his*."

"For where your *treasure* is, there will your heart be also!"

"No man can serve two Masters."

"Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon."

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me!"

"One thing thou lackest,—sell that thou hast and distribute to the Poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come,—Follow Me!"—*Luke xviii. 22.*

"But when the Young Man heard that saying he went away sorrowful; for he had *great Possessions*."—*Matt. xix. 22.* (See Book I., Page 454, "The Rich, Moral, Young Man," or the "Anxious Inquirer.")

Many youths,—looking to themselves alone,—and forgetting the power of the Almighty,—conclude that Christ's precepts are,—at least to the immense majority of Mankind,—infinitely too high for poor human nature to entertain the slightest hope of following them. Thus, the precepts of Jesus Christ, in regard to absolute purity in life and thought,—the "giving up all, and following Him," the "loving our neighbour,"—nay, even our "enemy" as ourselves," &c.,—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is Heaven is perfect,"—are precepts so transcendently high, as to be ineffectual,—because impossible to follow. It is to be feared that many, usefully engaged in Christian work,—having to come in constant contact with these precepts,—are so depressed with the immense contrast presented by their own practice,—and the lives of those around them, to the teaching of Christ, that they say, "I cannot go on preaching to others what I do not, and cannot follow myself,—it is a farce to do so," and give up in sheer despair. The fault surely lies in looking too much at the "impossible" of man, and forgetting that "with God all things are possible." Because neither we, nor those around us, seem able, at present, to obey the Gospel precepts,—are we to madly give up all faith,—in the amazing changing power of God the Holy Spirit,—and that life of prayer which we are assured will lead ultimately to or becoming "sons of God?"

No one denies for a moment the immense corruption of the Christian church; if judged by Christ's standard, it certainly requires Faith to believe that the wondrous change can take place. But before the mysterious, and blessed, influence of God the Holy Spirit a marvellous change is experienced! That terrible hunger, and greed, after gain, and Money,—that terrible sin of Covetousness,—the sin of our day, (and the sin especially of the English speaking Race) relaxes its fearful hold upon the Soul, as higher ambitions and hopes begin to dawn upon the Believer.

Being Himself Divine, how could our Saviour's precepts, and Standard, be anything else but "transcendent" and Godlike? But, dear Reader, we must remember that, to reach that Standard of being perfect, the Christian will have Eternity in which to approach,—without ever reaching—Divine goodness. This is merely the commencement of the Christian's life. If God gives the *desire*, He will, in time, give the ability, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

HOW TO SAVE AND HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY.

Leaving it, then, for a Youth to decide, prayerfully, for himself, upon what his life, time, and talents, shall be chiefly spent,—what shall be his aim, chief concern, and object in life, I only venture to give a few hints,—not how to make a Fortune by giving heart and soul for forty years of your life, exclusively to Mammon,—but how a Working Youth may obtain and save a little money, to enable him to marry, and live happily, in the station of life God's providence has assigned to him:—a life quite consistent with Christ's commands, if you are careful not to forget His service, and are willing, whenever the opportunity occurs, to let Him have the *first claim* upon your time and talents.

THRIFT. YOU CANNOT COMPEL, BUT CAN ASSIST MEN TO SAVE THEIR MONEY. NO MORE BREWERS IN PARLIAMENT. BEWARE OF "BOGUS" AND DELUSIVE INVESTMENTS. THERE MUST BE SELF-DENIAL.

SAVING BY COMPELSION, OR BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

No one can deny for a moment, the importance of Beneficial Acts of Parliament, aimed at the suppression of *Evil, Vice, Cruelty*, and "the Drink!" The blessing which

wise and Christian Laws,—*firmly enforced*,—have, already been to our Nation, is untold! It is difficult to over-estimate them!

The Policeman is the grandest development of Modern Civilisation! We are all of us, in too many instances, too much like naughty, selfish, rude Schoolboys, bent upon our own selfish Schemes,—but,—happily for *ourselves*, quite as much as for others,—kept in order, and in bounds by the Law!

By all means, therefore,—let us continue by Christian Laws, to make it *difficult* for the Selfish Wicked, to do Evil, or to injure others,—and *easy* for the well-disposed, and well-meaning, to do what is Right! "Let us have no Compulsion!" *Why?* Compulsion in suppressing what is ruinous to thousands of English Homes is surely better than the old, selfish "leave alone System," with its Vice, Misery, and Ruin!

Yes! Many thousands of the Wisest and Best of our Countrymen are in favour of firm Legislation, suppression of cruelty to little helpless children,—drunken, savage, selfish brutes of (so-called) Parents,—letting such smart *themselves*,—the only way to cure a "Bully!" Make them *feel* themselves! Thus, vast numbers of our Nation go with good Mr. Caine,—(whoever he may be), who is thus "reported" in a daily Paper,—

"Speaking at a temperance conference at Bradford last night, Mr. W. S. Caine said that there were now seven million teetotallers in England, and they would never rest content until they were strong enough to enforce prohibition. This was the only cure for the drinking habits of the country. It had answered admirably in America, where it was now possible to travel two thousand miles in a straight line without seeing a public house. In India the temperance cause was making great progress, and the Indian Government had just come to a decision to close every opium smoking den throughout the empire."

We are not all Teetotallers,—but we wish them well! How different to the following address "to the Trade" reported in the same Paper!

"Addressing a gathering of the wine and beer sellers' organisation at Bradford last night, Mr. ———, M.P., said that so long as he was in Parliament one voice would be raised against the policy of spoliation. Any attempt to suppress the drinking habits of the people by force would give rise to a greater harvest of evil. The public house would be supplanted by a state of things infinitely worse. Prohibition would only result in people poisoning themselves by illicit drinking of illicit materials." (!)

The "Policy of Spoliation," for 90 long Years, has been practised quite long enough by the Swarms of Liquor Shops, Gin Palaces, Drinking Places, in this Country,—draining the heart's blood out of our Labouring Population,

—placed at every corner,—“Mantraps” to catch the hard-earned Wages of the Poor, to make the Immense Fortunes of Brewer M.P.'s rolling in their ill-gotten wealth, sweated out of their poorer fellow Countrymen at the cost of all that is precious to Mankind! “Spoliation?” dear Reader! It is all stuff and nonsense! The “Spoliation” has been all on *their* side!

THE REAL “POLICY OF SPOILIATION,” 1800-1891.

And what has our Nation got by it? Enabled a few M.P. Brewers,—Distillers,—and Gin Palace Proprietors,—to roll in Wealth!

Against this we have the groans, and imprecations,—the Miseries, and Drunken Crimes of Ninety Years! A Hundred and Thirty Millions spent in England each Year in Drink! What does the Nation get from it? *Ruined* Homes,—outcast children, Depraved, hopeless,—degraded Men and Women,—a curse to themselves and all around them,—who might,—but for the Drink,—have lived happy, useful Lives! Squalid, awful homes,—millions of hard-earned Wages gone to the Gin Shop Proprietors,—wretched children,—no chance given them in life,—left in ignorance, dirt, and rags,—untaught,—untrained by Drunken wretches who disgrace the Sacred name of Parents!

Three-quarters of the crime in this Country is caused by the Drink, and the cursed Drink Traffic! Now that the Working Men of England,—thanks to our Temperance Friends,—are beginning to see through the *delusion, folly*, and *sin* of Drunkenness, and the Drink Trade is soon, at length, to come under firmer Legislative control, they begin to scream about “Spoliation!”

One of our great Liverpool Brewers during the past 40 years gradually acquired 250 Public Houses (!),—serving as retail Shops to pass off his drink alone,—then, after realising an immense fortune, floated the whole into a Limited Company, netting £2,000,000 thereby. The income was taken at 200,000. (!) To produce this immense Fortune, to one man, *how many* Families of his fellow countrymen have been ruined? What a history of wretched homes,—married happiness destroyed,—children ruined morally and physically,—thousands reduced to abject poverty,—did these sums represent! Dear Reader, many of us,—if this Two Millions gained by such means were *presented* to us,—would *never touch* a penny of it,—Money obtained by draining the hard-earned wages of our poorer fellow citizens,—who cannot

132 MILLIONS A YEAR SPENT IN DRINK!

1170A

The Results.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."



First look upon that Picture,

And then upon THIS!



The Results.**THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.**

"And Sin,—when it is finished,—bringeth forth DEATH!"



First look upon that Picture,

And then upon THIS!



resist the drink,—must bring a curse with it. These swarms of Public Houses are veritable "man traps." If you want to see the result, choose a wet day in Liverpool, Glasgow, &c., and watch the swarms of poor wretched little half-naked children in the streets, crouching together up entries, and the liquor shop to which their parents' money has gone which ought to have been spent in clothing, supporting, and educating these little ones.

Let the Working Class wake up to their own interests, and return fewer Brewers to Parliament!

YOU CANNOT FORCE MEN TO BE THRIFTY.

Try all that the Law can do by all means! If Prohibition will save the Lives, Characters, and Pockets of the Working class,—for goodness sake let us try it!

But, dear Young Reader, remember that you cannot force people to be Wise, Virtuous, Temperate, Thrifty, Saving, and Religious, by Act of Parliament! *Why?* Why cannot we *force* these excellent attributes upon all men,—including Piety, Belief in Christ,—and then compel all Mankind, to be happy, sober and successful in this World,—and, finally, force them by Act of Parliament into the Kingdom of Heaven? *Why?* Simply because the Creator will not permit it! He forbids it! He will not allow it, by the very Constitution of things! *Force* any man to be "Virtuous," and Virtue, from that moment, ceases! By your *compulsion*, you have destroyed it! There is *no* Virtue in being what we are made to be, by necessity!

Consequently,—as frequently urged throughout this Work,—Freewill,—Freechoice,—is the First, and Essential Prerogative of a Man,—of Human Nature.

Take away his "Will,"—his free "Choice,"—and you may have an excellent "Puppet," or "Automaton,"—but he *ceases to be a Man!* A Responsible Being you *must* have! Consequently we can only persuade, argue with, induce, educate, a Youth to be thrifty; to lay by a certain portion of his Wages; to entreat him to practice self-denial, when in Youth, and Health. Poverty,—abject poverty, is a *dread thing*; it is certainly not intended that we should ever be in such a condition!

The results are felt to be so demoralizing, so hurtful to any Nation, that recent attempts have been made to *make men* thrifty by act of Parliament; as usual, with little success.

FORCING THEM TO SAVE.

WORKMEN'S PENSIONS: A FAILURE.

"The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says that agitation has begun in Bavaria against Prince Bismarck's Act for securing Pensions to aged and infirm working men. It is complained that the Act does not work well. The method of Subscription to the Insurance Fund consists in the affixing of stamps by Masters and men to a card. The Master is bound to see that every Person in his employment buys a stamp every week representing a percentage of his wages, and the Master, on his side, puts on the card a stamp of like value. But this leads to a good deal of friction with the Authorities. Cards get lost, or the holders fall into arrears, or they change their places of residence, and are put to great trouble in getting their new addresses registered. Another grave objection to the plan in the eye of Workmen is that when a man applies for employment the Master can tell by a glance at his card whether he has been in regular work. Thus a man who has been on Strike is found out at once, and his card may be the means of preventing him from getting another situation. Moreover, Young Workmen grumble at having to pay every week for advantages which they will not enjoy till they are seventy years old. Altogether the Act has never been popular, and a petition is being extensively signed in Bavaria for its thorough amendment. The Liberals, the Social Democrats, and the Catholics, are united in promoting this movement. It is admitted, however, that the Act cannot be repealed. The organising of the pension fund administration has cost nearly a *Million sterling*! Thousands of Clerks have been engaged, and the Government has already contracted heavy liabilities towards the men who have been subscribing for the past Year. At a meeting held at Nuremberg, the Act was described as a failure, but the resolutions passed recognised the principle of the Act as a sound one, and merely pledged the meeting to use its best endeavours to procure an abrogation of its vexatious and inquisitorial system of operation."—*Daily Paper*, 1892.

Is not the above, dear Reader, a striking Example of Acts too hastily passed by impulsive well-meaning Governments,—“great Strokes of Justice,”—deprecated on Page 1094-5, but advocated by Socialists? Surely it proves that the greatest caution, and calmest consideration, is needed, before such Laws are passed!

Saving for old age, under Government Rules, seems to be unsatisfactory work. To obtain a Government Annuity, at 65 years of age, at 5 shilings a week, it would appear that a Young Workman commencing at 28 years of age must pay £1 16s. od. (Females £2 os. od.) a year, or about 9 pence a Week for 40 years.

PAUPERISM.

Returns, — apparently authentic, obtained from 26 Parishes,—appear to show that, out of 100 Population who reach 60 years of age, 42 die Paupers. But other Statistics, equally reliable, seem to establish the very important fact that Pauperism due simply to mere old age, does not amount to 25 in 100 who reach 60,—the entire remainder “being caused by Intemperance, Idleness,

Misconduct, and Bad Character, a very important point to keep in mind ! Still, the melancholy Fact still appears to remain that about a Third of the Working Class Population end their days as Paupers,—a very large proportion of them, through little fault on their part, but merely from having had but little chance in Life ; their Incomes naturally lessening as their Physical Powers, and energy, decline with increasing age. Well, dear Reader, if you challenge this, you must interview the Statistics for yourself. It is also asserted that the 553,482 Members of the "Trade Unions," only possess about £2 per head in their Funds, and the "Friendly Societies" 7,500,000 Members, about £3 per head. These sums are evidently totally inadequate to permit of Pensions, or Annuities, for old age ; being adapted rather for merely "Sick" or "Funeral" expenses.

Again the deplorable "defalcations" of Officials, collapse of Building Societies, &c., too often reported in the papers, must affect, most cruelly, the poorer Depositors,—their hard-earned Savings thus taken from them in this infamous manner.

In short, dear **Young Reader**, the advice is, Save your Money, and, having saved it, Invest it safely, independently, *for yourself* ! Trust to no one ; see to your own Business, all your life, for yourself !

As for "Shares" in "Old Established Concerns," suddenly turned into "Limited Companies," and *generously* offered to the Public, *do* use your *common sense* ! Would the old Proprietors give up a paying, flourishing, Concern, and let the Public in, if all was going well ? *Why should they* ? Surely the unfortunate Public rushing in, applying for such Shares,—then *repenting at leisure*,—have been taught lessons enough ! It is when the Future of the "old established Business" looks blue, that the owners,—having enjoyed the "old" years of Plenty, secured the Plums,—throw the Concern on to the Public,—pocket an immense sum for the "good-will" of a dying, or decaying Business, and retire on ample Fortunes !

Why then allow your Common Sense to be abused ? Far better learn to be independent,—to rely upon yourself,—and to commence, early in life, the habit of private self-denial, and wise Thrift. So far from making you a Miser, you will soon be happy in having it in your power to do good to others, to honour God by assisting Christ's cause, and to be able to support, and encourage, agencies for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

Nor need you deprive yourself of innocent enjoyments, the most truly enjoyable pleasures in life, are, invariably the cheapest!

"Save" you ought to, and "Save" you *must*! The whole Secret is **Self-denial, Patience, and Industry!**

THE YOUNG JEWELLER.

I have known a working boy, having lost his father while young,—after a trial as boy at a shop,—enter a Jewellery Workshop in our town, and by the time he was 19,—being still an attender of our Classes for Youths,—he was earning, steadily, £3 per week, and, at times, considerably more, having two or three younger boys under him. By the time he was 25, and engaged to be married, in addition to partly supporting a younger brother and sister, he had laid by £300,—(I had charge of a hundred pounds of his money at one time,)—had a good trade, thoroughly learned,—and was about starting in business for himself!

Note. This Young Man died somewhat suddenly,—this year (1891).

If an amiable, intelligent Youth,—(free from bad habits and bad Companions, it is true, and taking a pride in his work, but not otherwise remarkable,)—self-taught,—very imperfectly educated,—without a Father or influential friend,—Money,—or assistance of any kind,—could, in the few years he was under my notice, thus teach himself a business, win his way, and save Money, why should not the Youth who reads this Book do the same? "Trades differ,"—you will say,—"this is a rare instance, the average earnings of Working Jewellers do not exceed £2 a week at most." But here lies the secret, if this Youth could teach himself to do certain processes, so as to earn the most of any in the Shop, why cannot you? Resolve never to be satisfied till you are a first-rate Workman,—till you can do what the best Workman in the Shop can do. Then try to get a Boy or two to work under you, to do certain processes, ready to your hand to finish off. This is the secret of the large earnings of a leading Workman; his individual labour, however excellent, would not otherwise tell up. A good Workman, with two or three men under him whom he paid, working, of course piecework, has been known, after paying them, to clear £10 a week, and frequently more, at the Iron Works, and Rolling Mills.

Let us now see how much the Youth I have instanced will have by the time he is a Young Man of 30. He had been saving £50 a year before his marriage, and, with care,

increasing skill, and experience, and doing business for himself,—was able to continue laying by this amount.

THRIFT.

In 1891, laid by £50,—age 19,—(no interest first twelvemonth.)

1892, ..	£100,—	20,—	Interest on £100, 4½ % for 1 year,	£4	10	0
1893, ..	150,—	21,—	"	150,	"	6 15 0
1894, ..	200,—	22,—	"	200,	"	9 0 0
1895, ..	250,—	23,—	"	250,	"	11 5 0

£31 10 0

Carry this out till a Young Man is 30 years of age, and you will find that, by that year,—still a young man,—he will have saved £900, which will then be bringing him in £40 10s. 0d. interest a year for the rest of his life, (if he never did any more work,) or 16s. a week; and he will have received, by way of interest for his deposits since he began, £407 during these years.

"Quite an exceptional case," you will say; "the utmost I could begin to save is 5s. a week." Well! let us try, laying it by as before, from your 19th birthday, what 5s. a week will do.

1891—age 19—5/- a week	£13	laid up (no interest 1st year, while laying up).	
1892— " 20	26	Interest on £26 at 4½ % ...	£1 3 6
1893— " 21	39	"	39 " ... 1 15 0
1894— " 22	52	"	52 " ... 2 6 10
1895— " 23	63	"	63 " ... 2 18 7
1896— " 24	78	"	78 " ... 3 10 4

Carry this on to your 40th year, and you will find that by 5s. a week deposit, you will that year, have saved £286, which will be bringing you in £12 17s. 6d. a year. (4s. 6d. a week,) by way of interest, for the rest of your life; and that you will have received in interest on your deposits, during these years, £147 8s. 2d.; which if you choose, can be added to your store.

"All very well!" you say, "But how is a working Youth to invest £13 a year with perfect security?" Let him save his £13 a year by paying it into the Savings Fund, weekly, or keep it till the year's end, and lend it to any long-established Loan or Building Society, &c., (who give 5 per cent., interest, for money thus lent them,) but as soon as possible, when the sums amount to say £50, for your *permanent* investment, apply to any respectable Broker to purchase for you that amount of "Preference Stock" (shares) in any of our leading Railways. What are called the "Preference Shares" will pay you nearly 4 per cent. (as above calculated). You have no risk; their security is second

only to our British Government Stock ;—in security before Bank, or even Gas Shares, &c. ; your interest is sent you to a day, each year, you need have no further trouble or concern ; the money and interest is safe for your lifetime. Do not purchase what are called " Ordinary " Railway Shares, as they vary in worth incessantly ; the " Preference " or " Debenture " Shares will be of the same value as you gave for them thirty years hence, probably far more.

" SAVING " TOO SLOW.

" Forty years old " you will say—" Too slow a process all this tedious ' Saving ' for me ; I thought you were going to show me how to make Money quickly." Well ! try your quick way of making money ; try betting on Races, &c., and, after twenty years, see what your plan will have brought you in, compared with mine ! There is not an Employer who cannot tell you of countless instances of young Workmen, earning good wages, who could have laid by 5s. a week with the *utmost ease*, who, utterly incapable of patience, or *looking forward*, squander their money, as the years go past, as fast as they get it,—till at forty years of age, you see them still working as hard as ever,—living " from hand to mouth,"—with £386 laid by, by my " slow " system ? Say, rather, with not £10 in the world ! Improvidence — too early marriage — an incapable, untrained, extravagant wife,—a large family, — and, above all else, that *terrible drain* upon the wages, week after week, to supply the Drink, during these years, are usually the causes of his failure.

Saving too " slow " a process ? Why, the very secret of success and comfort, is to make it a fixed rule of your life never to spend the whole of your income, —always to have at the end of each year, after the expenses, charitable contributions, &c., have been paid, a certain sum laid by.

In France, everybody saves. The French " ouvrier " (workman) begins to save from a youth ; his wife works, earns money, and saves it for him too,—with far less earnings than our English Workmen, they save far more,—they do not drink it all. The enormous sum demanded by the Germans, after the late war, (200 Millions of Pounds, English,)—was subscribed for and lent, chiefly by the Industrial classes in France, to the Government, to such an extent that the amount reached *twelve-and-a-half times* the sum required, in a few days !

We have seen that, apart from its immorality,—Betting, and indeed any kind of Speculation,—to have a chance of success, needs a large Capital to work with. The *Losers* usually go on madly, to retrieve their losses,—the *Winners*—*almost always*, go on, fascinated by their success. In your position it is simply madness.

What ominous stories and “scandals,” do we constantly hear about the “Turf?” The *moral* English Nation, by whom the quiet, well-conducted, *Public Gaming Table* is,—*very properly*,—abhorred,—as hurtful to the Public,—however perfectly fairly conducted,—have persistently continued for the past ninety years, a System of Gambling on Races, as hurtful to the Public, and infinitely more open to unfairness, and downright cheating! Which amongst all those Horses is *allowed* to do his *best*? Where is the immaculately *honest* Jockey, or Owner? What are the “*Racing Men*,” as a Class?—The lives they lead? What tragedies *their* success, and the great fortunes *some* of them make, cause to their dupes!

The whole System seems, too often, to be a Swindle! Never betting till they “*have made the thing safe*,” is not *betting at all*! It is a Fraud!

There is no “*Royal road*” to wealth, no “*short cut*” to obtain money for the majority of the Working Men in this country. Still less is there for youths brought up as clerks, &c. As education becomes general,—thanks to our modern system of English Board Schools,—the already vast number of decent, well-educated youths, who prefer the more genteel profession of clerk, &c., to an artizan’s life,—will yearly increase, until their profession becomes, so to speak, “*a drug in the market*,”—and their remuneration, as it already is, will be insufficient for their wants. After twenty years at the desk, what can a Clerk hope to save? What prospect for old age? Supposing a change takes place in the firm, or it is broken up, younger men will be chosen in preference to him, when he applies for another situation; then where will he be?

Already in this Chapter, have been given cases in which, by Energy, Tact, Industry, Self-denial, and Integrity,—well educated Clerks have met with that “*Tide in the affairs of Men*,”—which, *taken at the turn*,—leads on to Fortune.” But, in many cases, much wiser would it be for a willing, active, Youth, to “*take off his coat*,” and go into the workshop as a boy! A few years of industrious,

observant, life as an Apprentice, and he will have learnt a Trade, which will keep him, go where he will!

EMIGRATION.

I have seen our Colonies, Australia, India, and America, and would say to every skilled Artizan—If you are a first-rate hand at your Trade, stop in England;—for climate,—long life,—constant employment,—the comforts of life,—and the means of self-improvement, our large English Towns are not to be surpassed! Highly skilled artizans, will ever be in request in a highly civilized Country like ours,—ever increasing in Wealth, and where the Rich will have articles of taste at whatever price.

A less amount of skill is requisite abroad, labourers may do well in Australia, or America, if they can stand the climate, but Clerks, &c., should not dream of emigrating,—their only chance is to keep to our large Commercial Towns,—they are the *very last class* needed in those Countries,—as many a poor fellow has found to his cost! A young man, with a trade learned, and a little capital, will, perhaps make more of it abroad than at home. Still what immense fortunes are to be made by industrious artizans at times in England.

"At Kidderminster," said Sir Josiah Mason (of Birmingham,) "I worked as a poor youth at a variety of trades,—Baker's boy,—Shop Boy,—Carpet Weaving, &c. Then I came to Birmingham. It was not till after ten years of constant disappointment, and hard work, that I made any way at all. There were no means of self-improvement open to working youths in those days; you cannot now imagine the state of things at that time. Schools were few and poor, no Evening Classes to which youths might go after their day's work was over. At thirty years of age I had only £20 as my entire fortune."

The wealth of this remarkable man may be judged of by visiting his Orphanage, &c. and the sums given to erect a noble College for Birmingham. "I look forward,"—he says,— "to its class rooms and halls being filled with a succession of earnest and intelligent Students, and that I, who have never been blessed with children of my own, may yet in these students leave behind me an earnest, industrious, truth-loving progeny for generations to come."

There is not a Youth who reads this book, but may, at least, possess, when thirty years old, the then entire fortune of this Philanthropist.

"Enough!"—a Youth may say, "I will also try! But, as I may not succeed, say a word, before you close, to the 'unsuccessful.'"

I will!

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

Money once obtained,—property flowing in,—property accumulated, either makes or mars a man's character. It is the test of what he really is, and what he is worth. He will either use it faithfully in the service of God and his fellow-men, or he will say,—"No! I toiled for it. I will keep it. It is mine!" *Mine!* What a strange idea! A rich man has a noble Tree in his grounds, he feels proud of it. "Do you notice that fine Tree, it is mine!" His? Why, the Tree was alive a Hundred Years before he was ever born or thought of, and will flourish for a Century after he has been utterly forgotten? Yet he calls it "mine!" The very buttons on his waistcoat will last longer than he will!

Money,—Property,—is no more ours than the rich man's Tree, we have only got a portion of it to use for a few years before we pass away! If a man will not use it in God's service, or for the good of others, he will get the strange idea, "It is *mine*, I will keep it! I will let it accumulate,"—and, then, clinging to his property, heart, soul, mind, and thoughts,—to the very verge of the Churchyard-mould;—will cause, after all, his Golden Idol, "Success" in this World, to mean Eternal *ruin* in the Life to come!

Adversity, almost all profit by;—God knows it is so!—His chosen ones have not usually been "successful" in a worldly sense. His best loved followers, from the time He chose the Fishermen for His disciples, have not generally been amongst the Wealthy or the Great!

Money and piety do *not* seem to get on very well together. It *does* seem a little ridiculous for the wealthy "pious" man, standing on his splendid hearthrug, surrounded by every luxury he can cram into his house, lecturing young men about the dangers of wealth. "Very seductive thing, wealth! Remember, young man, what the Bible says, that 'The love of money is the root of all evil!'" Then off he goes to his Office to add another thousand or two, of the "root of all evil" to his already great accumulation! It reminds one irresistibly, of the pious rich gentleman engaged in prayer that God would open the hearts of those present to make up a certain sum (about £100) needed for a

charitable purpose; he himself being known to be worth half-a-million. Mr. Moody,—the excellent American revivalist,—it was stated,—rose afterwards, saying that “It *did* appear to him to be an absurdity for a man, worth himself hundreds of thousands, to pray to God to open the hearts of others to give a sum which he would absolutely never feel the loss of, if he gave it *himself*!”

Ask such a man with thousands and thousands laid by, for even a sovereign, and, however good the object, ten to one he declines! The long habit of love for his money has claimed a fiercer, more relentless, tyranny, over his soul, as his life goes on; ever resisting, more and more, any openness of action; ever repressing any free generosity of mind! Such a man will even pray,—advise others,—preach,—be as “Pious” as you will,—but take away his *property*, and you would take away his *heart's blood*!

The “Unsuccessful” should therefore remember that this want of success may, after all, be “a blessing in disguise.” Adversity does us all good, but it needs, indeed, the grace of God, to enjoy prosperity and riches *safely*!

To every youth I would say,—“Do your best,”—“Try,”—say “I can,”—as an Apprentice, or Workman, to all that is to be learned in your trade: but if desires for something higher and nobler are constantly present with you,—if piety and love to God incline you to give your time and thoughts to Him rather than to “getting on” in this World; if things seem to go “against” you, and you cannot be said to be “fortunate,” or “successful,” or likely to secure Wealth,—do not turn round, after ten or twenty years’ patient work (done for God rather than for yourself),—and say, “If I had attended less,—given less time to Religion and Piety,—if I had not been hampered by its restrictions and requirements,—if I had, in youth, devoted myself,—heart,—time,—mind,—and soul, exclusively to “getting on,” (as thousands around me have done), I might now have been a wealthy, prosperous, man.”

THE BEST WINE NOT SET BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN FIRST.

Say rather, “God knew my Character, when He sent His call to me *early*! Thank God that I sought His favour and guidance as a Youth at the beginning of life. I sought His favour and aid at every stage of my life;—as a boy,—as a youth,—as a young man; and although I have sufficient for my wants, I have not become rich. Well! I do

not complain ! God knows my Character best ; saw, probably, that Wealth would have ended in my ruin, and has answered my Prayers for His guidance, by withholding it. Thank God for a Youth spent in frequent prayer,—for a manhood in which some little work has been done for Him. I feel sure that, after all, this is true "success in life," to have secured the love of Him, Who is, after all, the *only* real possessor of all things, both in Heaven and upon Earth, for, by doing this, I have become "joint heir," to all Eternity, in the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

"The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore !" "Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine !" —*Psalm xxiv. 1 ; Psalm xvi., 11, Luke xv. 32.*

The History of the Past,—from the early days of Christianity,—*must* teach us, that it is seldom the Good Master's plan "to place the best Wine upon the table" of his best loved People first ! The Lives of those noble and sainted Martyrs for our Holy Religion in bygone days, are painful even to peruse !

It was a bitter wine placed upon *their* table, but who doubts that the Blessed God placed the *sweetest* Wine before His noble and sainted Martyrs, when their brief day of agony was over ?

And, in our *own* experience,—we all know good Christians,—loved by God,—whose lot in *this* World seems to be a *poor* one ! They have but little of the Treasures and Pleasures of *this* World !

The Wine placed *first* upon their table seems to us but a *poor* one ! But wait a few fleeting years, and the *Shades of Evening* close upon the Wealthy, but Irreligious,—and the Christian Poor alike ! The same cold night settles at length upon them both ! But oh ! *how different* is that Eventide !

I appeal to any Christian in advancing years.

When Life is *thus waning*, come there not to us Christians, sweet Memories of a proffered *Salvation*, humbly *accepted*,—the *invitations* of a loving God *acceded* to, in days long over, and long since past ?

And whatever may be our position in this World, may we not, as Christians, look forward to that glad hour,—when the Treasures of this fading, passing, World shall crumble,—as *crumble they will*,—in the hands of all alike,—into *dust*,—may we not, as Christians, look forward to that glad hour, when *we*, also, shall be able to say to the Good

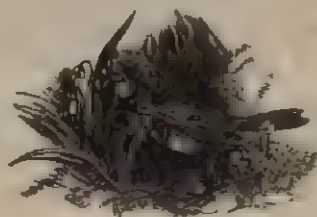
Master,—“ But *Thou* hast kept the *Good Wine* until now ! ”
For “ in Thy Presence there is fulness of Joy,—and at Thy right hand, there are Pleasures for *evermore* ! ”

May *this* be the blessed experience of each Reader of this Book, far rather than a life of mere “ success ” in the things of Sense and Time ;—the passing Treasures of a Sinful, and dying World !

THE TRULY “ SUCCESSFUL ” MAN.

As long as God exists, and Religion remains true,—a *Christian*, however poor, possesses *all things* ; and can never be said to have been “ unsuccessful.” The devoted and holy Henry Martyn,—leaving home, bright prospects, and reciprocated love, behind him, for ever,—to carry Christ’s message to the Heathen,—and meeting his death alone, unbefriended, and unknown ;—the noble Dr. Livingstone, dying, on his knees, solitary, and unaided, in a “ dismal swamp ” of Africa ;—good Bishop Pattison, murdered by savages on a far-off island ;—noble Father Damien, dying amongst the Lepers ; were not “ successful ” men, judging by the Standard of *this* World. They were something far higher and nobler ! Their “ Wealth ” and “ Success ” is not to be reckoned in *this* World’s gold, it must be estimated in the Currency of Heaven ! Their lives shine,—in an age of “ rich, business, Christians,” selfishness, and ungodly greed,—like beacons pointing us to a nobler, and a better Life !

“ We brought nothing into this World, —and it is certain that we *shall take nothing out* ! ”



“ And one of them shall not fall on the ground, without your Father.”
“ Fear ye not, therefore ; ye are of more value than many sparrows ! ”—
Matt. x., 29-31.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon Earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. Sell that ye have, and give alms, provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For *where your Treasure is, there will your heart be also.*"

THIEVES ATTACKING A HOUSE BY NIGHT.



"Where thieves break through and steal."

The houses in the East were frequently of mud, that is, the walls were composed of a material,—similar to the "adobe"—houses in Mexico,—which can be cut, or "broken through," in the most likely spot, in the judgment of thieves, to enable them to enter unheard.

Young Reader.—"This is indeed an exhaustive, and difficult Chapter on Money!"

Well! Ask for Divine guidance and blessing on your life and Future, and all will be well!

"If any of you lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, Who giveth to all men liberally, and it shall be given him." *James i., 5.*

OBITUARY. DEATH OF MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

Delay in completing Vol. II., permits the sorrowful Record of the Death of that great and good Minister of Christ,—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, from whose Sermons an extract occurs in this Chapter,—(Page 1004) and a Selection of his Sermons recommended on Page 1005.

Passing the Hotel "Beau-rivage," Mentone Bay, Saturday Morning, 9th February, 1888,—with a young friend,—the Writer suggested a call, to inquire whether a few minutes Interview,—(the first,—and the last, they ever had) would be possible.

Into the door mat of the Hotel, the word "Welcome" was worked. This seemed encouraging. The courteous Secretary soon returned with a favorable message from Mr. Spurgeon, and they were shown into his room upstairs.

A bright, sunny, chamber,—with a fine view of the blue Mediterranean; and, at a small table by the window, on which lay papers and an open Bible,—that Wondrous and Blessed Book, from whose inexhaustible Pages, the great Preacher had drawn his inspiration for 40 years,—sat the great and good man!

A kindly shake of the hand, friendly inquiries, suggestions as to walks which they should take,—and places they ought to see,—followed, and his recent accident described.

The faithless walking stick,—not yet discarded,—but its end now protected,—placed by his chair,—was produced. It seemed that,—wishing to pass a quiet hour at a Villa near, he was descending some Marble steps without bannisters, depending too much on his stick for support. It slipped on the smooth marble, and,—as he fell headlong,—it was then a marvel to Mr. Spurgeon, and to us,—and remains so still, that a fall,—which might have been fatal,—had produced so little injury!

During the past year, 1891, many allusions in his Sermons seemed to indicate that he considered that his Life's work was now drawing to a close. His appeals became more urgent!

"Waiting and trifling have done you no good hitherto. O friends, some of you have waited many years now to get a "more convenient Season," to become a Christian, and after all this delay, your way is not any clearer! Twenty years ago, some of you were just as near decision for Christ,—as you are now. Nay, you seemed nearer! I then thought, "Some of these will soon believe in Jesus, and yield their hearts to Him!"

But you said at that time, that it was not just then the time for it!

The Springs and Summers, have come and gone, since then! *Is it the time now?* Is the Season more suitable, the day "more convenient,"—the change more easy, or more likely,—now? While you are hesitating, life is ebbing! During the past few Months, (Spring of 1891) how many of our dear friends have been taken away! This Congregation has suffered more from Sickness, in Family after Family, as I have ever known it suffer before!

May not you be taken? I have promised my Master to speak to you earnestly; I charge you, therefore, to consider seriously, your position, and not to disregard my message." (May 10th, 1891).

Again, (April 2nd, 1891.) on, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest!" A remarkable discourse (No. 2,228). "Remember child of God, that you have a rest of another sort! "This is not your rest." "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the People of God." That happy Home,—that flourishing Business of yours,—is not to be your abiding place! After having once given our hearts to Jesus, we have laid hold on something better, more satisfying, more substantial, more enduring. We feel this strongly and cry "This is not our rest." We seem to hear the call "Arise ye, and depart," when so many of our friends are taken home!

I can scarcely look upon any part of this Tabernacle without saying to myself, "Yes! That is the seat such a one used to occupy; and here, behind me, my kind, and good, Elders, and Deacons, of former days, used to sit!" When you get well on in years, and cannot look round without missing so many, you say to yourself, "*I too, must arise, and depart, for this is not my rest.*" I have nearly reached that state in which you find that so many of your best friends are on the other side of the River, that I find myself thinking *at times, more of those who have gone before me, than of those with me*; and of that day when we shall with them be welcomed by our Lord! With *such joyful anticipations*, we can rejoice at the call, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest!"

There were Signs that the Call would shortly come to the loving, earnest, faithful, devoted, Minister, for on Sunday evening, April 26th, he came, as usual, "feeling quite fit to preach, when an overpowering nervousness overpowered me: I lost all self-control, and left the Pulpit in anguish. This strange circumstance had never happened to me before in the Forty Years of my Ministry."

He ascended the Pulpit but twice more; the last time seems to have been on June 7th. Then followed the terrible illness! But, contrary to all expectation, October 10th, found him rallying once more, at Eastbourne. "I had almost entirely lost my powers of eating; since coming here I have found a measure of appetite. I think I shall soon be able to reach a warmer clime. This is the great desire of my Doctor." On Monday, 26th October, he reached Calais, safely, with Mrs. Spurgeon, and bore the journey well.

The long run down to Mentone was managed equally well; "I am very thankful that I was not wearied by my long journey, but rather refreshed by it."

"My silent Sabbaths here," he writes (December 12th, 1891) "cause me to feel a great hunger for the Salvation of those to whom I can now only speak through my published Sermons." Before becoming unconscious he seemed very desirous of sending a last message to his Congregation. He died peacefully soon after 11.0 p.m., Sunday, 31st January, 1892. Born at Kelvedon, June 19th, 1834.

So passed away this devoted, faithful, heart still set upon his Master's Service! Almost his last words were of Him. "Depend upon it, you will either serve Satan or Christ,—Self, or the Saviour! You will find Christ to be a good Master! He will never desert you! When the wind blows coldly He always takes the bleak side of the hill! If he asks us to carry any burden He carries it also! If there is gracious, generous, tender, yea, lavish love, you will always find it in Him! These Forty Years have I endeavoured to serve Him, blessed be His name! I would be glad to continue another Forty Years in the same dear Service, here below, if it so pleased Him! His service is Life, Peace, and Joy! Oh! that you would all enter upon it! God help you to do so!"

Mr. Spurgeon was never understood by those who never heard him, or have ever read his Sermons!

Silly tales,—*alleged* to be authentic,—have, for years, been passed from one to another, and falsely attributed to him.

Well! dear Readers, ask the habitual attenders of his Ministry,—read the Sermons suggested on Page 1005, taken down Sunday after Sunday, in Short-hand, as spoken,—for yourself! Where are the Jokes, Eccentricities, attributed persistently to this great Minister? Dear Reader, you would not find, under that earnest Preacher, much to *smile at*! Indeed, it was *no smiling matter* to thousands!

It was impossible to sit under that earnest, powerful, Ministry unmoved! Many were made to feel that, for them, it was *Now or Never*!

As has been well said by one who, however, by no means shares the Religious views of Mr. Spurgeon,—"Mr. Spurgeon's career has settled several important points. He has proved that it is possible to draw, and to hold, the greatest Congregation known, without even Organ, Band, Choir, or Painted Window! He has demonstrated beyond all doubt, or question, that the Voluntary Principle (without State aid) can sustain the greatest Religious, and Benevolent Institutions, in the fullest vigour. Above all, Mr. Spurgeon's career, has proved that **Evangelical Preaching** can draw around itself the *greatest Congregation in the World*,—and,—what is more,—can hold it for a Lifetime!

"That great Voice has ceased! We shall hear it again no more! It was the greatest voice I ever heard! The Good Fight has been fought! The Battle of the Cross has closed in Victory, and the faithful warrior has dropped to sleep! Meanwhile, the stress is greater upon those who remain! Each Faithful Servant of Christ must now use his strength, so as to lessen the loss which has fallen upon the whole Church!"

NOTE.—To avoid misconception, it must be understood that the Writer has no connexion whatever with the Congregation, or religious Denomination of the great Baptist Preacher. Also, that the earlier editions of the present Work, were issued many Years before he knew anything of Mr. Spurgeon, or had ever seen, or read, any of his sermons, or books.

That his Views upon Religion, have ever been in almost exact accordance with those of Mr. Spurgeon, the present Work,—it is thought, amply proves.

We will conclude our Obituary of this Good Minister, with the advice, given 81 years ago, by some Writer now probably forgotten, which in this day of "Broad Views," "Modern Thought," (viz., "Unbelief,") and dangerous Unscriptural Delusions,—would have had the warm approval of the good and great Minister, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"Avoid all Books and all Conversation that tends to shake your Faith in the great points of Religion which should serve to regulate your Conduct, and on which your hopes of Future and Eternal happiness depend!

Never indulge yourself in Levity, or Ridicule, on Religious Subjects, nor give countenance to it in others.

Read chiefly Religious books which are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious, and devout, affections, such as are proper to direct you in your Conduct, and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Looking at the Spirit and Manners of the Age, there is a levity and dissipation in the present day, a coldness, and listlessness, in whatever relates to Religion, which cannot fail to influence you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual."—*Gregory's Advice*. (Published 1811).

MR. SPURGEON'S PERSONALTY. Mrs. Spurgeon has communicated to the *Baptist* the fact that the money left by Mr. Spurgeon was really about £2,000. The £10,643 represented by the probate of his will covers a life insurance policy for £1,000, with bonus additions, and the valuation of all Mr. Spurgeon's copyrights, also the furniture, library, and other effects at "Westwood. These items in themselves amount to over £8,000. Mrs. Spurgeon will not continue to reside at "Westwood." *Daily Paper*.

"PREDESTINATION," "DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY,"
"FOREKNOWLEDGE," "ELECTION."

The Writer has no connection with the much-respected

Baptist Body, but, throughout the World, has much enjoyed attending their Services, and listening to their excellent, and spiritually minded, Ministers. Mr. Spurgeon was accused of "being too narrow,"—of holding a Creed narrower than his own loving, earnest, faithful heart; in plain English, declining to believe that there exists any hope,—or ever will exist any hope,—for Mankind, apart from the precious Sacrifice of Jesus Christ; also, that he,—not often, and with great exercise to himself,—at times solemnly, and earnestly, "warned men to flee from the Wrath to come."

But in this, Mr. Spurgeon is not alone. Millions of Christians, in this, and in all ages, have supported his views upon these points.

Again, Mr. Spurgeon did not look with the great hope many do to the Future,—but rather apprehended an increase of wickedness,—a Period,—perhaps only temporary, of "Falling away," on the part of Mankind from Faith;—a time of prevailing "Unbelief." But here again, he has multitudes of thoughtful Christians with him. The only point in the Teaching of this Great Preacher, one may perhaps venture to query, was, what actually *practical*, or *edifying* tendency was to be derived from the prominence Mr. Spurgeon thought it his duty at times to give to the doctrine of "Election," "Divine Sovereignty," and the right God possesses of doing what He will with His own.

The Writer, after long perusal of his admirable Sermons, could never understand what special *object*, or *benefit*, is to be derived from a hopeless, intellectual, struggle with Mysteries, acknowledged by all, to be utterly beyond the *present* powers of the human intellect to grasp.

Especially when Mr. Spurgeon was addressing those in the prime of life, the Young, with all life before them, and the loving, free invitations of the Blessed God urged upon them,—by no Pastor more earnestly than good Mr. Spurgeon himself,—and with all things ready on *Christ's* part to give them the Victory!

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in *no wise* cast out,"—*John vi., 37*, always seems to the Writer to be *final*, as coming direct from our Blessed Lord, settling once, and for ever, the duty of all men, while the "day of Salvation" is now unquestionably open to "Whosoever will."

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, come! And let him that is athirst come! And *whosoever will*, let him take of the Water of Life freely."—*Rev. xiii., 17*.

Not much "Predestination," "God's arbitrary will," "Foreknowledge," &c., here, dear Reader.

What Christian Believer does not recognise in his own happy experience, in which all, if they chose, might share, that the Blessed God, in condescension to his creature man,—and to be true to His own precious Promises,—*alters His attitude*,—speaking reverently,—towards our souls, as we *humbly*, and *perseveringly*, *alter our attitude* towards our God?

"Oh! nonsense! God knows all from the beginning! He knows whether I shall be ultimately lost or saved!" **Does He?** Come, dear Young Reader troubled with "Predestination," "Election," &c.,—a **Challenge!** Do not merely *talk* about these Mysteries! Do not *reason* merely upon them, but *act!* Try for yourself! Adopt the Christian's Life suggested from Page 887 to Page 903, of this Volume; try it for a Month,—for a Year,—for ten,—for your Life!

Why, dear Reader, before long, "Election," &c., will be lost in your obedience to Christ's commands, and disappear altogether in the precious Promises of God! A sweet Heavenly Visitant will ere long be coming to your door! Why? Because the Blessed God, seeing submission to Christ,—persevering prayer,—a grasping of His Promises, *alters His attitude* to you as He desires to alter it *to all*, if they would do their part. It enables the faithful God to say, "I see before me, it is true, a very indifferent character,—a sinful person,—but a *suppliant* before Me. Many sins, many falls,—it is true, but still continued applications for my Almighty,—all availing,—all changing Grace, I cannot pass that person by! My Promises are at stake,—My honour is concerned here. That Grace shall,—nay, *must* be bestowed upon that person!" Surely, dear Reader, this is Christ's Gospel! The once money loving Jew, Zacchæus, the usurer, is anxious to see the Lord; he mounts the tree, he is intent upon his purpose. "How unbecoming to see a staid Jew, a grown up-man, getting up into a tree like a schoolboy" But it *answered!* It brings the Lord of Heaven and Earth into the house of that earnest, repenting, desiring, soul!

"Zacchæus, *make haste and come down*, for to-day I must abide at *thy* house!"

"*Must*" dear Reader? "I cannot pass him by!" Not much of the "absolute Divine Sovereignty" here! Rather the *other way!* Surely that blessed "*must*" is meant for

us! The earnest man's prayers and efforts had stopped the Lord! They "*must*" be attended to! *Must* be answered! There was much to do,—our Blessed Lord's life was short,—but still, "to-day I must abide at *thy* house!" "I must be true to My Promises!"

Surely dear Reader, while our little day of life is passing, our wisdom is,—like this earnest seeker's,—to "make haste," and "come down," from our pride of Intellect and Reasoning,—and, by our prayers, to bring the same Heavenly Visitant also to *our* "house" and heart. Instead of "vain disputations" upon the nature of our God, and His mysteries of Foreknowledge, let us, also, rather seek that "Election," and "saving Grace," which He pledges Himself to bestow upon all who diligently "wait upon Him!" Try it for yourself dear Reader, and see if it will not bring, one day, to you also the glad announcement,

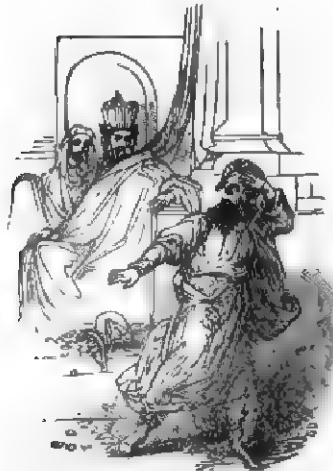
"To-day I must abide at thy house!"

CALVINISTIC VIEWS, AND THE "IRRESISTIBLE LOGIC OF FACTS."

Having,—as a Sunday School Teacher,—been earnestly asked for a solution of "Calvinistic" difficulties and its inconsistent Teachings,—the Writer,—at the risk of utterly wearying the Young Reader,—requests his calm and earnest attention to the following Facts.

THE APOSTATE.—THE BETRAYER.

The Sin of Judas.



Remorse, Despair, and Suicide.

The Writer challenges the Reader of his Bible to deny that, instead of God's Arbitrary Will being prominently insisted upon, our own obedience to, or rejection of Him, is the incessant theme both of the Old and New Testament. He claims that "the Righteous" not only may, but do fall away and are lost, and that the Scriptures say so. Indeed the entire Bible is one long Record of the *Rejection* of the once "chosen" People of God, on account of obstinate, wilful Unbelief, and Sins.

While cases of once "called,"—and in Judas' case, even "chosen"—persons falling away are constantly given in the Bible, and we are solemnly warned,—

"Let us labour therefore to enter into that Rest, lest any man fall after the same Example of Unbelief."—*Hebrews iv.*, 11.

Here we have a "chosen" Apostle, Judas, one who had been with our Blessed Lord "from the beginning,"—seen His character and Miracles,—been *trusted* by Him with their slender possessions,—had "cast out Devils" in His name, with the other "chosen" disciples,—getting wearied of His Lord,—giving way to *Covetousness*,—"Money" again, dear Reader)—until "Satan entered into him."

"Then saith Judas Iscariot,—'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the Poor?' This he said,—not that *he* cared for the Poor; but because he was a *Thief*, and *had the bag*, and *took what was put therein*."—*John xii.*, 5-6.

Again, we have the case of Solomon's terrible, and doubtless final, Fall *in his old age*, when such gross apostacy would, after a life of Grace, with his Wisdom and immense Privileges, be Fatal!

Not much "Predestination," "Election," here, dear Reader. This is what we learn of the end of the wisest man, who,

"Spake of trees, from the Cedar unto the Hyssop that springeth from the wall. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon."—*1 Kings iv.*, 33-34.

Here was a man "chosen" to build the first great Temple of God, endowed with wonderful Intellect,—and what is the very last thing we read of him? All in vain! All lost! No *saving grace* with all this "Intellect!"

"And it came to pass, *when Solomon was old*, that his wives turned away his heart after *other Gods*."—*1 Kings xi.*, 4.

It does, dear Reader, seem almost incredible. An awful lesson to the presumptuous! The *very* idols are *especially* named whose rites were of the *very vilest* and filthiest character!

"And Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord. For Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess, and after the abominations of the Ammonites. Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and for Molech."—1 Kings, xi., 5-7.

The Idolatry of Molech required children to be burnt alive!—See 2 Kings, xxi., 6, xxiii., 10, xvi., 5, &c.

And this was the *old age* of a man who had once communed with his God. This was the awful end,—the *last* we hear of him. An Apostate Idolater, a *worse* than a mere *Heathen* debauchee; *far worse*!—a *marked* man,—a notable Apostate,—a Monarch whose *vile example* would pollute the entire Kingdom!

Dear Reader, let us learn what these solemn lessons are recorded to teach us, that all Wisdom and Intellect,—or *past* former holy and righteous life,—cannot save us, unless there is a *keeping near* to, and obedience to God, and His sustaining Divine Grace!

As the once "Righteous" forsakes his God, God most certainly forsakes *him*!

Think you, dear Young Reader, that there was *nothing behind*,—nothing solemn,—in those warning words of the dying David to Solomon.

"And thou, Solomon my Son, know thou the God of thy Fathers. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever!"—1 Chron. xxviii., 9.

"I said indeed that thy house, and the house of thy father, should walk before Me for ever; but now the Lord saith, *Be it far from Me*."—1 Samuel iii., 30.

Not much "Predestination" *here*, dear Reader.

"That the *Righteous* should be as the *Wicked*, that be far from Me! Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?"—Genesis xviii., 25.

"The Soul that *sinneth* it shall die!"—Ezekiel xviii., 20.

"But when I say unto the Wicked, Thou shalt surely die, *if he turn from his Sin*, and do that which is lawful and right; *shall he die*? He shall surely live; he shall *not die*! Because he *considereth*, and *turneth away* from his transgressions that he hath committed, none of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him; he shall surely live."—Ezekiel xxxiii., 14-16, and xviii., 27-28.

Not much about "Divine Sovereignty" *here*, dear Reader. It *looks* as if our "Freewill" had *something* to do in the matter! What does *this* mean?

"But when the *Righteous* turneth away from his righteousness,—

(And is there a single Minister of Christ,—of any experience,—who cannot give us *too many* instances of the kind?)

and committeth Iniquity, and *death* according to *all the abominations* that the

Wicked man doeth, - shall *he* live? All his righteousness that he hath done *shall not be mentioned*, in his sins that he hath sinned, in them shall he die! Yet ye say, The Way of the Lord is *not equal*."

(Namely,—assert an arbitrary, "Divine Sovereignty,"—"God doeth what it pleases Him." "We can do nothing." &c.)

"Hear now, ye house of Israel; *Is not My Way equal?* Are not *your* ways unequal?"—*Ezekiel* xviii, 24-25.

Not much about "Predestination" in all this, dear Reader. You surely cannot think that these exhortations of the Blessed God are all a *Farce!*

"Have I any pleasure *at all* that the Wicked *should die!* saith the Lord God! and not that he should return,—repent,—and live?"—*Ezekiel* xviii., 23.

"Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the Wicked, but that the Wicked turn from his way and live! Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"—*Ezekiel* xxxiii., 11.

Come, dear Reader, put it to your own Reason,—your own common sense! Do you believe that in these words, ratified by an oath,—"*As I live*,"—that the Blessed God is *telling us a lie?* You cannot think so! You are driven to the conclusion that your "Freewill," "Freechoice," Watchfulness, and Prayers, have their duty to perform!

THE "RIGHTEOUS" DO FALL AWAY.

The "Righteous" *may* fall away! They *do* fall away! We *know* that is so; we have seen it. There *are* Religious "Declensions," with a vengeance,—terrible "Religious Scandals," even amongst Religious Preachers, and Ministers, once greatly esteemed. Older Readers will recall woful examples both in England, America, and Australia. Sentences of penal servitude for life, and another of 15 years, occurred not long since,—a shocking school scandal. While one of the most eloquent Ministers, at that time, in his locality, suddenly disappeared, leaving a similar terrible scandal to be hushed up. Inflicting untold injury, and unmerited disgrace, upon his respected congregation.

There have been terrible falls of really gifted men,—once,—who can doubt it?—deeply impressed with Religion,—once amongst the "Righteous." They "fell away." Paul himself was watchful, "Lest,—after having preached to others,—*I myself*, should be a *Castaway*."—(1 Cor. ix. 27.) Religious people speak too glibly about

"Divine Sovereignty," their certainty of Faith, "Election," &c., &c. It is *quite possible* that these Convicts *were*, at one time, *really* impressed with Religious Sentiments,—*began well*,—assumed the Clerical, or "pious man" character,—deceived others for years,—and,—however *incredible* it may seem,—deceived themselves; or more correctly, were deceived by the Devil!

Are not there cases of the once "Righteous,"—as God says,—"*turning away* from their righteousness, and committing Iniquity, and doing according to *all the abominations* that the *wicked* man doeth,"—who shall die!

Surely they are! Surely they prove that it is quite possible for the once "righteous" to "fall away,"—and *finally* too. The Word of God proves it to be so. These words of Scripture previously quoted, are *founded* upon the Supposition! If the Righteous cannot fall away, finally,—God would never have said so, nor would He have *advanced* the Supposition as a possibility! Why should He? It would have been simply *insincere*,—a *deception*!

The Apostle not only confirms the possibility but asserts that *too often*,—as experience proves,—"*That it is impossible*" for those who were "once enlightened,"—evidently alluding to the Work of God the Blessed Holy Spirit,—"*and have tasted of the Heavenly Gift*,"—most clearly alluding to a once "Christian,"—once "Righteous" person,—if they shall fall away,—the Apostle does not say to what extent the *fatal* "falling away," or apostacy may be, but he clearly urges the *possibility* of such a thing,—"*to renew them again to Repentance.*"

THE APOSTATE.

"For it is impossible for those who *were once enlightened*,—and *have tasted of the Heavenly gift*, and the power of the world to come,—if they *fall away*, to renew them again to repentance; seeing that they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and *put Him to open shame*. For if we Sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the Blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sacrificed, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace. For we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge His people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."—*Hebrews vi., 4, and x., 26.*

The Apostle Peter goes *even further*,—he not only urges the *possibility* of such final "falling away," but asserts, boldly, it that would even have been,—

"Better for them *not to have known* the Way of Righteousness, than, *after they have known it*,—to turn from the Holy Commandment delivered unto them. But it has happened unto them according to the true Proverb. The dog has turned to his vomit again,—and the sow *that was washed* to her wallowing in the Mire!"—2 Peter, ii., 21-22.

"Let us,—therefore,"—says the Apostle,—"*labour to enter into that Rest, lest any man fall after the same example of Unbelief.*"

HUMBLE, WATCHFUL, CONFIDENCE,—WITHOUT
PRESUMPTION.

Well, dear Reader, what do all these exhortations, warnings, and terrible Examples, of Scripture mean? Before the "Irresistible Logic of Facts" do not the Mysteries of "Predestination," "Fate," "Election," &c., fade into mere unpractical Speculation, totally unprofitable, and useless, to the Young Christian?

Instead of the presumptuous declarations we hear so much of in this day, such as, "*Think!*" "*Oh! I have certainty. I know that I shall be,—nay,—am Saved!*" "*Saved in a moment!*" "*Saved by a Text!*" &c., &c. Surely, with the woeful experiences we see around us, it is wiser to shun "Simple, Sloth,—and Presumption." (See Chart of the "Progress," page 785). Surely the Young Christian is wisest who says, "I have a glorious Hope,—a firm confidence,—that I am a true Christian,—have experienced the 'being born again,'—that great change from Death to Life,—from *Self* to *Christ*."

"I know in Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able,"—*if I do my part*,—"keep the Faith,"—keep near Him,—"*to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that Day!*"

"I am confident that if I do not forsake Him, that He will never again forsake me!"

But this is a *very* different thing to saying, "God knows the End from the Beginning. He knows if I shall be saved." Or, "I can do nothing!"—and accordingly living a life of Indifference, Worldliness, Prayerlessness, too often ending in a Life of Sin, and apathy to all Spiritual Religion,—the Writer claims that, so far from being Scriptural, such a life is a Delusion.

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, —*take heed!* lest he fall!"—1 Cor. x., 12.

"I keep my body under,—

(Says the Great Apostle.)

and bring it into subjection. Why? I, est, - after having preached to others, I myself should be a Castaway!"—1 Cor. ix., 27.

Thus Paul while speaking of "Election," "Divine Sovereignty," &c., is very careful *himself* to *use the means* of continuing in Grace. Not much presumption in *these* words. And what he is careful to do *himself*,—he *urges* upon *us*.

"Examine yourselves *whether ye be in the Faith*. Prove your own selves."

(Precisely what Dr. Doddridge suggests for the daily life of a Christian.—See Page 891-899.)

"Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be Reprobates?"—*2 Cor. xiii., 5.*

Do our lives, practice, and example, dear Reader, prove that Jesus Christ is *in us*? It is amazing how the perverse, Human Mind catches at every *conceivable* excuse, or *opening*, to *avoid* manifest *duty* and *retain* its besetting Sins!

The pride of Intellect, and Reason,—with its speechless Conceit,—will discuss, *for hours*, the inscrutable Mysteries of Almighty God, and feel gratification at its own *remarkable* cleverness! But suggest Prayer, Practical Piety, humble, patient seeking,—"*waiting*" upon God,—the Christian Life,—and *off goes* the clever talker and Reasoner,—changes the Subject,—and evades further discussion!

GOD DOES *HIS* PART.

"No man cometh unto Me *except* the Father Which sent Me *draw him*: and I will raise him up at the last day."—*John vi. 40-44.*

(Showing the necessity for constant Prayer for this "drawing," or saving, prevailing Grace.)

"For God so loved the World that He gave his only Begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"For God sent not His Son into the World to condemn the World, but that the World, through Him, might be saved!"—*John iii. 16, 17.*

(*Might* be, if they would perseveringly use the means.)

"I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT!"

"I cannot understand these things," the Young Reader, may say,—"*I cannot understand how Jesus could be God as well as Man. I cannot see how God can know the End from the Beginning,—who will* *the Gospel, and be converted and saved,—and w* *—and yet that we all act of our own free will!*"

Dear young Reader! Who *asks* you to? Who *does* understand it? Who wants, or *expects* you to do so? "Can'st thou,—by searching,—find out God?" "Verily, thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour."—Isaiah xlv., 15.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes."

IT IS A REVELATION OF GRACE.

The doctrine of Election,—Foreknowledge, Predestination,—Sovereign Grace,—Freewill,—Choice,—and Offer of Salvation to all,—are phases, and very solemn ones,—undoubtedly,—of Divine Truth. Almighty God doubtless knows the End from the beginning, He would not be God if He did not.

LET US DO *OUR* PART, AND ALL WILL BE WELL!

But we, dear Reader, have no more to do with the doctrine of Predestination,—or the unquestionably mysterious Nature and Powers of Almighty God, than we have to do with the complex movements of His myriad Stars, in the great Nebulæ of Orion, the "Milky Way," or Andromeda! Our duty,—as perishing creatures,—existing for a brief period on a dying World,—like the insects around us, fluttering their brief life-time in the Summer's rays,—supported for a moment by Almighty God, soon to pass on in the solemn march of all created things onward to Eternity,—is,—surely to have "Faith" and "Belief" in God's promises to all who call upon Him,—to take the Almighty at His Word, to grasp His promises, and to Believe in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

This, you and I *can certainly attempt now* to do,—Predestination, or no Predestination;—and as God willeth not the death of the Sinner,—

"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come, to repentance."—*2 Peter* iii., 9.

"For God hath not appointed us unto Wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."—*1 Thess.* v., 9.

We may be certain that we shall not attempt it long, before God will extend to us, also, this Saving Grace,—for He hath said, through our Blessed Lord,—

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in NO WISE CAST OUT."

CONCLUSION.

The Writer ventures to dwell upon the above Solemn Subject, at great length, having been,—as a Sunday School

Teacher,—earnestly asked for an explanation to these difficulties. He believes that many thoughtful, well meaning, intelligent, Youths, are not a little perplexed and hindered on their Christian Course, by these insoluble,—depressing,—and *unpractical* Speculations.

Let the Young Christian leave these inscrutable "deep things" of God to a faithful,—*necessarily* inscrutable, but **all wise**,—**all Just**,—**Creator**, and attend happily to *his own* department,—his own useful, happy, daily Christian life and duties, as a **Young Believer**.

HOW CAN WE GRASP THE ETERNAL AND INFINITE?

The **Young Reader**,—and indeed every reasonable, thinking person,—it is claimed, *must* see the utter folly and absurdity, of any unaided Human Intellect conceiving Almighty God forming a "Hypothetical," or, so to speak, Supposititious, or Imaginary, knowledge of the minutest occurrences,—the thoughts, deeds, lives, and characters of every *single* creature, who ever breathed,—*ages* before those minute occurrences *actually* took place at all,—and thousands of Years *before* those creatures *ever came* into Existence! Yet that this "Hypothetical" knowledge, in every single case, proved *exactly* correct, and yet that every person enjoyed,—and was permitted by the Almighty,—precisely the very same "Freewill," Free choice,—between a good or Evil Life, which the Reader and Writer of this Book most *unquestionably* possess. Or rather their *unquestionable* power of seeking, and claiming, Divine Assistance to live a good life.

"I WILL NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING WHICH I
CANNOT CLEARLY UNDERSTAND!"

Then, dear Reader, you will never become a Christian "Believer," for you will never "clearly" understand God for (probably) all Eternity. You will lose all things for the sake of making an Idol of your poor finite Intellect,—and allow that miserable delusion, Intellectual Pride,—fancied Powers of Mind,—and Human Reason,—to cause your final Ruin.

The blessed Angels,—for aught we know,—may have existed for *nameless* Epochs,—*speechless* Time, yet we read in Scripture,—

"Which things the Angels desire to look into!"

Then, dear Reader, is the little Insect Man,—born, as you and I were, the *day before yesterday*,—if he cannot have every Mystery at once made "clear" to him, is he to threaten that he will *really* become *very* angry, and refuse to attend any longer to Religion?

"Without Faith it is *impossible* to please God!"

"O the *Depths* of the Riches both of the Wisdom and the Knowledge of God! How *Unsearchable* are His Judgments,—and His Ways *past finding out*!"—*Romans* xi., 33.

"Canst thou by searching *find out* God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is *as high* as Heaven; what canst thou do? *Deeper* than Hell, what canst thou know?"—*Job* xi., 7, 8.

THE "OPEN SECRET."

THE SECRET OF THE WORLD.

Can'st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Wind!
As thou sweep'st o'er the Moorland,—buffeting the Mountain's breast?
Or 'gainst its headlands beating, with a sobbing as entreating,
Shelter, in Earth's bosom, from thy wild unrest?

Can'st *thou* read the Secret of this World, O Soul!
As thou strivest towards the Infinite, and absolute Unknown,
Tracing Firmamental Courses, seeking Elemental Sources,
Making all the Wisdom of the SCHOOLS thy own?

No!—The Secret of this World, is hid, O Wind!
From thy storm wail on her surface,—from thy beating,—as in strife,—
Yet each *gentlest breeze* that bloweth,—with that Secret overfloweth,—
Breathed in soft cadence from Earth's hidden Life!

And the Secret of this World is hid, O Soul!
From thy many Titan strivings,—"*Pelion upon Ossa*," hurled,—
Yet in *that Heart*,—contrite and lowly,—in *that Heart*,—pure and holy,—
God reveals *Himself*, the "Secret of the World!"

Written by a Young Scotch Gentleman, who,—26 years ago,—was going to Australia, with the Author, for his health. In that beautiful climate, it is believed, his health was restored, at least for a time, but whether he still lives is unknown.

"At that time Jesus said, I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, because Thou hast *HID THESE THINGS* from the wise and PRUDENT, and hast revealed them to *BABES*. Even so Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."—*Matt.* xi., 25-26.

Errata Page.

NOTE.—Substitute the following authentic returns from the Printed, Annual, Reports for 1891, for the hearsay amounts given on Page 1199. (NOTE.—The Writer has no connexion whatever with the Baptist Denomination.

LET US "DO OUR RELIGION" FOR OURSELVES.

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

£32,613 9s. 5d. a Year from one Dissenting Chapel !

The Annual Expenditure of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, with its splendid Agencies, for 1891, was as follows. (See the detailed, Printed, Annual, Reports and Accounts for 1891)—

For Church Maintenance	£3,500	0	0
„ Training College for Young Ministers	7,331	0	3
„ Their splendid "Stockwell" Orphanage, (250 Boys, 250 Girls, open to all de- nominations; numbers belonging to the			
Church of England	13,251	17	2
„ Evangelists..	1,200	0	0
„ Colportage (1891)...	7,330	12	0
<hr/>					
£32,613 9 5 a Year!					

The above, is, of course, exclusive of large Special Collections for Sunday School, Missionary, and other Christian Work.

Some £30,000 has thus, for many years, been raised, and employed for Christ's cause, by one Dissenting Chapel alone!

"Pastors' College."—During the last 36 years, 863 Young Ministers have been educated, it seems, in this excellent Institution, 627 being now in charge of various Pastorates, and other Evangelical Work, with (1891) 65,000 Members in Church Fellowship in their Chapels.

"Stockwell Orphanage."—1,500 Children of all Religious Denominations (585 having been "Church of England") have been supported,—educated,—and started in life, at this splendid Institution.

"Colportage"—It seems about 1866 that Mr. Spurgeon, deploring the Deluge of "Vampire Literature" for Young People in our day, established this "Colportage" for the sale of pure, useful, religious, Literature.

During 1891,—a staff of 96 "Colporteurs" have operated in all parts of this Country, and sold £11,255 worth of such literature. It included 19,000 Bibles and Testaments. They paid 600,000 visits, and conducted 10,147 "Gospel Services." Total Books sold 384,834, total Periodicals 338,198 sold, 249,700 Tracts given during last year (1891). Fancy, dear Reader, the good this diffusion of good, healthy, Religious, *totally Unsectarian*, Literature must do in our day of Vicious Literature, Crime, Immorality, and Neglect of Religion! Each Colporteur costs about £75 a year. Sales from the commencement of the Effort, £153,784 3s. 6d.

A CONTRAST. "STATE" RELIGION.

Here, in spite of some Three (?) or Four Millions (?) annually obtained by Endowments from the State, we have Circulars now sent asking Dissenters to assist the Clergy, as many of them are unable to pay even for the education of their children! The Circular (1891) announces that "There are 21,000 clergy engaged in Parochial Work in England and Wales. What are the Incomes of 18,000 of them? 400 Beneficed with Incomes under £50 a Year. 3,600 under £150 a Year. 7,000 Curates,—average income £150 (without Parsonage Houses). 7,000 other Clergy who receive incomes utterly insufficient for even a moderate maintenance of themselves and their families." "During the 40 years," continues the worthy Secretary, "that I have been on

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the Committee, I have seen much of the difficulties of the Clergy. I do not think the Public realize how many Clergymen of the Church of England are hardly able to supply their Families with the necessaries of Life."

The amazed reply of the Nonconformist is "Then what becomes of the Endowments which this Nation has, for years, devoted to their support, while the *Dissenters* have been left to *provide for their Ministers for themselves?* *Who gets the Money?* Let us have a return of the *few* who must be drawing their thousands a year,—while their brethren,—the Poorer Clergy,—are in distress." "Laying on of hands" dear Reader! It is evident that the wealthy few of the Clergy know how to "lay their hands" on the Church Endowments leaving their poorer brother Clergymen to apply to the Dissenters to assist them! Dear Reader, what a "System!" And what does the Nation benefit by it! Where are their "Stockwell" Ophanages open to all Sects?

The "State" Church System presents a pitiable aspect when compared with the Voluntary System of Religion,—each Denomination not only electing, and amply supporting their own Ministers, but, in addition, carrying on the splendid organizations so common amongst Dissenting Bodies.

OUR "CHURCHES" A FAILURE.

"The result of a religious census at Accrington yesterday week was made known on Friday. The Church of England attendance at service on Sunday evening was 2,005, the Nonconformist 3,984, and the Roman Catholic 574. The population of Accrington is 38,000, so that over 30,000 people did not attend any place of worship on Sunday evening."—*Daily paper*.

Yet, for 30 years,—without even an Organ, Painted Windows, Altar, Candles, Choir, "Ordination," "Surplices," or "laying on of hands,"—we have a single Dissenting Minister,—by purely Evangelical, earnest, practical Preaching, and Example, attracting, for a lifetime, an immense Congregation, *always* 6,000 or 7,000 every service in the Metropolitan Tabernacle,—(the seats could be verified)—frequently far more.

The gift of "Laying on of hands" ceased,—with the other Miracles,—permitted, by God, for a time, in order to establish the Early Christian Church of our Blessed Lord, in the midst of a Heathen World. That object accomplished, all Miracles have ceased for ages. We are now henceforth to "walk by Faith, not by sight." *Will!* Put it to the *test!* Ask a modern "Bishop" if he has sufficient "Apostolic Succession" to cure, like Peter, a man "lame from his birth," and he will be as *helpless* to effect it as a *child!* The only "laying on of hands," a Young Christian Minister needs, in our day, is the effectual "laying on of hands" of God the precious Holy Spirit! *All else is in vain!* And the Supreme deposes the bestowal of this essential, and speechlessly important, Gift, to *no man, or men!* It is the prerogative of the Supreme alone!

"The Wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof"—(and we see its *Fruits*)—"but canst not tell whence it cometh; even so is everyone that is born of the Spirit!" (*John* iii. 8.)

All alleged "Church Authority,"—Priestly assumption of obsolete Miraculous Powers, is now merely a bygone delusion of "Middle Age" Superstition! Millions of earnest, sincere, Christians *do not believe a word of it!*

Nothing is more amazing to the Student of History, than the *incredible* obstinacy with which,—in spite of Ages of Bloodshed,—Persecution,—and Awful Cruelties of Priestcraft, and Priestly Tyranny,—Men still ignore the Simple, Benign, Pure, Practical, True, Spiritual, and **Personal** Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. While, like silly children, they cling desperately, Age after Age, to a Priesthood and Priestcraft,—which has *imposed, and lived upon, the credulity of foolish Mankind, for 1100 years!*

If the increased intelligence of 1891 cannot enable our Race to select our "Pastors," and "Ministers," for ourselves,—support them,—and "esteem them very highly for their Work's sake," (*1 Thess.* v. 13), if we cannot do this *without* attributing to them any Miraculous Gifts, or Powers,—we may almost despair both of the **Common Sense**,—and of the **Future**,—of Mankind!

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

"PASTORS," OR "MINISTERS," INSTEAD OF "PRIESTS."

Our Sins fall before the Cross of Christ.



Christian loses his burden (of Sin) and sees the three "Shining Ones."

No Intervention of "Priests" needed between us, and Christ!

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

The Annual Expenditure of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle was stated to be,

For Church Maintenance, ...	£7,000
" Training College for Young Ministers, ..	7,500
" Their splendid "Stockwell" Orphanage, (250 Boys, 250 Girls, open to all De- nominations; numbers belonging to the Church of England, . . .	8,500
" Various Charities, . . .	1,500
" " Other Agencies, ...	1,200

£25,700 a Year (!)

The above, if authentic, is, of course, exclusive of large Special Collections for Missionary, and other Christian Work.

Probably some £25,000 has thus, for many years, been raised, and employed for Christ's cause, by **one Dissenting Chapel alone!**

Dear Young Reader, what a splendid Demonstration of the **Voluntary System** of Religion, with which, the Early Christian Church of Christ began, and which please God, shall, one day, be the only Future Religion of this Empire! Every indication here of the true "Apostolic Succession," and Apostolic Example!

Here we have no State-endowed Church,—posing to be the only Heaven established one,—drawing vast sums from a reluctant People, to support Cathedrals, and Churches, which three quarters of the People of England never enter of a Sunday, and do not intend to!

A Faith,—a Practice,—a Belief,—a Religion which can produce such men as **John Wesley**, and **Charles Spurgeon**,—whose World-wide Spiritual Influence is marked by every Sign of God's Grace, Manifest Blessing, and Divine approval, leading thousands to Christ,—and to their Heavenly Home,—is surely, dear **Young Reader**, a good enough Religion for us!

This Voluntary System must be the Future Religion of the Church of Jesus Christ,—whatever Denominational Names you may elect to give it. The Masses of our Nation now need,—not vast, cold, useless Cathedrals,—kept up at vast expense, the Money not going to "Stockwell Orphanages," but into the pockets of the Clergy.—Edifices totally unsuited for Protestant Worship,—built by,—or taken from,—the Catholics. Our Nation,—and its Masses,—need large, pleasant, convenient Places of Worship,—like the Newington "Tabernacle," cheerful, bright, Services, to which all are welcome; all the seats being free; and where, instead of Candles, Choirs, Processions, Vestments, mysterious "hocus pocus" of Priests before Altars,—we can have earnest, really converted "Apostolic" Christian Ministers, capable of Preaching the **Pure Gospel** of our Lord Jesus Christ, powerfully, and faithfully, to the **People of England**!

That there are excellent, earnest, devoted, Ministers of Christ, in the Church of England,—especially amongst the younger, or newer Generation,—who repudiate the "High Church" Movement, and its unscriptural Assumptions and Delusions, as earnestly as do the Nonconformists themselves,—is acknowledged by all. Unfortunately they do not hold the Power or Control. Were it not for the "Church System," and dominating Union of "Church and State" those excellent men could happily unite with their fellow Ministers of other Religious Denominations, in all good Works for the Protection of Christ's Kingdom. We must not the fact be clearly recognised and admitted, that all true Believers, and sincere Followers of Christ, and their Ministers, are all one in God's sight and estimation,—whatever name they are known by,—that the "Church of England" is after all but one Religious Denomination.

amongst others ;—that there is nothing to show in the Past, that she has done, or is doing more for Religion, or for the People of this Country, than the Nonconformists ;—and finally, that she can no longer claim a Monopoly of Power, Influence, or an undue share of the National Property,—then all so-called "Attacks upon the Church," will immediately cease !

The wretched and demoralizing System of Subsidizing one Form of Religious Worship, by the Property of the Nation, to the exclusion of other,—and,—as proved by the irresistible Logic the Fact, the past 90 Years,—*equally* valuable Religious Denominations, will at length be ended !

The amazing thing is, that this Nation has permitted such a System to continue so long !

The last "Cathedral Service" the Writer attended,—with two young friends—was conducted by an old gentleman who ought to have retired years ago, whose feeble voice,—even at a moderate distance,—was inaudible,—lost in the recesses of the Gothic Roof above ! It was interesting to learn that he was drawing £3,000 a Year ! Totally unable to hear anything, they quietly withdrew, and on comparing notes, all three were unanimous, that the only single word which they had heard of what is known as the "First Lesson," was the,—no doubt valuable,—but not *deeply* instructive word,—"Jeroboam !"

How, dear Reader, is it possible that such "Services," can meet the Spiritual Requirements of the Masses of this Country, ever increasing in Intelligence ?

No wonder that it drives many to neglect all Public Worship, and in time, into practical Unbelief and Infidelity !

We read ominous words too often now, indicating that it is so,

"The prevailing feeling,

(Of a large Conference of Working Men,)

evidently was,—

(a woful and terrible feeling, dear Reader,)

that Christianity,—after all,—has not solved the Problem of our lives,—and that church-going is therefore useless."—*Daily Paper*.

But, dear Reader, how can "The Gospel," or "Christianity," possibly avail, or reach the Masses, under such extraordinary conditions ?

The immense majority of our Fellow Countrymen,—the Working Class, do not attend the Church who claims them,—probably tired out by Services totally unsuited to them,—and thus never hear "the Gospel" effectively preached at all ! For countless Sundays,—for whole years together,—this goes on. How then can "Christianity" have a fair trial, or be expected to affect

their Personal characters,—Lives,—and Beliefs? A "State" Religion, Cathedrals, wearisome, Stereotyped, Services, and Prayers,—Vestments,—Candles,—Priests,—Relics of bye-gone Superstitions,—what have they ever done for the Masses? They have driven half the Male Population of Continental Nations into Atheism, and Unbelief! The Labouring Population require very different "Places of Worship," and "Services" to induce them to attend,—or to give "Christianity," or the "Gospel," a *chance of Success*?

Cathedrals, Rituals, Superstitions,—surely they have been tried long enough the past 1800 years!

What our Nation,—and this World,—needs, is a Revival of the Apostolic, pure, simple, "Christianity," of our Blessed Lord. Our Nation wants more men of the John Wesley, and Charles Spurgeon,—type; men of the People, sincere, hearty, humble, earnest, devoted Ministers of Christ!

Men who can tell the "old, old Story," as the Apostles did. What the People,—the Masses,—need, are bright, pleasant Services,—a "brother Sankey" to lead the Hymns, the people taking part heartily themselves. We want no more Priestly "Authority," no pompous parade of mysterious, alleged, Sanctity, processions, evolutions, or claim to miraculous power; unscriptural delusions quite unsuited to the Intelligence of the Masses in our day. We need true "Pastors,"—thank God there are many such in favoured England,—humble, devoted, Christian Ministers of Christ, capable of urging the claims of God, of Virtue, Piety, and Religion, upon the daily life of all men. Men capable of "reasoning,"—like the Great Apostle,—with us, upon

"Righteousness, Temperance, and Judgment to come."—*Acts* xxiv., 25.

THE GREAT ERROR OF MANKIND.

The Corruption of the pure, simple Faith,—and Spiritual, *personal*, Religion of our Blessed Lord,—with its awful results in Bigotry,—terrible Ecclesiastical Tyranny,—bitter "religious" (?) hatred,—and savage Intolerance,—has been caused by foolish Mankind substituting a special, outward, Priesthood, as the only Medium permitted by the Blessed God,—between His Creatures and Himself.

A more unscriptural delusion,—a more deplorable corruption of the Teachings of our Blessed Lord cannot be conceived!

"But the Hour cometh,—

Says our Blessed Lord,—

and now is, —when the True Worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit, and in Truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

Not depending, like silly children, upon others! Like the old French—who,—having lived a gay, frivolous,—not to

immoral,—life, and was now fading into age,—on being expostulated with,—exclaimed,—in a tone of astonished contempt, "What *Religion*? Oh! *my Priest sees to all that!*"

It was no business of *hers*! Never had been! It was not *her* department! She had paid her fees,—she attended "Services,"—she threw all responsibility—(and how many are there like her?)—upon the *System,—the Church*. She declined all responsibility in the matter; her spiritual advisers, and religious teachers, must "see to all that!"

THE PRAYING WHEEL.

The "Praying Wheels," or "Praying Machines," met with in the Bhuddist Idol houses, or temples of Thibet and India, are surely but an *expansion* of the French lady's idea.

Having paid the fee to the Priests,—which will be found essential in all Countries, and without which nothing can be done,—you write your prayers on slips of paper,—and go about your daily affairs. These praying Wheels work upright on a pivot and have wooden projecting cross-bars to work them by, not unlike the movement of a Ship's Capstan. Water-power is sometimes employed, at others they are turned by the wind. It is, however, the Priest's duty to keep the wheel going,—not yours,—*"they see to all that."*

What a *relief* to be able to see to other things,—upon which your real heart and love is fixed,—a life for Self and Gain, or, it may be, of Frivolity and Sin,—and yet know that your *Prayers are all the time at work*,—satisfactorily *spinning* round,—at so many revolutions to the minute! Is not the Religion of many modern Christians much the same?

"Religion? Oh! the *Clergy see to all that!*"

The melancholy,—deplorable,—thing,—noticeable, is the *dense* stupidity such "worshippers" *must attribute* to their Gods,—to suppose the latter capable of being "bamboozled" in this childish manner!

"He that *made the eye*,—shall He not see?"

Yet oppose this "State" System of "Established" Church "Religion," and *what an exhibition* of the "Religion" of Christ did the "State and Church," in all European Countries give throughout the World!

With what merciless fury, and untold cruelties, have the simple, earnest, true Followers of Christ, and "worshippers of the **Father**," been assailed,—as long as Public Opinion and the **rising Power** of the **Masses** permitted it,—by the "National,"

"Established" Church of the various Continental Nations! "*etics*,"—however blameless,—excellent,—loving,—Christ—their lives,—must all be, if possible *exterminated*!

There does seem to be an inherent Intolerance in all Mankind,—in Human Nature,—which it has taken ages even to modify! At length an advancement in Religion, a New Reformation is setting in! It is no longer supposed that to persecute those who do not attend our "Church," or "Chapel," and who do not believe in our Priests, or our Routine of Public Worship,—is highly pleasing to the Blessed God! Now, at last, is some advance;—here is some hope over the Powers of Darkness.

That the "line of Toleration" must be, it is true, "drawn" somewhere,—namely in "Belief," and "Unbelief," has,—it is thought,—been clearly established in the two chapters on "Atheism an Abyss," (See page 797, also "The Line Drawn," page 515.)

But, apart from the Eternal opposition of Atheism, to Religious Belief, it is deplorable that men honour the doctrine of "Religious Toleration" with their lips, while their hearts are far from it

The Principles of Intolerance still maintain their hold, though, in 1891, they are awed, and tamed, and civilized, and are compelled to assume forms less frightful and destructive than they were before the Reformation. But they will continue so as long as an "Established" Church attempts to lord it over other Religious Denominations;—pose as the only true Church of Christ;—and attempt to govern the Education of any Country in order to impress their "System" of Religion

That great man, John Wickliffe, born 1324, finished his great Mission to this Country in translating,—only four years before his death,—the Bible in English,—and died 1384. Only 600 years ago, dear Young Reader, yet the following Scenes sound like an evil Dream, or unreal Phantom, rather than Facts in our Past English History! In Wickliffe's time the Nation lay prostrate, in servile, amazing, to us, (in 1891), *inexplicable*, and abject, dread of the then "Established Church."

The "Vicar of Christ" (Heaven save the mark) then at Rome, gave Mankind a pretty example of Christ-like spirit! Our King John came under his censure, and the Papal "Interdict" was pronounced! What roars of laughter, dear Reader, would such intelligence produce in 1891,—what fun our comic Papers would make of it. Only 600 years ago! But it was an awful thing then, owing to poor, superstitious, Mankind being then kept in abject ignorance! The Papal Curse had a terrible power in that day! Churches were all closed, bells silent, religious Services ceased, no Prayers offered!

The Pope deposed John from his Throne! (It really sounds like a Pantomime.) Released his Subjects from their allegiance! Declared the English Throne vacant, and invited the King of

France to take it! John gave in; reduced to the most pitiable submission. He signed a deed making over Great Britain to the Pope as "Fief" of the Holy See. The Pope assumed the office of Lord Paramount over all things and persons in England,—and all Powers,—Ecclesiastical and Civil. The rich Livings and Bishoprics, the Pope gave to hungry Foreigners, who received the emoluments *without ever coming* to this Country at all. One was Dean of Lichfield, another of York; in almost every diocese the most valuable offices were given to men who never saw the Country. In the course of a few years, Gregory the IX had drained England of no less than Fifteen Millions Sterling! "Many Italians,"—says Fuller—"who had the fattest livings in England, knew no more English than to tell the difference between the "sixpence" and the "shilling" of that day, when receiving their rents; they never preached, never saw their flocks, gave nothing to the Poor, and the *Service being in Latin*, the poor English were in a bad case."

Why in Latin, dear Reader,—why the desperate resolve to destroy all who dared to translate the Bible or Service into English so that the people could hear, or understand; why did the Priests keep the Sacraments to themselves, ignoring the injunction of our Lord, "Drink ye all of it"?

Because they knew that, to *let in the Bible*, the *New Testament*, to let in Intelligence, Education, Freedom of Thought, and above all, Individual Piety,—*without them*, would blow up the whole "System"! So eager was the Pope to attach the rich livings, that, by a process called "Provisors," he gave them to his favourites *before they were vacant*! Nay! He even *sold them* beforehand, and enriched the treasury at Rome by the sale of preferments in England. The taxes then paid to the Pope amounted to five times those paid to the King of England! The Pope's collectors kept a house in London, with clerks, and officers, like Commissioners of Taxes in 1891, where deep streams of wealth were ever draining off to Rome! As Wickliffe said, "Even had our Realm a hill of gold, and never man took thereof, but this proud, worldly, Priest's collector, by process of time this hill must be spende!" Thus, when Wickliffe first went to Oxford,—200 years before the Reformation,—the Income of all the Ecclesiastics in England was more than Ten Millions a year! It was twelve times greater than the (then) whole Civil Revenue of the Kingdom! *Half the Landed Property* throughout the Country had got into the hands of the Priesthood. Then there were offerings for this, and that, costly masses for the dead; payments for the latter in St. Paul's alone amounted to £40,000; a Box for offerings by the great cross yielded £9,000 a year. The offerings at Canterbury,—Beckett's shrine,—gave £14,000.

Indeed, there is little doubt that the Income of the Church these sources equalled the Endowments; if so, it

gave an Income of the Roman Catholic Church in England alone, in Wickliffe's time, of Twenty Millions a Year (!) And what did the Masses get for it all? Strolling Friars went about to fairs, and villages, a portable altar was set up, close to it a confessional; the wallet with Relics was produced; the sacrifice of the Mass offered; extraordinary addresses, full of marvellous stories were listened to, men, women, and children crowded to confess to strangers they never saw before, and never would again, and cheap indulgences from the Pope were purchased. Chaucer describes the Scene!

And this dear Reader, was the "Established" "State" Church,—"the Church" of our Lord Jesus Christ, only 600 years ago!

It was all a gradual Declension and gradual Corruption of the simple, pure, "Christianity" of our Blessed Lord.

Yet the innate Bigotry, and Intolerance inherent in Mankind, struggled desperately to continue this mass of corruption, and keep the People in the same abject state of Ignorance and Superstition. Train the best of Mankind from childhood in falsehood and Priestcraft, and, however amiable their natural characters may be, they become Bigots! For instance, take Pascal; surely a man of his deep, apparently heartfelt Piety, one would have thought must have recognised his slaughtered, and banished, Protestant fellow Believers, and Countrymen, as his persecuted brother Christians, brothers in Jesus Christ,—the Huguenots,—and Protestant Ministers and their people!

No! Rendered hopelessly Intolerant *by his education*, he constantly terms these persecuted, true, Christian followers of our Lord, "heretics," "schismatics," and other hateful epithets.

REASONS FOR THE CLERGY OBJECTING TO THIS WORK.

It is mentioned in the Preface that,—in 27 years,—only five copies of this Book have been declined. Considering the uncompromising, dogmatic, nature of many of the articles in this Work, nothing has amazed the Writer more than this result! It appears to him most hopeful that so many Sects, and Religious Denominations, can recognize some Truth,—however unpalatable it may be,—in a Book which ignores all "Church" Authority apart from,—or not in perfect accord with,—the Paramount Authority of Jesus Christ, and His teachings, Life, and Example.

In one of the five cases above alluded to, a copy, by a Parcel Post error, went quite astray, into a totally wrong locality, and into the hands of a worthy Clergyman. Like Pascal,—evidently a well-meaning man,—he recognized the use many of the suggestions to the Young in the Book might be, but,—*Where do I come in,—where do "the Clergy" appear?* Where is *our* Authority recognized, and enforced upon the Young? *Where Indeed?* Let us, dear Reader, have *Christ's* teaching first, and the Clergy *after*!

THE STRUGGLE FOR "CHURCH AUTHORITY." 1207

The letter declining the Book,—certainly a somewhat "left-handed" gift, seeing that it had reached, by mere Postal error, a locality the Writer is ashamed to say he had never heard of,—seemed so instructive,—as an example of an evidently well-meaning man struggling with an unfortunate "System,"—that the Writer ventures to quote his remarks.

He says,—

"I would gladly have placed the Book in our Sunday School Library, and found a use for another among our young men, but, though you lay great stress—and rightly so—on the Divinity of Christ, you entirely ignore the Church which He said He would build, and the laying on of hands, which Holy Scripture asserts to be one of the fundamentals (?) of Christ's doctrine."

NOTE.—Where the meaning seems obscure, a (?) has been placed all through this letter.

The Doctrine of Christ in regard to the Final Doom of the impenitent Wicked, also excited his opposition. *Where* the "doctrine of the laying on of hands," is treated of by our Blessed Lord as a "Fundamental," seems obscure, it is certainly not in the ordinary "New Testament" in common use; and why our friend should "ignore" Christ's "doctrine" of Eternal Punishment, as most *emphatically* taught by our Lord, seems to be *inconsistent*. See Church of England Sermons on the "Eternal Hope Delusion" criticised. Pages 986-999.

DID "THE CHURCH" PRODUCE THE NEW TESTAMENT,
OR DID THE NEW TESTAMENT PRODUCE "THE
CHURCH?"

Here, dear Reader, lies the entire question of "Church Authority," and the "Authority" of Christ.

Our friend continues,—

"The Canon of Scripture itself,—at least for the New Testament,—is of *Church* Authority only,—so far as it has authority." (?)

In these few words, dear Reader, we have expressed, the old Assumption and Delusion of the "State Church!" The Christian Believer denies that "the Scriptures,"—The "Gospel of the New Covenant" which we call the "New Testament,"—owe their Sacred Character to "Church Authority," or Church opinion at all, or that the "New Testament," or Gospel Narrative, or Teaching, rest, or depend upon, "the Church" in any *conceivable* way,—or that it *ever did*!

On the contrary, he claims that,—so far from the New Testament Gospel being dependent upon the views and opinions of "the Church,"—the Church owes its very existence to,—and is totally and entirely dependent upon,—the "New Testament." As our Blessed Lord puts it,—

"Abide in Me, without Me, ye can do nothing."

A Divine injunction which was *never more needed* by "the Church," than in the perilous times we now live in.

The Believer claims that the Epistles, or letters of Paul,—written, say about A.D. 60,—had for their contemporaries, even at that early date, Manuscript accounts, or written Records of the Gospel Events, established by witnesses still then alive and able to confirm them. Indeed, Paul more than once appeals to these witnesses for their confirmation. He claims also, that the Apostle John wrote at the close of his prolonged life, some 30 years after this. Thus completing the "New Testament." That the "Gospel," "New Covenant Gospel," Narrative, or "New Testament," existed in the form of Manuscripts, at a very early Period cannot be doubted. That the Bishops of the Church did good service *some 300 years after*,—in collecting these MSS., selecting wheat from the chaff, and bringing them into one Book,—is admitted by all. But what has all this to do with "Church Authority," or the right, or power, they assert of interpreting their meaning?

THE GOSPEL EXISTED BEFORE "THE CHURCH."

It is painful, of late years, to observe the growing self-assertion of "the Church,"—the "Clergy,"—in regard to the Truths and Doctrines taught in the New Testament. "The Church" presumes,—and holds desperately to the amazing Delusion that they,—the church,—"*Canonized*,"—the Holy Scriptures,—in plain English,—gave us the New Testament. And,—consequently,—*their "authority" is the basis* upon which the four Gospels,—the interpretation of the words of Christ,—the Scheme of Salvation, &c.,—after all rest. The Christian Believer,—on the other hand,—maintains that the four Gospels, "Epistles" &c., of the New Testament were "*Canonized*,"—held authentic, —were revered,—and esteemed Sacred,—*long before* what is known as the "Church of England,"—or even the Church of Rome, its predecessor,—had *any existence at all*!

The Believer maintains that Almighty God,—foreseeing as usual, all things from the beginning,—but as usual, resolving never to interfere with the Freewill, Freechoice, of His creatures,—mysteriously permitted human agency very early to record the Gospel Events,—assisted and controlled by the Inspiration of God the Holy Spirit, our Blessed Lord distinctly promised this;—

"But the Comforter,—which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, he shall teach you all things; and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—*John xiv., 26.*

The Believer,—and he has the oldest and earliest Christian Writers,—as they prove by their frequent allusions, or extracts,—with him, maintains that, in very early times,—ages before the "Roman Catholic Church" was developed, imagined, or existed,—the early Christians possessed and held Sacred the Gospel

Narrative, &c., in substance and meaning *precisely*,—and in words *virtually*,—the same as we Believers hold them Sacred, in 1891.

The Believer,—while thanking the Church for collecting these M.S.S. into one Book.—the New Testament,—and "canonizing" them,—maintains that they were simply forced, by God's Providence, by circumstances, to do it. God so arranged, or ordained it, that they could not do *otherwise*! If *they* had not done it, the Sacred Records would have "Canonized" *themselves*. They are *their own* "Authority,"—it is for the true "Church" of Christ humbly to follow them. The Writer has open before him, an ancient, fearfully printed, Bible, of 1626, with the "Apocrypha" in the middle. He claims that any Christian Youth of the least spiritual discernment, could detect the amazing contrast between the sublime utterances and "Authority" of the authorised New Testament, to the well-meaning nonsense of "Tobit," &c., in a moment. These Apocryphal writings produce upon the mind, in comparison, much the same effect as the noise made by striking a tin kettle!

Consequently the Believer no more believes that "the Church" gave us the "New Testament," than a *coach* could be said to have run away with its *horses*!

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ was in existence,—and had led Millions to Salvation,—long before Bishops, Mitres, Cathedrals. Lawn Sleeves, Money, and Corruption had appeared upon the Scene at all, or had been able to "Canonize" anything!

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANY "HIGHER HOPE."

The Gospel has thus been mysteriously produced by God,—as is His wont,—through Human agency,—and has spoken by it,—through His Son Jesus Christ,—to Mankind, *for the last time*, till the Great Judgment Day! All outward Miracles have long since ceased, there will be no more "open Vision." We are called to "walk by Faith,—not by sight!"

There never will be any "higher hope, larger hope, broader development" for mankind, than Christ's Gospel, Christ's Sacrifice for,—and Commands to,—Mankind! This gives to Christ's recorded words their speechless importance, as the last words Almighty God will ever speak to Mankind! They may hear them, or they may forbear. They may ignore them, or obey them, but we may rely upon it, there is no other Salvation for Mankind. Outside,—and apart from,—Christ, there is not,—and never will be,—any hope for Mankind!

"But ye are come unto Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the Blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh.

(For the last time to Mankind.)

For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on Earth,—

(On Mount Sinai.)

much more shall not we escape, if we turn from Him that speaketh, .

(Through Christ's words in the New Testament.)

from Heaven."—*Heb. xii.*, 24-25.

"How then shall we escape if we neglect so great Salvation, which at the first,

(Long before Bishops, Cathedrals, and "Church Authority," were dreamt of.)

began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him: God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost."—*Heb. ii.*, 3-4.

GOD IS NOW SPREADING THE SCRIPTURES OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD.

Thus "the Church" was compelled by God, by circumstances,—which it was unable to resist even had it wished,—to "authorize" the Bible, as we have it, and as God all along intended us to have it, and now the Scriptures are ordained to reach every Nation the World over! As "the Church" could not but do God's will in this matter, so no Human Power can ever more arrest the progress of the Scriptures, and the Gospel they contain, throughout the entire World! Mankind might as well attempt to stop this Earth, and cause it to revolve the contrary way as attempt to arrest the circulation of the New Testament! Why? Because God wills it! He has aimed at it for ages past, and slowly, *very* slowly this good time,—His chosen time,—comes!

Millions,—Myriads,—of copies, are being continually poured forth,—year after year,—in all dialects! The time has not yet arrived for the great breaking up of the existing Heathen World, but it must, inevitably, come! Our blessed Lord assures us that,

"This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the World for a witness unto all Nations; and then shall the end come!"—*Matt. xxiv.*, 14.

It is remarkable, of late years, to observe how frequently "the Church,"—"the Clergy,"—use the rather vague indefinite expressions,—"*Holy Scripture teaches us,*"—"The Voice of Scripture," &c., (See Page 990), and how *seldom* we hear "*Christ teaches,*"—"Our Lord's words are,"—"Jesus Christ commands," &c. The explanation lies in the Delusion expressed in the words,—

"The Canon of Scripture itself,—at least for the New Testament,—is of *Church* authority only,—so far as it has authority." (!)

So far from giving the People the Scriptures, "the Church" kept them from them as long as they possibly could.

THE OLD CHURCH "SYSTEM,"—KEEP THE SCRIPTURES
IN LATIN, AWAY FROM THE MASSES.

We have all read how the then "State," "National" Church of 600 years ago, resisted, to the last, the translation of the Scriptures into English. It was made Penal to possess a copy of Wickliffe's translation! This was a Century before Printing was known; still copies were eagerly made, and, it is said were so much treasured that even now (1891) in spite of all persecution, time, and destruction, 170 MS.S. entire, or part copies of, Wickliffe's priceless effort, still exist! One copy was found behind the wainscot of an old house at Lutterworth (where Wickliffe produced a portion of his translation) treasured up, no doubt, in secret. A Commission was appointed in the reign of Richard II. to *search private* houses, and seize all books of Wickliffe. A Bill was passed in the House of Lords, where the Bishops ruled, forbidding any to preach, even privately, *without a licence, from a Bishop*, and that none should hold, or teach anything contrary to the then "State" Religion. The heroic John Bradbie, a pupil of Wickliffe, was burnt at Smithfield, in the presence of Prince Henry, (afterwards Henry V.) The Church condemned the "Heretics," then handed them over to "the State" to burn them;—"Church and State!" His cries moved the Prince, and the poor creature was removed half dead, but he firmly, even then, refused to retract; and the Prince, irritated, ordered the burning to be carried out (!) The noble Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) was dragged to St Giles'-in-the-Fields, on a hurdle, with a chain round his waist, and also burned (!) Fancy, dear Reader, the childish spite which induced the "Church" to have Wickliffe's bones dug up and burnt 47 years after the great man had died!

Why, dear Reader, this desperate resolve of the (then) State "Clergy" to keep the Scriptures, &c., *in Latin*, and *away from the People*? Because the "Clergy,"—the Priests,—knew,—and *know now*, that to keep the Masses in *submission to them*, and in *superstitious* reverence of "the Clergy,"—*ignorance* of the purely spiritual, simple, Gospel Religion of Jesus Christ,—an individual religious experience independent of Clergy, Priests, or indeed, of the

things of Sense or Time,—was and is *essential*. Once let the People read Christ's words and teachings *for themselves*, begin to *think* and follow Christ's precepts without *their* intervention, and the army of Bishops, Clergy, Priests, &c., living comfortably for ages upon the *credulity*, and *superstition*, of poor, ignorant Mankind, would be *no longer required*!

The "Reformation" was merely a return to the simple, pure, personal, spiritual, religion of our Blessed Lord, and the early "Church" which He instituted.

THE NEW "SYSTEM," 1891, GIVE THE BIBLE WITH ONE HAND (BECAUSE THEY CANNOT HELP IT) AND TAKE IT AWAY WITH THE OTHER!

And still, in 1891, we see the old,—old—leaven cropping up amongst the "State" Clergy, still desperately struggling to uphold their "Authority." "We," the clergy, alone can explain the New Testament! The People, it is true, have now got the Bible, but they cannot read it aright for themselves! You must come to us *after all*,—to the "Church,"—to explain Christ's words and teachings, by "Church Authority!"

Here is the explanation of the *ignoring* of Christ's repeated, sustained, emphatic, Warnings of the Wrath to come, and the Eternal loss of the Impenitent Wicked!

"The Church" *thinks* differently,—"the Church" seeks a higher development of Truth, believes that it is leading Christian people up higher into a clearer atmosphere. "Bishop—— is of opinion," &c., &c.

Dear Young Reader, you have your own New Testament now to read. Carefully peruse Pages 990 to 1000, of this Vol., *for yourself*. Is it not evident to you,—to our common sense,—that the "Church Authority," opinions, and modern teaching of the Clergy, is in direct, open conflict with the express words and teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ?

Once you admit that they are opposed, then you are driven to the alternatives,—

- 1.—Was Jesus Christ—our Lord and Saviour—Divine, or was He not?
- 2.—If you and I had been present, should we have actually seen the Miracles of our Lord?
- 3.—Did our Lord actually teach what we read in our "New Testament?"

If dear Reader, you can reply "Yes" to these three

questions,—and intend to say "Yes,"—with God's aid *once and for ever*,—then all discussion ends!

Away go delusive "leading into a higher sphere" than Christ! Delusive "Larger Hope" and "Church Authority." The delusions of Modern Unbelief. To us, dear Reader, only what is Sacred,—namely, what is taught by Christ,—shall be held Sacred,—all else,—the Traditions and opinions of men,—be they as plausible as they may,—must be taken merely for what they are worth,—the vague Theories, ordinances, and alleged "Authority" of a Church, which,—outside the Teaching of our Lord,—knows no more than you or I do!

Our letter continues,—

"Christ has been represented as enabling a few—many of them no better than their unexempted (?) neighbours—to evade the doom intended for them (?) merely by believing certain Historical propositions. (?) No wonder that such a Christianity is falling like a house of cards!"

Note.—The Christian Believer must challenge such an expression as,—*"The Doom intended for them."* The doom,—we are expressly told was "prepared" *not for them*, but for "the Devil and his angels." A Just and well-merited doom!

"Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom *prepared for you, from the foundation of the World!*"

The impenitent Wicked merely share a doom never "*intended*" for *them* at all!

"Depart from Me,—ye cursed,—into everlasting fire *prepared for the Devil, and his angels!*"—*Matt. xxv., 31, 46.*

It is incredible, the loose way in which professed religious "Teachers" in our day of shallow thought, speak of the deep things of God. Saving "Grace,"—the being "born again,"—the real change from Spiritual Death to Life,—is a *rather* different thing to merely "*believing certain Historical propositions!*"

He continues,—

"The Christianity of Christ has not had a fair trial. It has been superseded by sheer heathenism (?) borrowed by Monks, and others,—rather from Virgil, than from the Bible. You blame "the Church." So do I! There is no reference whatever to the Christianity of Christ,—that is in the sense of the Gospel of the Kingdom,—(?) in all the 600 propositions of the "Thirty-nine Articles."

Note.—The meaning seems obscure. The Writer,—probably in common with thousands of Nonconformists,—has never read, or had occasion to see the "Thirty-nine Articles" referred to, nor to feel any great ambition to do so. No doubt the mere "traditions" of men.

"These 600 propositions are right enough in their way; and happily (?) they do not embody the doctrine of everlastingly inflicted torments, the vengeance of a baffled Deity."

Our friend must permit the remark that no true Believers can forbear, once more, to challenge the expression "baffled Deity." The Christian Believer holds that, so far from being *baffled*,—

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to *triumph* in Christ. For we,

(Paul is speaking of the true, earnest, faithful, Ministers of Christ)

are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that *are saved*, and in them that *perish*."—2 Cor. ii., 14-16.

He continues,—

"We must look beyond and behind, the dogmas of the 16th Century. The men of those days did their best amidst enormous difficulties, *our* difficulties differ from theirs, and we must not shirk them. The Spirit of God once given, has never been withdrawn.

I believe He is drawing Christian People into a clearer atmosphere; and because your Book, notwithstanding its *many and great excellencies*, does not *help in this respect*, (?) I must reluctantly, decline to use it.

Yours very truly.——

The melancholy part of this letter is the evident desperate clinging to "Thirty-nine Articles," to a Church "System," which the Writer evidently does not,—on his own confession,—consider to be at all satisfactory,—instead of taking the authority of our Lord's teachings in regard to the end of the wicked, and other "fundamentals" of Christ's doctrines,—as *absolutely* Final. How can this worthy Rector preach Christ's Gospel effectively and warn men to flee from the "Wrath to come,"—when he puts Christ's express Teachings on one side for the opinions of "Thirty-nine Articles,"—and *evidently does not believe* that there is any "Wrath" from which we all have "to flee?"

Postscript.—But now for the result; the actual working of the Church "System" in 1891. He adds,—

"P.S.—As you seem to be a rich man,—or to be acting for one,"—

(NOTE.—The Writer, though not a "rich" man, is in easy circumstances, having far more than he deserves, and, all his life, has acted entirely, and solely *for himself*.)

and anxious to do good, I take the liberty of mentioning that I am trying to re-seat my Parish Church. At present, the high, narrow Pews, are sources for gross profanity, (?) and devout Worship in them is extremely difficult, even for the well-disposed."

NOTE—Here all will sympathise with the writer. These "Pews" are a Relic of the *deadly, selfish*, intolerance, and corruption, of a woful State Church System.

A "Church" sunk into a deadly sleep to all her duties! Her "Ministers" Worldly,—Pleasure loving,—desperately attached to their "Tithes," rigid in their demands upon the People, but giving them little indeed in return!

"Livings" went by interest,—were "negotiable!"—the "Church" became a "Business;"—totally unfit persons entered the "Church,"—without the Congregation having any say in the matter.

The people became dissatisfied with such Teachers, the lives of "the Clergy" were often a disgrace to their cloth! The Country People wanted to hear the Gospel properly preached, and open air gatherings addressed by "Dissenters" were frequent.

They "Entered not in themselves, and they that were entering in they hindered."—*Luke xi.*, 52.

The interiors of the old "Churches" throughout this Country presented the following amazing exhibition of how the Clergy of that dark day followed their Master's injunction to "Preach the Gospel to the Poor." The Pews for the Rich were surrounded by high boarding and doors, to shut the wealthy "worshippers" who owned them, in.

"The Poor,"—"Hodge" the Country Labourer,—who was doing the *real work* for *his Country*,—while the others "toiled not neither did they spin,"—was, habitually "left out in the cold," on a few benches, at the back of the church; how could he expect anything better from the then "Church" of Christ (?) without *paying* for it? His duty was to starve on 10/- a week,—thankful, after 50 years' weary toil, that the Parish Work-house would receive him; meantime let him keep from picking and stealing, prevent his sons from taking "the Game" of the rich Proprietors,—and,—sitting humbly at the extremity of the church,—listen reverently to pompous harangues as to the duty of the Poor towards the Wealthy, but never much about the *Duty of the Rich towards the Poor!*

"Well! well! We admit the darkness of those selfish, Christless, days of Hypocrisy and Humbug, but things are altered now!" Thank God they are! It was about time! Plenty of Tithes, Fox-hunting Parsons, and Lawn Sleeves, but very little Religion! Those dark times are gone for ever. We all recognise thankfully that we have now some splendid men in the Church of England, Heart, Mind, and Soul devoted to the Work of the Good Master,—Liberal, warm-hearted men, mixing with the Ministers of other (Dissenting) Christian Churches, in the good Work of Temperance, Education, Piety and Religion. But what an opportunity the "Church of England" once had in this Empire! Everything in their favour! The Prestige,—the Power,—the National Resources! What might not have been done had "the Church" been true to her Missions!

The postscript continues,—

"* * * * I am myself a poor man,—the son of a working bricklayer, with a wife and children dependent on me, who would be left in great straits if I were to die before a few more years are past."

NOTE.—Every true Christian will admire the manly candour of this; but surely we should remember that our Blessed Lord *invariably* chose the Poor,—men of humble birth,—to be His Apostles, Companions, and Friends,—to such he intrusted the Ministry of the Gospel, and to such, in a remarkable degree, He *entrusts it still!*

"Our 'Squire' is a 'Plymouth Brother';—another Landowner is a Roman Catholic. From these of course, I get nothing. The third,—and in Property, the second (?) calls himself a Churchman, but has gone to law with me, to secure, if possible, in the renovated Church that 'respect of persons' which disfigures it at present, (?) and which Holy Scripture so justly condemns; a brother of the Squire, who also passes for a Churchman, is at law with me, for the same object. The two opponents tried to stop the work altogether; finding this impossible, they now try to cripple it, and make the Working Class feel that, even in their Father's house, they are looked upon as only there upon sufferance. Such is traditional Christianity."

CONCLUSION.

We only hear one side of the story, but, dear Reader, what a state of things! What a contrast to the late Charles Spurgeon, surrounded by his "Deacons,"—loved, and respected, by them all, Preaching, for 30 years of Sabbaths, to 6,000 to 7,000, devout, earnest, listeners!

Alas! for the boasted "Authority" of a "Church" which cannot even secure Divine Service from "gross profanity, rendering devout worship extremely difficult;"—an "Authority" which is tempered by two lawsuits going on by two leading "Churchmen" of the Congregation against their own Minister! What an example of utter disunion and disorganization! Surely such a "System" of "State" Religion,—*"divided against itself"* must one day fall to pieces,—*"like a house of cards!"*—

COMMON, OR "BOARD" SCHOOLS.

Painful though it undoubtedly is, not to have the Bible read, and ably expounded, in our English Schools, to the Children, is it likely that the Parents who have to contribute as Ratepayers, are going to have their children taught a Church "System," in which they have not the slightest Belief, and consider to have been found wanting the past 90 years?

What we *do not believe* in ourselves, we are certainly not going to have taught to our children!

The past History of Christ's People has been one continued Scene of Intolerance,—Persecution,—Blood,—smouldering Ashes,—and Groans of the innocent Victims of "State" Religion; Priestcraft and Bigotry! Retaining our hold firmly upon a true personal, spiritual, "Belief," "Religion," and daily Piety,—(as suggested for the Christian life, Page 887) let us, dear Young Reader, *do our Religion for ourselves!* Let us unite with the intelligence of our Times,—after dreary ages of Superstition,—in throwing off all childish submission to self-constituted "Priests" of every kind, as the only medium between our Blessed Creator and ourselves! Away with "Priestcraft" altogether!

Let us, at length, recognize the spiritual equality, in God's sight, of all His true Worshippers, and true Believers in His Son Jesus Christ. Supporting our "Clergymen," "Pastors," or "Ministers,"—who devote their Lives, and Talents to our

Service,—“Very highly for their Work’s sake.” (1 Thess. v., 13); but without attributing any miraculous powers to them. Giving them our love, esteem, and assistance, as “Stewards” of God, if we find,—by a devoted, consecrated Life,—that they are true Servants of God, whether they be devoted Clergymen of the Church of England, or Pastors of Dissenting Bodies.

“STATE CHURCH SYSTEM.”—“VICAR RATE WAR,” 1892.

“The unhappy controversy is thus centering around an Act of Parliament which is universally admitted to be grievous, intolerable, and utterly indefensible. There is not the slightest doubt that any attempt to enforce a new rate will meet with the most strenuous resistance from Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. The city is thus face to face with a conflict which most people regard with apprehension. It may be stated that the living of St. —, is a vicarage *in the gift of the Crown*, and that the Vicar has been provided for since 1779 under the provisions of a special Act of Parliament, which it is enacted in the last section ‘shall be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be a Public Act, and shall be judically taken notice of as such by all judges, justices, and other persons whomsoever, without specially pleading the same.’ Copies of the Act are exceedingly scarce, and few people are familiar with its provisions. It is intitled ‘An Act for establishing certain payments to be made to the Vicar of the parish for the time being, in lieu of tithes; and for repealing so much of an Act of the Fourth and Fifth of Philip and Mary as relates to the payment of tithes in the said parish.’ Under this Act of Philip and Mary a sum of two shillings in the pound was chargeable upon the occupiers of all houses, buildings, and gardens within the city and suburbs of —, and made payable to the vicars of the respective parishes therein. According to the preamble, however, no payment or claim had ever been made under the Act within the parish St. —, and as the tax, ‘if enforced, would now become an intolerable burden on the inhabitants of the said parish, and a subject of endless expense and litigation,’ fresh legislation was passed. The Act was really framed owing to a controversy about the year 1778 between the parish and the Vicar, (the Rev. —) respecting the amount of his income.

The rate is to be made within one calendar month after Easter Tuesday, and is to be laid at one shilling in the pound on premises, &c., rented at £10 per annum and upwards, and at sixpence on premises rented below £10 and exceeding £6 per annum, property of less than £6 per annum being exempt. The rate, which is subject to appeal within one month after publication, is to be laid and charged upon occupiers only—not upon landlords. The assessments are to be verified upon oath, and notice of the rate has to be given in the parish church. The Vicar or someone acting in his behalf must collect the rate, which is to be recovered, under magisterial warrant, by distress and sale of the goods and chattels of the persons neglecting or refusing to pay. About forty years ago there was another dispute between the wardens and the vicar, when it was ascertained that the rate would realise from £1,800 to £2,000 a year; but it is estimated that it would now produce upwards of £4,000. (!)

* * * * *

Finding the court deserted but for the presence of a lingering clerk and a constable, Mr. — advised the Vicar to go to the nearest magistrate, and to swear the rate before him. Accordingly they proceeded in the hope of finding Alderman —, but they were disappointed. Half-a-dozen magistrates had assembled within a stone’s throw, and were talking of the very matter. Unaware of this fact, however, the vicar and the counsel proceeded to the offices of Alderman —, who had left, however, nor were any

of the other magistrates on the board there. The pair next went to the ——— in the hope of finding Alderman ——— at home. Disappointment again awaited them. But their hopes were shortly revived by seeing Alderman ——— pass along and enter his residence. Immediately they hurried there, and paid Mr. ——— what proved to be a real surprise visit. The business being explained, Mr. ———, who is *upwards of eighty years old*, and a *Congregationalist*, asked to be excused, owing to his advanced years and to his being a Nonconformist, and suggested an application to a magistrate who was a Churchman. Mr. ——— explained the circumstances, however, and contended that there was no escape from the position. Ultimately the magistrate yielded, and the Vicar and his counsel left the house with the rate sworn and signed as the Act directed.—*Daily Paper*.

Dear Reader! What a "System!" And this is the "Church of Christ" A.D., 1892!

"RATEPAYERS DEFENCE ASSOCIATION."

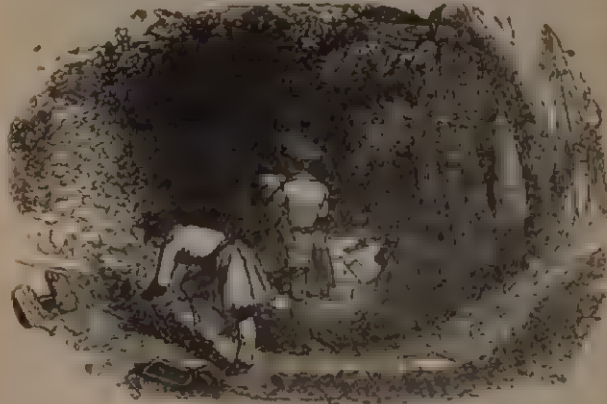
Last night a meeting was held of the St. ——— Ratepayers' Defence Association, a combination of *Churchmen and others*, to oppose the rate levied by the vicar (Rev. ———). Mr. ——— was voted to the chair, and said that they were face to face with the fact that demand notes had been issued for a vicar's rate at 1s. in the pound, and if anything like a successful opposition were to be made it could only be by united action. Mr. ——— moved that an association be formed to oppose any rate made by the present vicar, which Mr. ——— seconded. The Chairman said they had over £100 promised to a guarantee fund. The resolution was carried.—On the proposition of Mr. ———, seconded by Mr. ———, a further resolution was passed defining the objects—viz., to offer opposition to the vicar's rate, to assist the members of the association with legal advice if summoned for non-payment, and when goods were seized to protect as far as possible the owners from loss. On the proposition of Mr. ——— a committee was appointed.—*Daily Paper*, March, 1892.

Note.—What, dear Reader, is this "System" which requires an "*Association of Ratepayers*" to resist the payment of £4,000 a year to a "Parson" whom they do not care for,—to a System they totally object to,—and to a Church they probably never enter!

May the day soon come when that relic of the Past,—a "State" Church is Disestablished, and such Scenes rendered impossible.



YOUTHS IN THE COUNTRY. THE VILLAGE LIBRARY.



Agricultural Young Labourers. View of an Enlightened, "New School," excellent, "Country Parson." Starvation Wages. Allotments.

YOUTHS IN THE COUNTRY. THE VILLAGE LIBRARY.

As this Work seems to be frequently in request for "Village Libraries," unless perhaps ordered off its Shelves, in a few instances, by some *terrific* "Rector," of the "Old School,—a few words are added upon the lot of Youths brought up in the Country.

They are taken from the experiences of a worthy, liberal, "Country Parson,"—well qualified to speak on the Subject,—who seems to have a wholesome dread himself of a domineering Vicar; for he gives the amusing reply by an unfortunate Curate of the "New School,"—anxious to improve the lot of the Labourer,—who, having to reply to a written question,—*"What do you find the greatest obstacle to Spiritual Life in your Village?"* replied,—*"My Rector!"* Let us hope a *very* exceptional case! We have some splendid men in the Church of England now.

The description of the too often wretched, unwholesome, Hovels, or Cottages,—overcrowded rooms,—the lack of any power to appeal likely to be listened to,—the absence of the privileges which we Town-people enjoy,—Sanitary measures,—Libraries,—Hospitals,—Institutes,—Reading Rooms, &c.,—must be passed over. The great Point in

view is to illustrate the wretched Wages, the Present System of Land Laws has reduced the Agricultural Labourers to, in England, and the necessity for some Scheme to permit the Young Country Labourer to obtain an allotment of Land, in this Country, to cultivate for himself.

THE YOUNG AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

It is now some years since the Writer heard an admirable Lecture delivered by the Rev. ———, to a vast audience, entitled "A Day on the Hills." For nearly two hours the Lecturer retained the interest of a crowd of the Working Class, by an admirable description of the Birds, Flowers, Insects,—and their habits,—which are to be seen by those who "have eyes to see" them, during a long Summer's day Ramble in the Country. The Reverend Gentleman, till then unknown to the Locality,—established a great reputation, and popularity, as a Lecturer. Himself a "Country Parson," but one of the greatly-needed Modern,—Liberal,—School, anxious in every way to raise the English Agricultural Labourer from his present deplorable surroundings, the following,—taken from a recent article by his pen,—may be useful as an addendum to the remarks on Page 943 (Bottom) and especially Page 948, of this Volume. The Miner's Wages given on Page 948,—for 1891,—26s, it seems is quite too low, and the Writer takes this opportunity of correction.

From the following authentic returns just issued, it is some compensation for the, perhaps, most dangerous, exhausting, and terrible of all Employments, to find that, even *Three days' work in the Week*, now gives the Miner 27s.

MINERS' WAGES, 1892.

"The following figures are *taken from the pay sheets* of another of the principal collieries, and are an average of the wages earned per week from the commencement of the present year up to the cessation of work, in twelve different pits:—1, 34s.; 2, 30s. 11l.; 3, 33s. 3ld.; 4, 31s. 6d.; 5, 35s. 0ld.; 6, 34s. 2d.; 7, 39s. 0l.; 8, 40s. 0ld.; 9, 35s. 3d.; 10, 36s. 6d.; 11, 35s. 7d.; 12, 34s. 1d. These figures it may be added are the actual weekly earnings of colliers and of lads above seventeen years of age. The actual days of working are five days one week and five-and-a-half days the next week, or ten-and-a-half days a fortnight. The average, however, takes no account of illness or absence from work from any cause. If this were taken into consideration it would necessarily considerably increase the average. Taking the men all through, they could not be reckoned as having worked, at the outside, more than ten days a fortnight. In this instance also the drawers and boys are reckoned as half the "kale," which is a very favourable estimate of their proportion of the wages.

At another of the principal collieries, taken at a different period—namely, the commencement of the winter, but when of course the rate of wages paid to

the workmen was precisely the same as it is now, the average was about 6s. per day, but *very few of the men made more than five days per week.*

The following tables give what may be considered as the earnings of *fairly good men*, which, of course, are somewhat above the average of the whole of the pit staff, but not more than can be earned by the majority of the workmen if they choose.—Taken from the *actual "Payshets."*

(A) COLLIERY.

Aver. days worked.	Average earnings.
5	£1 13 4
4½	1 17 8
5	2 0 11
6	2 15 1
4½	2 5 2
4	1 19 8

(B) COLLIERY.

Aver. days worked.	Average earnings.
5½	£2 10 2
4½	1 8 2
4½	1 13 11
4½	2 0 3
3½	1 10 3
4½	1 17 2

(C) COLLIERY.

5	2 5 8
6	2 9 9
5	2 2 2
5½	2 16 7
6	2 18 8
5	1 17 5
4½	1 11 7
3½	1 6 3
3½	1 10 5

(D) COLLIERY.

3½	2 0 6
4½	1 15 2
4½	1 18 2
5	2 3 4
4½	2 4 7
4½	2 6 9
6	2 6 7
5	1 18 0
5½	2 12 6

From this it will be seen that the men were working very short time, and in each case the figures put down represent the net money received by the miners, after payment of all outgoings, repair of tools, lamps, &c. In some very exceptional cases, and with extra good workmen, there are miners now earning in Lancashire collieries upwards of 15s. per day, but this, of course, is quite out of the way, and can only be taken as representing what an exceptionally skilful collier, working full time in a specially "good place," could actually earn at the present rate of wages."—*Daily Paper.*

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' WAGES, 1892.

Here the Rev. ———, in his article, gives a gloomy account. "I pass from the home to the Income. What are the Labourers' Wages? In the North of England £1 a week; descending,—as we travel Southwards,—to 16/-, 14/-, 12/-, 10/-, to 9/- a week, in parts of Wilts and Dorset." Mr. Craigie—taking 21 Districts—obtained an average of 12/3 a week, increased by harvest, &c. money to 14/8. Let us,—however,—assume the Weekly average of Agricultural Wages, throughout England, to be as much as 16/- a week; allowing nothing for the frequent *unemploy* which forms so sore an incident in the Field Labourer's lot.

"The following Table,—calculated for a Family of Husband, Wife, and 4 Young Children,—has been tested, and modified, by Labourers and their Wives, in many parts."

By way of contrast, the Writer ventures to oppose to this Table, the Weekly Income taken at 4% Interest on the £1,700,000 (*Personality alone*) just left by one of our English Millionaires, (1892) *in addition* to a splendid "going" Business. Suppose, dear Reader, that he had left the odd £200,000, *plus* the Business, to an admiring Family, giving them at 4%, £8,000 a Year, *certain*,—*and the Business*,—this would have left £1,500,000 clear, for a thousand Schemes of Benevolence towards his poorer Fellow Countrymen, now languishing for funds!

It is deplorable to find that in this direction, or for Charity, he has left *no Bequests at all!* It seems, in a nominally "Christian" Country, *incredible* that such cases can occur! It is believed that the *landed Property* almost—in *addition*—equalled the *Personality*, and the going Business to £20,000 a year!

A CONTRAST.

16/- A WEEK.

£1,400 PER WEEK.

**To Support a Husband, Wife,
and 3 young children.**

Average Wages, 16s. a week.

Expenditure, 16s.6d. a week.

8. 11.

Rent	2	0
Sold Club

Sick Club	0	6
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Eight Loaves, at 4d.

to 5d. ... 3 0
(See Page 20)

(See Page 949).

Flour	0	9
-------	-----	-----	---	---

Sugar, 2lbs. at 3d. ... 0 6

Potatoes	0 10
----------	-----	-----	------

Cheese, 1 lb., at 15. ... 1 0

Tea, half-lb., at 2s. .. 1 0

Milk 1 0

Treacle 3

Salt and Pepper ...

Candles, or Oil	...	0	6
-----------------	-----	---	---

Fuel	1	6
...

Clothes, Washing, Ma-

Materials, Repairs, &c.	2	8
Contractors, Trades, &c.	2	8

Sundries, Tools, &c... 0 10

50 16 6

£1,700,000, *Personalty alone*; Landed Property it is believed, *in addition*, "almost to an equal amount." (!) Say £2,500,000 (!) 4% on the £1,700,000 *personalty alone*, is £76,000 a Year, or £1,400 *per week*,—£200 *per day* (!)

Nothing left to Charities, or the many Schemes of Benevolence now languishing for Funds! Such persons seem to be blinded to their true position in God's sight! They seem resolutely to close their eyes! The selfish instinct,—the "Golden Calf,"—becomes their God!

"I have met with wealthy men,"—Mr. Spurgeon, in one of his admirable Sermons, says,—whose possessions must have amounted to hundreds of thousands, who have given me an earnest grip of the hand, and have thanked me for the Gospel I have preached, and expressed the deepest interest in the Lord's Work, they have known its great needs, and yet have given nothing to carry it on; and have

£16/- A WEEK.

Are we going to give the Family any *Meat*, at all, dear Reader? Any *Beer*? How is it to be done at 16s. a Week Wages?

It does seem marvellous how it is—and has been done for the Past 90 years—in Country Districts. For the Reader will observe that not a word is said about occasional holiday, excursion, sickness, tobacco, &c. In some Parishes "Piecework" is unknown, in others "harvesting" is rare. Then fancy the surely *not* rare cases of a drunken husband, when *every sixpence* is of consequence to a Family of perhaps six children. Can we wonder at "household food being stinted, the children going hungry to School, the Baby born weakly, half-nourished, the Labourer hopeless, and less fitted for his work than the horses he drives?"



The Article continues,—

"There was a time when the weekly rent of his garden and cottage was but sixpence, the common land abundant, and the Peasant was free! He is not free to-day!"

£1,400 A WEEK!

even passed into Eternity, leaving nothing of their substance to assist the Cause they professed to love so much. The smallness of the gifts of some "religious" men staggers me beyond expression; I know not how to comprehend them. Are they mere hypocrites? or do they not understand their position and responsibility before God? They have large talents committed to their trust, and are doing next to nothing in the Master's Service." — (May 28th, 1876).

They seem to be under an Infatuation,—a strong Delusion! God, Christ, His Cause, Christian Duty, and their own Salvation, seem to be sunk before their Idol,—the Love of Gain!

What dear Reader, is the use of life-long "Church going," and stereotyped Prayers?

RICH "CHRISTIANS," 1891.

"The will has been proved of the late Mr. —, the personal estate, being sworn at £441,811 1s. 7d. Then follow the details to whom he left it all. There are no bequests to public or charitable institutions, but the testator has left a few legacies to a few of his servants." — *Extract from Daily Paper.*

"Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" — *Luke vi., 45.*

And the *End*? What is it?

We look around, the "Millionaire" *has gone*! We see *no* Noble Mansion, *no* Lordly Grounds! In some dank Churchyard,—we see a neglected *Tombstone*! We see a lonely and *forgotten* Grave!

His tenure of employment is uncertain, his wretched home hangs upon a weekly notice. If he becomes a *local Preacher*,—*attends* Radical Meetings,—*agitates* for "Allotments," complains of his insanitary surroundings, does not touch his hat to Squire or Parson, he may be turned out of his cottage to find another where he may. His so-called franchise is frequently a *Farce*! If any one challenges my statements,—thinks that I am exaggerating intimidating pressure, and down trodden servility,—let him quote my words, and ask the opinion of any Village Meeting where the Labourers are not overawed by the Presence of Farmer, Bailiff, Squire, or Rector. Then listen to the passionate, eager, assent, and take down corroborating cases which they will stop behind to tell him.

I know a village in which a large number of the people work in a local Industry. In one Election they voted,—some most unwisely did not keep their secret,—and it came to be known that they had voted adversely to the Employer's wishes, and what was more, had been successful.

Soon after,—on the plea of slack demand,—the hands had to be reduced, and it was ominous how the obnoxious Voters were singled out, kept out of work for weeks, and then taken on with the assurance that permanent employment could not be *guaranteed* them. The implication was well *understood*! To-day none of them dare openly breathe his opinion upon Industrial, Political, or Social Topics!"

A gloomy Picture, dear Reader, the Rev. — draws for us of "England the Land of the Free," 1892.

"ALLOTMENTS"

The great hope of our Times, to raise the hopeless condition of the Country Labourer, seems to be in the System of their acquiring allotments of the Land. Unimpeachable evidence has been given,—and actual experiment proved,—that given a *fair* Rent, and *fixed* tenure,—£10 a Year can be saved by the produce of a single acre.

The extensive alienation of what were formerly "Commons,"—common land—is now greatly condemned. The Labourer claims a right to an Allotment Act which will enable the Parish Council by Legal Powers, to take compulsorily, at *fair* agricultural Rent, with perpetual tenure,—as long as the Rent is paid,—as much Land as the Parish requires. He asks that a "Parish Council" shall supplant

the present Churchwardens, Overseers, &c., shall compel attention to sanitary matters, provide Reading Rooms, Country Hospitals, &c.,—the acting Members of such Council being elected in *fair* proportion as to Class, by secret Votes. Above all, no Clerical Tyranny!

The Rev. ——— gives us the Example of the Rural System in France,—its landed System.

"The French Peasant can begin to save as soon as he begins to earn, for it is *worth his while to save*, he has a Future before him. In a few years he has gradually amassed his 1,000 francs (£40). He becomes the owner of a "hectare:" probably he erects a small house upon it.

Then, and not till then, he marries a wife who would not have married a penniless, landless, man, and who has been saving herself, and brings him her share. From a Youth,—if steady and industrious,—his life is hopeful and progressive, each year brings access of substance, until his old age is solaced by the rest which lifelong toil has surely earned. This is the result of all the Land being divided up, and *employed* by the Population for their *own support*!

In England where we have Landlords owning vast Estates,—many not employed or cultivated,—the English Country Lad has no *inducement* to save; sees no future before him. If he puts by *his* £40 in the Savings Bank, what does he get? A paltry £1 a year! There is no excitement in £1 year. It *does not repay* the self-denial and rigid economy needed to save £40 out of "12/- a week. He therefore marries recklessly, and early; why should he wait? He will be quite as miserable in ten years time as he is to-day. Thus, at twenty, he takes to himself, too often, a shiftless, penniless girl, and at thirty, when the French Peasant is settling—as Proprietor—on his little freehold estate, the English Labourer's unkempt home is crowded with unfortunate children, to be dragged, —not brought,—up on the unincreasing maximum of some sixteen shillings a week!

But grant him, by Law, an acre of Land, purchased at fair price, out of his savings,—as much his own as the Park, or Mansion belongs to the Squire,—and he will at once begin to save upon it, as my ——— allotment Holders find that they can save £10 to £11 a Year.

He may then increase his take,—build a cottage upon it, through a Building Society,—marry, by and by, a thrifty, sensible Girl, who understands needlework, cooking, washing, and Marketing, and who, by management of Poultry,

Fruit, Bees, &c., will add, in time, some shillings a week to their fund. Why should he not become gradually a small Farmer himself,—abandon Wage-work, and living in a home of *his own*, accumulate, like his French Brother, a competence with which to meet old age?"

CONCLUSION.

It is only fair to remind the Country Youth, that, as in all other things, the Law of Compensation holds good in his life. He has *some* compensations, namely,—fresh air,—exercise,—open air employment,—and, for six Months in even our English Climate, many lovely days amongst Birds, Flowers, and Sunshine. Let him fancy himself working for a lifetime, in close Mills, amidst the never ceasing whirr of Machinery, and sleeping in crowded, gloomy courts and alleys, in the smoke and fogs of our vast Cities!

TOWN LIFE.

Before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Lakeman,—Inspector of Factories for 30 years, the last 16 in London,—instances (1892) Shops being kept open, and the Assistants being employed, for 70, 80, and 90 hours a Week, especially in Kentish Town, Whitechapel, and Camden Town. Indeed one Establishment works 95 hours a week! Let us only take the 15 hours a day (90 a week), this is equivalent to being in the close, unwholesome, atmosphere of a Shop, from 7-0 0 a.m., to 10-0 p.m.! One's mind naturally flies for relief to the Freedom, Fresh Air, and healthy Exercise of the Country! No doubt it was the *introduction* of *Gas* which revolutionised the once short hours the Shops were open eighty years ago, (1800-1815). Compulsory Closing,—the introduction of Inspection, and the application of, or extension of,—the "Factory Acts,"—to Shops, seems to be the coming Remedy.

It is the old, old, tale! Nothing but Legislature,—Christian Laws,—ever has,—or ever will,—restrain the *speechless* Selfishness of fallen Human Nature!



CONCLUSION.

BEING PARTING WORDS.

AND now, dear Youth, who has read this book, I must bid you adieu ! As I close this Work, I think, with hope and fear, on the influence it may have exerted over a Youth who has read it. I have endeavoured, as fully, and as clearly, as I could, to present to you the duties, the importance, and the happiness of a truly Christian life.

The Book may have been the means of bringing very clearly before your mind the question, whether you will attempt the reformation and self-improvement, which, as fallen creatures, we all need ;—whether you will forsake what is sinful in your life ;—whether you will accomplish, by a life to God, the great object for which that life has been given you,—or not.

It is a serious thing, if what the Bible says is true, to have the opportunity of reading a Religious Book, especially one adapted expressly for our use. The time may come when we may have to look back, with remorse, and alarm, to the time when, with a vigorous, healthy mind, and leisure and opportunity for a calm and deliberate choice, God, in His providence, placed in our hands an earnest call to be His. It is sad to me to think of the thousands of Youths who may read some portion, at least, of this book, how many may have one day to recall being, for a brief moment

roused to earnest desires after a nobler, better life ; inspired with some resolution to begin at once the acquirement of some good habit recommended ;—but soon some trifling thing, a new pursuit, a new book, a fresh companion, sufficed to blot from his recollection those passages which had arrested his attention ; he may have one day to remember how the duties commended to his adoption were neglected, and how he returned once more to his former state of inaction and spiritual slumber ! You will believe, dear Youth, that it is not my wish to say a word of censure, —to throw one shade over your cheerfulness and pleasures ; but I would affectionately warn you against that *falling back* from attempted reformation ; that *turning again* to sins once repented of, and once forsaken ; that turning away in *weariness* from duties once pleasant, and once performed. I would urge upon you renewed effort, while Youth and strength are yours, till you have passed the few years of life which so often prove the turning point in the Character ! I would have you fear, above all else, letting Days, Weeks, Months, and whole Years pass by without thought of God, or any earnest attempts to be His, after the path of duty, and progress, and happiness has been opened before you. I would ask you to remember that a book of Religious instruction is *not merely like a medicine*, which, once taken, will produce its good effects without the *least effort on your part*. You do well to read often such books as may have been found, from your own experience, to incline your mind to good ; but you may read such books frequently, and yet make no progress in piety, no steps towards “ Success in life.”

You cannot expect merely to satisfy yourself with bringing religious truth into contact with your mind, without attempting to follow its precepts by *your own* active efforts, and earnest prayers. You are not merely called to a sentimental religion,—depending mainly upon *feelings* and emotions,—but to the real practical religion of a *good and conscientious life* !

LIFE COMES BUT ONCE.

Let us take,—in order to give the Reader a parting thought,—the “ longest life,”—and see how it glides unperceived away !

Take a thousand Youths ; take them fairly, from all classes of society, take them, haphazard, and let them all live with fair, average health. How many will reach

seventy-two years of age? Consult the Life Insurance Companies' rates,—founded entirely upon known facts, and the average of ninety years past. Look at what their opinion is of the majority reaching even fifty-two years!

Out of 10,000 Persons, 1 arrived at the age of 100; out of 500, one reaches 90 years.

Omitting the deaths of children,—taking 100 Persons arrived at 21 years of age,—“Ogles,”—the “Oddfellows,”—and the “Foresters” Societies, give their ascertained Results for very many years past. “Ogle” deals with the entire population,—the “Oddfellows” chiefly on Working Class Lives.

OUT OF EVERY 100 PERSONS WHO HAVE REACHED 21 YEARS, IT IS FOUND THAT,

“Ogle’s” Tables.		The “Oddfellows” and “Foresters’” Tables.	
54 reach 60 years,	59.
44 reach 65 years,	49.
33 reach 70 years,	37.

Note.—If “Infant Mortality” be added, it is doubtful if, out of 100 persons actually born, *ten* in the hundred live to be sixty.

The very fact that they were Members of these Societies, proves that we have in the above Tables, the averages of the better class of Lives; temperate, thrifty, people, with habits conducive to health and longevity. Yet, *only half* of these live to be Sixty!

We *all*, individually, *secretly*, consider ourselves to be *the* exception, every one considers, from certain circumstances, that his chance of being *the exception* out of thousands, and reaching a great age,—say eighty-two,—are in his favour. Nothing but death itself will shake their firm belief! Then let us take seventy-two years as the most lengthened period of life, a Youth reading this Book can expect to reach. Remember that the entire experience of Mankind renders it absolutely certain that the vast majority of its readers *never will reach* that age!

SIXTY YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE.

Let us now strike off the first twelve years of Life, the years of infancy, and early childhood. In the great majority of cases, few can recall very definitely, much of that period. The true,—thinking,—reflecting,—responsible life, can hardly fairly be said to have yet commenced.

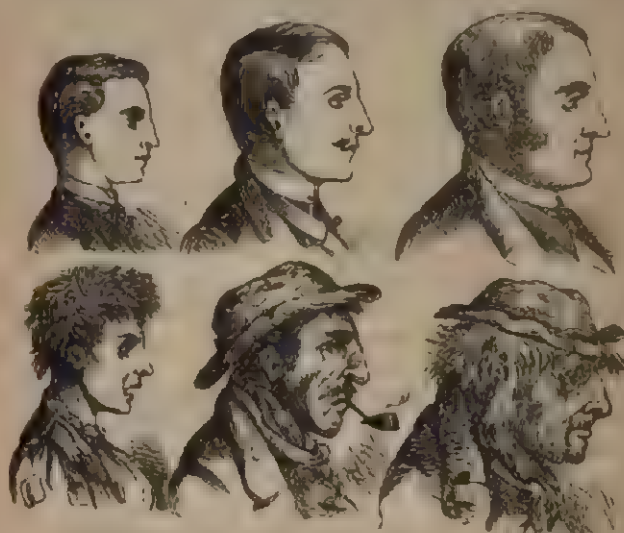
Let us also strike off the exceptionally lingering *ten*

years of an unusually prolonged life,—namely, from seventy-two to eighty-two. These can hardly be called years of *active* life. Thus, then, we have Sixty years of life.

THE BOY OF 12,—TO THE OLD MAN OF 72.

Let us divide this *possible* Sixty years of active capable, life into *Three Periods*, namely,—

MORNING. AFTERNOON. EVENING OF LIFE.



12 to 32 years.

32 to 52 years.

52 to 72 years.

THE THREE PERIODS OF LIFE.

(1.) Morning, 12 to 32 Years old. Gives 20 Years, 1040 Weeks, 7300 Days. Waking hours (say 16 hours in the day) 116,800 Hours.

(2.) Afternoon, 32 to 52 years old. The man has now had 40 Years, 2080 Weeks, 14,600 Days, and 233,600 Waking Hours.

(3.) Evening, 52 to 72 years old. The man has now had 60 Years, 3120 Weeks, 21,900 Days, and 350,400 conscious waking Hours of Life.

Dear Reader, judge by your own period of life how *you* stand! How many thousands of precious hours have you let " " already? How many of those thousands of " " you spent in Prayer, and in Religion? What

makes you think, if you are squandering a thousand days in the morning period,—you will not be found as *irreligious* and as *prayerless*,—squandering thousands more, in the *last* Period,—the Evening of your Life?

"Be wise in time! Procrastination is the thief of Time; year after year it steals, till all are fled!"

FIRST PERIOD.—MORNING.—A BOY OF 12 TO HIS 32ND YEAR.

School days. Early acquaintances made. Attainments in knowledge, and general capacity, decided in this Period. Symptoms of the Character, for good or evil, begin to show themselves. The chief bias, or besetting fault or Sin develops. Who is there without some such besetment? Habits of daily life are formed. From fifteen to twenty-five is—in the immense majority of Youths,—the Period for the commencement of *Religious* thoughts, and experience. Religious impressions, and feelings now mingle with the things of Sense and Time.

Upon the reception,—or the persistent rejection of these Calls,—these Whispers of the Unseen God,—the after life, and Character depend! Steadily rejected;—this World chosen,—Christ put aside for Sin,—and a prayerless life adopted for Weeks, Months, and Years, and those early impressions, in countless instances, do not seem to come any more!

Has the Blessed God passed on to others? A solemn parting thought, dear Young Reader! Be warned in time!

It is to be observed that Time goes somewhat slowly in the above Period of life.

SECOND PERIOD.—AFTERNOON.—THE MAN FROM HIS 32ND TO HIS 52ND YEAR.

These are the Years of active Business life, its hopes, its fears, its excitements. Marriage has probably taken place, bringing with it a thousand anxieties, ambitions, social calls, and responsibilities.

Much is said of the influence of Women, and doubtless a pious, Christian, Wife is a boon to any Man. But what about a frivolous irreligious one? A Woman with very little thought of her responsibilities, her one great thought being for herself, her appearance, her social position, her never-ending desire to attract, and claim, the attention of others? However, for weal or woe, now come the varied, unceasing claims of married life, Money making, Friends,

Visits, Pursuits, Travels. Occupied thus, no wonder that Life now passes quickly! The "7,300 days" of this 2nd Period, or afternoon of Life, glide imperceptibly away!

The man's Religious Life has now been decided! Long ago he has decided *once*,—(and, in countless instances)—*for ever*,—whether, as the Father, and Master, there *shall*—or shall *not*, be Family Prayer in *that* Home; whether God's Word *shall*, or shall *not*, be daily heard!

Whether, or no he will "come out" as a Christian man, and whether his influence over Family, Wife, Children, Workpeople, Servants, shall, or shall not, honour the God Who made him! It is *now* or *never*! The opportunity,—comes but once!

During this period of life the former generation, the Relations and Friends who were grown up when we were boys, begin now, one after another, to drop silently away! The voices of loved ones,—once so familiar,—fade from our ears,—we shall hear them no more! "*What*, is ——— dead?" is now the frequent inquiry. The news comes to us,—each time,—with a *shock of pain*!

And to many a sleeping soul,—engrossed in the concerns of a fleeting, dying, World, God oft-times sends a *closer* call! "*My Wife! My Child!* to be called away?" And, indeed, few pass the two first Periods of life without a yet more solemn call! There comes to many a one a time of illness, or accident, at which the Doctors look grave! "*What! I in danger myself? What! I may have to leave it all?*" Around me, I knew, was a dying World, but I had hoped that I should have not have heard the dread summons for *many* a long year!"

Towards the close of this 2nd Period, the man notices that sure sign of advancing age,—he observes that the *majority* of the persons he meets in the Streets, or in Assemblies, are *younger* than himself.

THIRD PERIOD.—EVENING.—THE MAN OF 52 TO 72 YEARS OLD.

And here the Writer must be allowed to close. Just reached the commencement of this period himself, he cannot well speak of anything beyond. But he appeals to every Reader of 50 years of age, if, so far, he has not sketched an average life fairly? He asks their witness to confirm his own, in assuring the Youth who reads this Book, that *once passed*, those years appear like a Dream!

It does seem difficult to realise that 20 more fleeting

years,—the space between 1870, and 1890,—is all that is probably left to some of us of that life we had fondly hoped so much from !

But, dear Reader, if you have commenced the life of a young Christian, think you that forty years well spent,—those many prayers,—those holy desires,—shall pass *all in vain* ? *No indeed !* Then will come the exceeding great reward of a religious life !

Ask any true Christian,—when the shades of life's evening are beginning to fall,—“What mean those joyful thoughts,—those glorious hopes, which, ever since I gave my heart to God, have come to me at intervals throughout my life, especially in Seasons of danger and distress ? Surely, not being of this Earth,—they must be the Whispers of the Unseen God ! The Blessed God who called me in my Youth, surely sends me these tokens that His faithful love will follow me to my Grave !”

“DO NOT SPOIL MY PLEASANT PICTURES OF LIFE.”

“Very proper thoughts for a Man of your age,”—the Young Reader may say,—“but your Scheme of life gives me an uncertain,—it is true,—but possible, forty years more to live. I am but just of age. Do not spoil the pleasant pictures of Life for me,—the many really great pleasures this World has to offer,—just at my time of life when all seems bright ! Surely there is for me, *Time enough yet !*”

So say Multitudes of the Young ! In that wearisome search after happiness in a dying World,—where true,—lasting,—Happiness, *never has been*, and *never will* be found,—a Youth feels sad, when the brightest of his hopes and dreams disappear, when the delicate veil is rent through which, at length, he perceives the *real* feelings, the *self-interest*, the *motives*, and the *deeds*, of men !

Yet, for him, he thinks, there yet remains, the fond hope of replacing the bygone pleasant creations of his own fancies, and ambitions,—by others which, though no less transient, he fondly hopes, may, nevertheless, prove quite as sweet ! But what,—he thinks,—can compensate for them to one of the age of the Writer ? “When I reach his age, I too, shall probably attend more to Piety. These older Folks are jealous of us younger People, they envy us a Youth,—its ‘affluence of Love and Time’ which to them they feel has now passed away,—for ever !”

No ! dear Young Reader, it is not envy ! However fairly successful, happy, varied, and interesting, our past

life has been, we would not care to go through it all again, except it were with the assurance that it should be a life more devoted to Religion.

THE BEST WINE PLACED ON THE TABLE FIRST.

For we, Christians, see clearly, at our age, that forty or sixty years of mere Worldly success, and (so called) worldly happiness, is just nothing at all; once past, it gives nothing more! At our age we have learnt that hard lesson for the Young to believe, that in the things of life, the "best wine is placed upon the table first,—*after*,—that which is *worse*!"

"Every man, at the beginning, doth set forth good wine, and, when men have well drunk, then that which is *worse*; but *thou* hast kept the good wine until now!"—was the astonished exclamation of the Ruler of the Marriage Feast to the Bridegroom, upon tasting the "good" wine our Blessed Lord provided for them.—*John* ii., 10.

It certainly is so with the life of all of us, as regards the things of this World!

The "best Wine,"—as regards our Vigour, Health, Capacity for enjoying Life, and opportunity for doing so,—comes first! Many never will learn this lesson!

Without in the slightest wishing to *judge* the lives and characters of others, it is impossible for us to pass through this World without observing that there are those who live for the things of Sense and Time alone! By a diligent,—nay, often exclusive—attention to these things,—by middle life they frequently attain to great Possessions, and Position in *this* World, and these bring with them all the Pleasures, and the Comforts which *this* World has to bestow! "The *best* wine is placed upon *their* table first!"

To deny that totally Godless, and Irreligious, persons *heartily* appreciate, and enjoy, the good things of *this* Life, would be to deny the Sunlight which shines around us! They *do* enjoy them! They enjoy them for many a long Year! "When men *have well drunk*,—then that which is *worse*!"

It is indeed so with Human Life! For the Shades of *Evening* close at length, upon the *Christless*,—as they close upon the Christian life! The cold Night settles at length, upon the Followers of this World, its follies, and its sinful pleasures, as it settles upon the Followers of Christ! But oh! how *different* is that Closing Scene!

Oh! very, *very* gloomy is the Evening of a Prayerless,

Christless life! Oh! very, *very* gloomy is that Portal,—keen blows the Wind,—*rustle* the *dead leaves*, on that deserted Portal, from which the Blessed God, and Precious Saviour, have *passed away*!

"*Worse?*" What must it be for some to stand, at last, upon the Shore of that dread Ocean, which men *call* "Eternity,"—that awful word which God *alone* can understand,—with a past life which speaks to them of nothing but a neglected Saviour,—a neglected God!

Christ died once, and *once only*, for all Eternity, and yet died in vain for them! A long life of mercies, and entreaties, passed unheeded, and now God, and Christ, and the sweet Heaven above, passed by for ever, and left them to face Eternity unchanged,—unsaved!

OUR LIFE.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*Psalms* xc., 10, 12.

"For what is Human Life at best? A Mother's,—a Lover's,—a Griever's breast! A Wreath that's composed of Flowrets three,—of Primrose,—of Myrtle,—and Rosemary!"

"A Launch!—A Voyage!—A whelming Wave! . The Cradle,—the Bridal,—and the Grave!"

True! "Change and Decay, in all around, we see,"—but the Christian Believer accustoms himself to it, as the *very Design*, and intention, of our Maker!

This transitory Scene is but a Probation, a Trial! It is not intended, by God, to be *anything else*!

Knowing this, the Christian Believer cheerfully resigns himself, at all times, to his God, and to his Saviour,—happy in his "Belief" in the Faithfulness, and Love, of God, and "Confident,"—with the Great Apostle,—of a happy Immortality.

"Knowing that,—whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord."—2 *Cor.* v., 8.

And can say, with Paul,—

"I know Whom I have believed,—and am persuaded that He is able to keep *that which I have committed* unto Him, *against that day*!"—2 *Tim.* i., 12.

He looks to the "Good Master,"—Whom he has endeavoured to serve,—and whose Blessed Cause he has been permitted,—it may be,—to promote,—to be with him to the End! He asks, with Paul,—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"For I am persuaded that neither Death, nor Life, nor Angels, nor principalities, nor Powers, nor things *present*, nor things *to come*,—shall be able to separate us from the Love of God,—which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"—*Romans viii.*, 35, 38.

PROMISE TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

"I do remember the kindness of thy Youth, the love of thine espousals!"

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high because he hath known My name! He shall call upon Me, and I will answer Him! I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My Salvation."—*Psalms xci.*, 14, 16.

If then any desire has been raised in your mind to strive after a noble and worthy life on earth, and after future and eternal happiness, and to attempt at once self-improvement, let me urge upon you the importance of asking God's blessing and aid upon such a desire, before it passes from your mind! I would ask you to do nothing, to attempt nothing, without this step, because I well know that, without it, such attempts will be useless; but with His aid you need despair of nothing, for, with God's blessing, such a life is now within your reach.

Do not think that you are expected to do too much at first, and do not *attempt* too much! Your best efforts will be with *yourself*—the attainment of settled habits for good!

Your first object should be to obtain a real love and affection for the things of God—the habit of associating the thought of God with what you *like best*—your favourite pursuits and amusements; in this lies the secret of all success!

"IN THY PRESENCE THERE IS FULNESS OF JOY."

From whence have you obtained the idea, shared more or less by all of us while Young, that such a life is to curtail your pleasures? How is it to do so? Why should a day's pleasure, a holiday, a favourite amusement, give you less enjoyment because you have in a few simple, honest words, thanked God for these good things of your life,—for the many pleasures you are expecting and have in store? You cannot think that He who gives us all things richly to enjoy, desires to lessen your happiness, and prevent all your enjoyment, for you know that it is in Him "we all live, and move, and have our being;" that it is His hand that supports us; His creation which ministers to our pleasures. In all that I have said on worldly advancement and acquirements, there is something wanting. The object of ambition *once gained*, the mind craves

for something more. The Possession acquired, in *no way* dulls or satisfies the longing for greater increase! The Pleasures and Amusements of Life become tame and wearisome, and what once gave pleasure, as age advances, can do so no longer! The longest life is as nothing when it has passed, for the Soul is *Insatiable*—Immortal! God's love alone can satisfy it!

You cannot give way to any selfish appetite or sin, without feeling a sense of degradation; and he who sinks in this way will begin one day to despise himself! Remember, Almighty God will *never, can never, change*, the Change must be on *your* part; give up your sins you *must*, or you are *lost for ever!*

You may long for distinction, for the applause of others, and yet die solitary, alone, and almost unknown! The objects of your ambition—those objects upon which you have placed your happiness—if unaccompanied with God's blessing must fade from you!

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

You may say, "What are others to me?"—but, if you live to yourself alone, you will die to yourself alone. Have you not yourself noticed how slightly such a character is regarded, how soon his remembrance is passed away and obliterated? When the momentary curiosity which has been aroused by his Removal has subsided—the few questions of interest asked and answered—how complete, how entire is the apathy, the forgetfulness, felt towards him, whose grave is left to Solitude and Decay! The busy tide of daily life, its cares, its joys, its interests, flow on as before; yet he whose very name will soon be forgotten, once shared the same feelings, possessed the same capacities, as yourself. The opportunity you now enjoy was once his.

But resolve to live for God, and to serve and honour, and endeavour to advance the cause, of His son Jesus Christ, and immortality and an endless life lie open to your view! You have faculties, and capacities, which are in request, and which cannot be dispensed with, and there is, probably a Work for God which you alone can render to Him!

DESPONDENCY, A NATURALLY BAD CHARACTER.

Do I hear any Youth sadly saying, "Ah! it's all very fine! If I had a good and noble character, such as those you have depicted in this Book;—if I was a superior Youth, naturally amiable, kind, and truthful, and given to Piety,

there would be some use in talking; but I have never been anything of the kind! Mine is a bad Character. I fear that I care little for anything, or anyone, but *myself*. I have very little Principle, and not much compunction in doing wrong. I feel little remorse in telling a Lie when it suits my purpose. I like to have my Revenge, and generally obtain it. I have not much Conscientiousness, and should have very little hesitation in getting what I want by Dishonesty when the opportunity occurred. I frequently give way to Mortal Sins.

I seldom, if ever, Pray, nor do I like the Bible. As for loving God, it would be absurd for me to pretend to do so. The truth is, I care nothing about Him, nor do I *want* to!"

Well! Nothing like being honest! But remember *God loves you* in spite of it all! Do you suppose that God only chooses the naturally amiable, loving, pleasing, characters, by a kind of "natural selection," and alone bestows upon them Eternal Life? If God only loves those who love Him, he would be inferior in character to many of His creatures! If God's Grace can do nothing more than select the naturally amiable, pure, and good, for eternal happiness, then Religion is a mockery and farce! Dear Youth, if yours is a *thoroughly indifferent* character,—such as you have described—you have the *greater claim* upon the patience,—long-suffering—and indulgence of your Creator!

It is for such as you that Christ—the "Elder Brother"—died! "I came not to call the *righteous*, but Sinners to repentance." Put God's grace to the test! See what it will effect in your case! I am glad that my last words should have been addressed to *you*.

SALVATION NOW FREELY OFFERED TO ALL MEN, QUITE IRRESPECTIVE OF NATURAL CHARACTER.

The Young Reader,—who has taken the least pains in reading his Bible, must see that Salvation is not offered merely to persons of naturally "good disposition" and "pleasing" character. It is a Gift to all Men. How do we finite creatures know what constitutes a really "good" or "pleasing" character in the all-seeing eye of God? A *very* little "goodness" in others satisfies *us*,—we say, "excellent person," a "good, well-meaning Youth," &c., *readily enough!*

Depend upon it, dear Reader, there is nothing in all this,—in God's sight to *merit* Salvation! All must alike

come to Him on the same level,—all must accept His now proffered Salvation, by claiming our part in the precious Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, if Salvation is to be ours. This is the only hope for Mankind! The only claim which God will recognize! Grasping His own gracious offers and promises by Faith, as a free and undeserved Gift,—is the only claim God will acknowledge!

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."—*Romans* iii., 23.

"For the Grace of God, *that bringeth* Salvation, hath appeared to all Men, teaching us, that denying Ungodliness, and Worldly Lusts, we should live soberly,—righteously,—and godly, in this present World; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Titus* ii., 11, 12, 13.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the World to save Sinners."—*1 Timothy*, i., 15.

The Young Reader must, it is thought, see that,—however indifferent he may consider his Character to be naturally,—this is no reason whatever, why he should hesitate to apply to the Blessed God,—“from Whom all Blessings flow,”—for that Saving Grace,—that change of heart,—and that portion in Christ's precious Sacrifice,—which is in fact, “Salvation.”

Surely he must see that it is *precisely* such very “*indifferent*” characters, that God sent His Son into the World to save.

"Therefore let every one that nameth the Name of Christ depart from Iniquity."—*2 Timothy* ii., 19.

God is perfectly aware that a “naturally indifferent” character can no more,—*of himself*,—or in his *own strength*,—“depart from Iniquity,” *than he can fly!* But no rational Youth can deny that he can, at once, *if he chooses*, commence to apply to God the Father,—the Son,—and the Holy Spirit, for their assistance and changing Grace. (See Page 773, upon the Blessed Trinity.) No Youth living, can deny that he may, at any time, *if he chooses*, commence the Life suggested in this Work, described on Pages 887-903.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say ‘Come,’ and *whosoever* will, let him take of the Water of Life freely."—*Rev.* xxii., 17.

The Young Reader,—it is thought,—must acknowledge that surely nothing can be more open than these *Invitations* of the Blessed God to “*whosoever will*,” whatever their characters, and Lives, may,—in their unregenerate, or unchanged State,—now be. God can, in time, alter all that!

"Ho! Everyone that thirsteth, Come ye to the Waters! And he that hath no Money, Come ye, buy, and eat! Yea, Come, buy Wine, and Milk, *without* Money,—and without Price! Wherefore do ye spend your Labour upon that which satisfieth not?"

(The passing Treasures,—and fading pursuits, and enjoyments, of a dying, sinful, World.)

"Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye *that which is good*, and let your soul delight itself in fatness,"

(Namely, the Happy Life of a Young Believer, useful, and honoured by God,—happy thoughts of Eternal Joys with Him in "Whose Presence is fulness of joy, and at Whose right hand are pleasures for evermore!")

"Incline your ear and Come unto Me; hear, and your soul shall live."—*Isaiah lv., 1-3.*

"For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."

"For whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Romans x., 12, 13.*

That is, if he "call" diligently, and *in time*, and does not put off God's "call" *to him* till that "more convenient Season,"—which, to Millions, never comes at all.

The Young Reader will see that he is not asked to wait till some indefinite,—distant,—Period, which *will never arrive*,—when his "naturally indifferent" character is,—by some unknown means, rendered somehow better. He is "called" by God to "come" *now*, as an acknowledged Sinner, and put *God's* Power to save and change, *to the Test!*

He is called now, to "Believe" God's willingness and Power to do this,—to lay hold of God's Promises,—to grasp them firmly for himself,—and to claim as an acknowledged "unsatisfactory character" and "Sinner," his part in our Blessed Lord's Sacrifice, offered to all who *choose* (for the Reader must, after all, exercise his Freewill and choice) to "Come unto Him," by at once commencing the Christian Life. (Suggested on Page 887.)

"For God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were *yet Sinners*, Christ died for us!"

Much more then,—being justified by His Blood, we that Believe, shall be saved from Wrath through Him!"

The Young Reader will note the words,—"*we that Believe*;"—in fact, the whole of "the Promises" are addressed to "Believers,"—those who "obey the Gospel,"—are striving to lead Christian Lives;—it is most important to keep this ever in mind.

"O, the Depths of the Riches,—both of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His Judgments, and His Ways past finding out!"

"To those who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for Glory, and Honour, and Immortality,—Eternal Life. But unto them that are contentious, and *do not obey* the Truth,—indignation, and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul that doeth evil. For there is no respect of persons with God, Who will render to every man according to his deeds."—*Romans ii.*, 6-11.

The Young Reader,—in these days when we hear so much of that *one* Phase of Divine Truth,—namely, exhortations to "only Believe,"—"Believe and be saved this instant,"—"cast your deadly *doing* down,"—"come simply to Jesus,"—"getting well saved," &c.,—may be assured that these are doubtless most precious Truths,—and that every true Christian is brought by God's grace, to do this *in the first place*. But,—this accomplished,—there *yet remains* the *other, equally important* side of Divine Truth, the "patient continuance in well-doing;" the Christian "warfare," to follow!

"He that spared not His own Son,—but delivered Him up for us all, shall He not, with Him, freely give us all things?"

Of course the "*us*" is addressed to Christian Believers,—whom Paul is writing to,—who are leading a prayerful life.

"That by *two immutable* things,

(namely the Oath of Almighty God,)

in which it was *impossible* for God to lie, we,—

(that is "Believers")

might have a strong consolation, who have fled for Refuge to lay hold upon the Hope set before us; which Hope we have as an Anchor of the Soul, sure and steadfast!"—*Hebrews vi.*, 18, 19.

The great Apostle concludes,—

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation,—or distress,—or persecution,—or famine,—or nakedness,—or peril,—or sword?"

WHAT CAN SEPARATE FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?

No! Dear Reader. It is not in *their* power! And yet there is one thing which can, and does "separate us,"—(even "Believers") from the "love of Christ!"

It is utterly impossible,—utterly false,—to deny it! There is not a Christian living who cannot give instances of dismal Religious failures,—religious Declensions,—in his experience!

"Getting well saved!" "That moment he was a saved person!" "Saved by a word!" &c., &c., are *bold* expressions to use, dear Reader. You feel them to be so *yourself*! We see the *beginning*, let us see the *results*! Let us see the after life! Let us see the *end*!

"Having made peace through the Blood of the Cross, if ye continue in the Faith, grounded and settled."—*Colossians i., 20, 23.*

"He died for all, that they which live *should not* henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them!"—*2 Corinthians v., 15.*

Let us see that "saved" person's *after life*!

"Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord."—*Hebrews xii., 14.*

Dear Young Reader,—“good” character,—naturally, —or “indifferent” one,—whichever your’s may be,—a “Christian,” or, at present, “unconverted,”—remember that there is one thing which does “separate,” too often for ever,—“from the love of Christ!”

It is that woful Neglect,—wilful, long continued, Neglect of Prayer;—that neglect to use the Means of Salvation, now placed in the Path of all Men!

It is a certain Pride and Self-conceit, which is permitted to feel a kind of Contempt for Jesus Christ,—for His People,—and for the speechlessly precious offers now made by God to the Souls of all Men!

It is that fatal,—long, continued,—almost total Indifference to God,—Christ and Religion,—*which kills!* It is that grasping,—for long Years,—the pleasures, the honours, the gains, the gratified self-importance, of a “Worldly,” selfish Life,—and *letting Christ go!* Allowing Youth, Health, Time, Life, opportunity, all go by,—until the dark, chill Evening of a Prayerless, Christless life, warns too many, that to them all is lost!

“By going down the Street of “By and By,”—one comes,—at last,—to the Gate of “Never!”

These are the things which “can separate,”—and do separate, too often for ever,—“from the love of Christ.” Not the mere fact of possessing a naturally “indifferent character.” The “Good Physician” can alter *all that!*

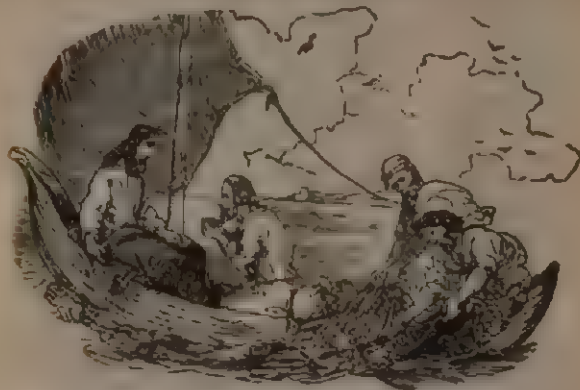
“They that are whole need not a Physician,—but they that are Sick. I came *not* to call the Righteous,—but Sinners to Repentance!”—*Matthew ix., 12; Mark ii., 17; Luke v., 31, 32.*

Attempt, then, dear young Reader, let your *Character be what it may*, the life I have endeavoured to recommend to you. Give your powers, your faculties, your energies, your heart to God.

Your reward will be greater than any words can express, or that you can either ask or desire! We feel a little of the goodness of the Creator even here, while upon Earth. But He who created us, made us susceptible of higher and nobler happiness than anything which this earth can ever bestow; and He tells us so when He says, “Eye hath not

seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Ask! and ye shall receive! Knock! and it shall be opened unto you!"



"And Simon answering, said unto Him,—Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless,—at Thy word, I will let down the Net."

"And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of Fishes."
—*Luke v.*, 5-9.

"Lo! I am with you *always*,—even unto the End of the World."
Matt. xviii., 20.

"They which run in a Race run all, but one receiveth the Prize. So run that ye may obtain."—*1 Corinthians* ix., 24.



NOTE.—This Work being in Two Volumes,—which may be taken out of the Library one at a time, the following Prayer seemed to be a fit conclusion for *both* Volumes alike. It is therefore repeated.

CONCLUDING PRAYER.



CONCLUDING PRAYER, FOR THE YOUNG READER.

Almighty, and Blessed God, many a Youth may read this Book,—and with Thy blessing,—which has been humbly sought,—may be inclined,—by it,—to take *some* steps towards his Heavenly Home! Help him to remember that there are but two Paths along which all men are passing, fast passing to Eternity! There is the prayerless, Christless, Life,—and there is the Young Christian's Path which leads to the bright Heaven above. Along *one* of these two Paths each Youth who reads this Book *will pass*,—pass onward to Eternity! Grant,—that now,—in the Springtime of his Life,—he may seize the Tide—it is Thy will should lead Him to Salvation, and to Thee! And grant,—Blessed God,—that Thy saving Grace may follow us through the dangers of a sinful, and a dying World,—and that we may meet, at last, in that sweet Home, our Saviour has gone to prepare;—where Thy glorious Sun shines onward through Eternity,—and all is Happiness,—and Peace,—and Joy! Hear us,—in these our petitions,—for Thy dear Son's sake,—for we ask all these things in Jesus' name alone! Amen!

A SUGGESTION.

NOTE.—The Young Reader is *strongly* recommended to peruse, —quietly,—and *a little at a time*,—"THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER," by that excellent Minister, John Angell James,—the former Pastor of Carrs Lane Chapel, Birmingham;—a small Book divided into the following:—"Anxiety," "Impressions," "Knowledge," "Mistakes," "Perplexities," "Discouragements," "Cautions," and "Encouragements." This excellent Minister led thousands,—in his day,—to Christ. This remarkable little Work can still be had from the Religious Tract Society, (1/6);—and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," from Messrs. Ward & Lock, London, (1/- edition.

THE WRITER "INTERVIEWED."

YOUNG READER.—"I notice repetitions, in this Work,—the same ideas repeated frequently,—and, I think, the punctuation is faulty. Do you claim great literary talent for this Book?"

WRITER.—"*Not a bit!* You see my idea was to present a good, wholesome, useful, Book to Youths. As for repetitions, you will admit that *Worldly* folk can stand a good deal! They will hear the same Music,—Songs,—or witness the same Plays,—*over and over* again, *for years!* Sims Reeves alluded to "My pretty Jane," and invited "Maud" to "Come into the Garden" for some *forty years*;—yet the 7/6 seats filled to the last! Surely, then, *Religious* people must be allowed to repeat those Truths which,—dear Reader,—Eternity shall prove to you, and to all of us, to be of speechless importance! I have endeavoured, however, to provide *Variety*, and to produce a useful, wholesome, Book, suited to Youths. There are not too many such, nowadays, are there?"

READER.—"No! indeed there are not! I like your Book well enough; but, to a lively Youth,—not much given to Piety,—you must admit that your 'Addresses' in Book I. are *pretty stiff* reading!"

WRITER.—"That is so! You cannot master such a book 'right away.' But you can have it out of the Library again, and have another struggle with it!"

READER.—"Well! My Father approves of the Book,—so we must see what can be done!"

WRITER.—"All I ask is, do not read the 'pious' parts, without Prayer; and mention the Book to any Young Friend of yours, you think it may be useful to. Good bye!"

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